Mar. 31, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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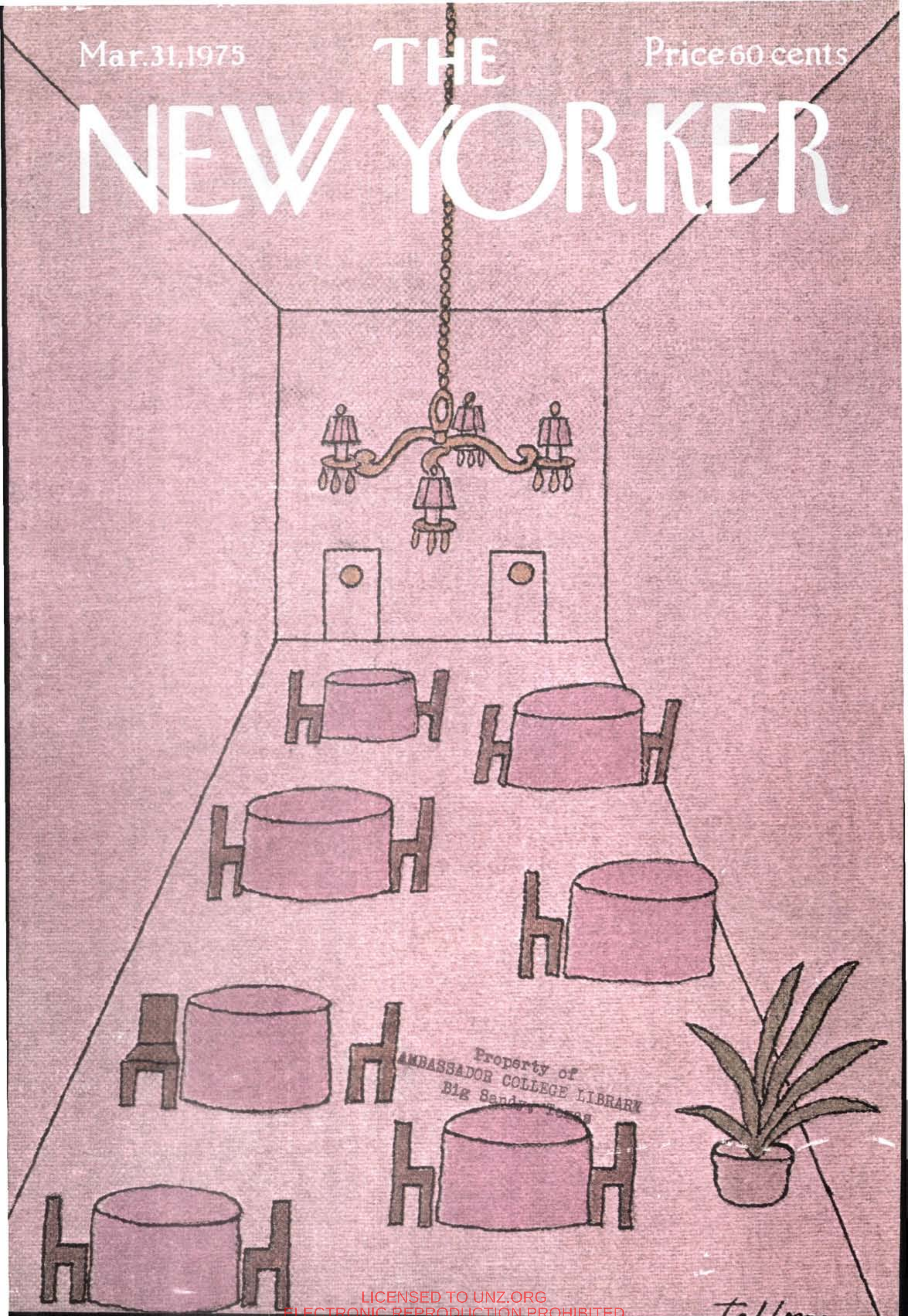

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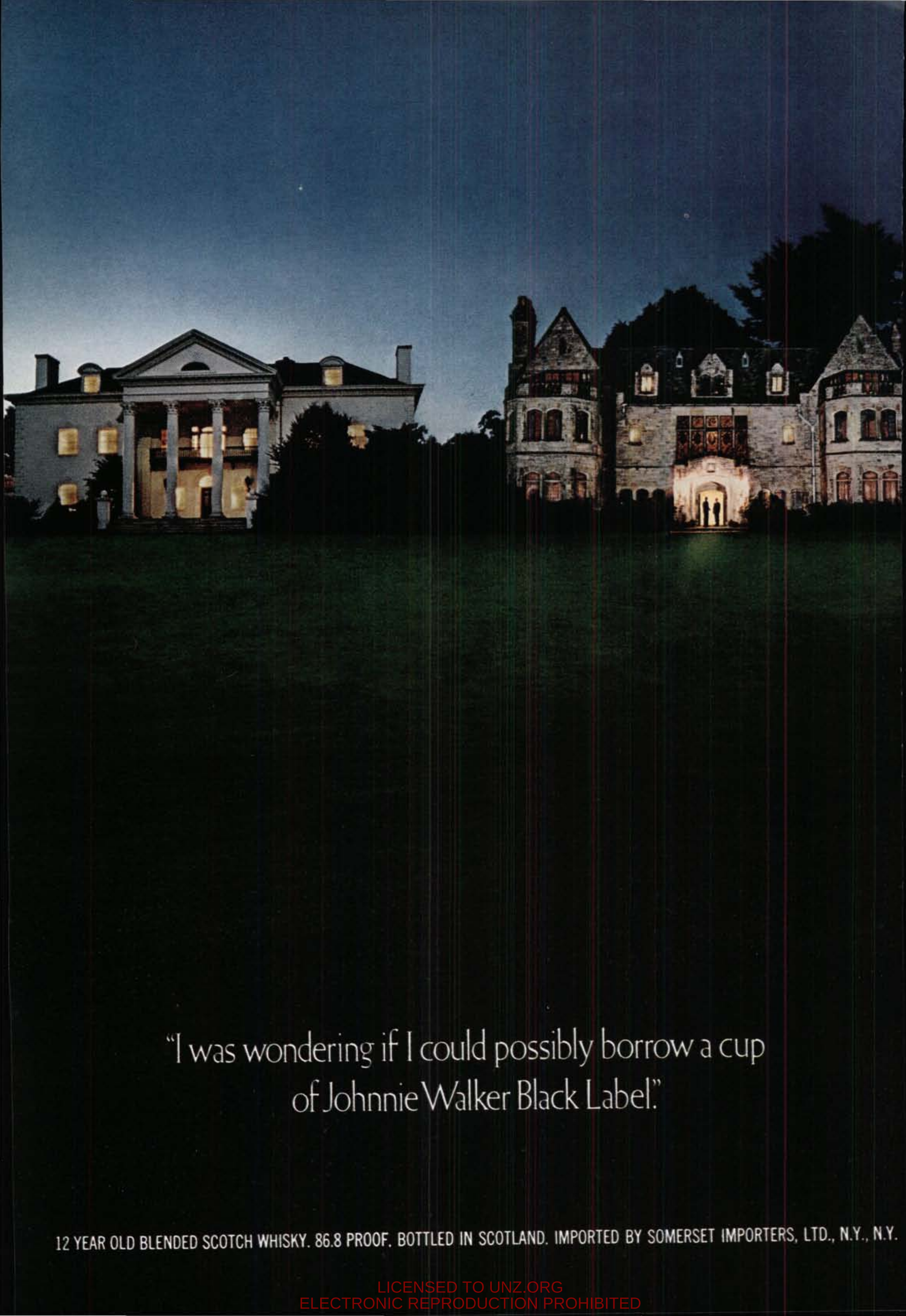
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To find out, we've asked the Roper researchers to conduct nine national polls since 1959.

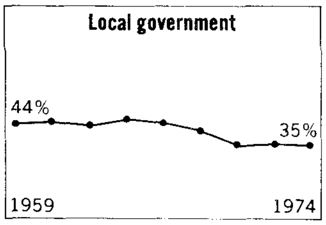
The results focus on what many of us have known—that these have been years of disenchantment for many Americans.

One community institution, however, earns higher marks today than ever before on Roper's yardstick: Seventy-one percent of those most recently surveyed consider television's performance to be "excellent" or "good."

Perhaps it's because viewers like television's range of entertainment, its increased coverage of local and national news, its unmatched believability. They've seen the world by satellite, and their children are enjoying and learning from new programs for young viewers.

For Mr. Roper's 32-page booklet on the public's attitudes toward television and other media, 1959-74, send 50 cents to Television Information Office at the address below.

Television is working to earn still higher grades by being responsive to your needs. We hope the programs listed below will help.



The Runaways. Adventure drama of a boy and a leopard. Tuesday, April 1 (8:30-10 pm).

The Confessions of Dick Van Dyke. A look at the funny side of fear. Thursday, April 3 (8-9 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Black Mountain; Strange Holiday; Lucy and the Miracles; Mauro the Gypsy; Lone Wolf; A Member of the Family; Giant Eel. Saturdays, April 5, 26; May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (1-2 pm).

The Wonderful World of Disney. Kids is Kids; Wild Geese Calling; One Day at Teton Marsh; My Dog the Thief, Parts I and II; Yellowstone Cubs; Return of the Big Cat, Parts I and II. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20, 27; May 4, 11, 18, 25 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Income Tax. NBC News special on federal tax laws. Sunday, April 6 (10-11 pm).

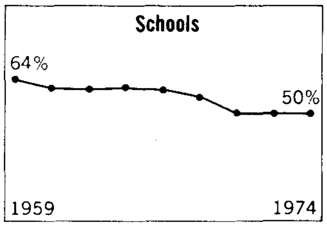
Prairie Lawyer. Sandburg's Lincoln—Lincoln faces Douglas in murder trial. With Hal Holbrook. Monday, April 7 (8-9 pm).

Academy Awards. Oscar awards, live from Hollywood. Tuesday, April 8 (10 pm-12 midnight).

ABC Afterschool Special. Cyrano; The Crazy Comedy Concert. Wednesday, April 9; May 28 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Happy Endings. Short plays by Jules Feiffer, Herb Gardner, Neil Simon, Peter Stone. Thursday, April 10 (10-11 pm).

What's the Senate All About? CBS News special for children. Saturday, April 12 (1-1:30 pm).



I Will Fight No More Forever. ABC Theatre —Drama about the Nez Percé tribe's battle against being confined to a reservation. Monday, April 14 (8-10 pm).

Yitzhak Rabin. Action Biography of Israel's Prime Minister. Tuesday, April 15 (10-11 pm).

The Unwanted. Story of Irish immigration to America in 1840's. Wednesday, April 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Law. Last of three-part series. Wednesday, April 16 (10-11 pm).

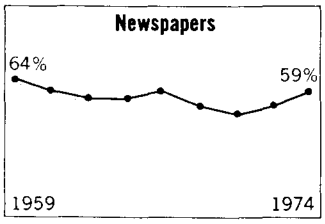
First Ladies' Diaries: Rachel Jackson. Biography of wife of Andrew Jackson. Friday, April 18 (1:30-3 pm).

Julie—My Favorite Things. Julie Andrews with Peter Sellers, the Muppets. Friday, April 18 (9-10 pm).

Lawyers: Guilty as Charged? ABC News Closeup—Critical look at ethics and fees of the legal profession. Saturday, April 19 (8-9 pm).

Woman of the Year, 1975. Third annual program honoring outstanding women. Saturday, April 19 (10-11:30 pm).

Meet the Press. Heads of six major corporations are interviewed in extended program. Sunday, April 20 (12 noon-1 pm).



Tony Awards. Recognizing achievement in the theatre. Sunday, April 20 (9-11 pm).

QB VII. Dramatization of Leon Uris novel. Tuesday, April 22 (8:30-11 pm); Wednesday, Thursday, April 23, 24 (9-11 pm).

Danny Kaye's Look-In at the Metropolitan Opera. CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People on producing an opera. Sunday, April 27 (5-6 pm).

A Shooting Gallery Called America. NBC News special probes sale of handguns. Sunday, April 27 (10-11 pm).

Magnificent Monsters of the Deep. A dedicated doctor protects whales. Wednesday, April 30 (8-9 pm).

The Great Migration: Year of the Wildebeest. Story of annual stampede of African animals. Monday, May 5 (8-9 pm).

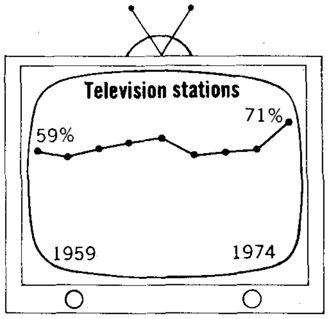
What is Noise? What is Music? New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Saturday, May 10 (5-6 pm).

Emmy Awards. Honoring excellence in television. Monday, May 19 (9 pm-concl.).

A Moon for the Misbegotten. ABC Theatre —Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, Ed Flanders in O'Neill drama. Tuesday, May 27 (8:30-11 pm).

Congress and the CIA. ABC News Closeup explores relationship between the Congress and CIA. Friday, May 30 (10-11 pm).

A Girl Named Sooner. Drama of girl raised in Indiana by eccentric old woman. With Lee Remick, Cloris Leachman, Richard Crenna, Don Murray, Anne Francis, Susan Deer. Wednesday, June 18 (8-10 pm).



REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester, CBS Morning News/The Today Show/ AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/ Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/ Yogi's Gang/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/ Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: U.S. of Archie/In the News/ Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/ Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/ The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/ Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/ Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All God's Chillun Got Wings—A revival of a poor play by O'Neill. With Trish Van Devere and Robert Christian, directed by George C. Scott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

All Over Town—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Croesus and the Witch—A musical by Micki Grant, directed by Vinnette Carroll. Opens Thursday, March 27. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dance with Me—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James: the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Doll's House—Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston star in a clumsy production of Ibsen's tract on women's liberation. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, April 2, at 2.)

Down by the River Where Waterlilies Are Disfigured Every Day—A play by Julie Bovasso. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Equus—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company has opened its season with a wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterful direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, a young man called Reyno, and Mr. W. himself especially so. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Goodtime Charley—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking are so delightful in this highly implausible tale of Joan of Arc and her timid Dauphin that one forgives every gaucherie. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel make Terence Rattigan's little play about marriage in the middle years seem far more substantial than it really is. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce's Dubliners—A play by J. W. Riordan, taken from Joyce's early writings and Stanislaus Joyce's biography, "My Brother's Keeper." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Letter for Queen Victoria—An "opera" by Robert Wilson, having little to do with the Widow o' Windsor and much to do with our need to communicate. A puzzle, sometimes fascinating and sometimes merely irritating. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

The Misanthrope—A botched version of the stern Molière comedy, with startling performances by Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Night That Made America Famous—An evening devoted to the songs of Harry Chapin. Mr. Chapin is the star, and one gets to know him very well. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Renallo, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Sandy Faison. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Private Lives—But of course. With Maggie Smith, John Standing, Remak Ramsey, and Niki Flacks. Directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Ritz—High jinks in a low homosexual bath-

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COVER: *Robert Tallon*

DRAWINGS: *Charles E. Martin, William Steig, George Booth, Warren Miller, Ed Fisher, Stan Hunt, Nurit Karlin, William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Thomas B. Allen, J. B. Handelsman, Charles Saxon, Lou Myers, Frank Modell, Donald Reilly, Edward Koren, Ed Arno, Mischa Richter*

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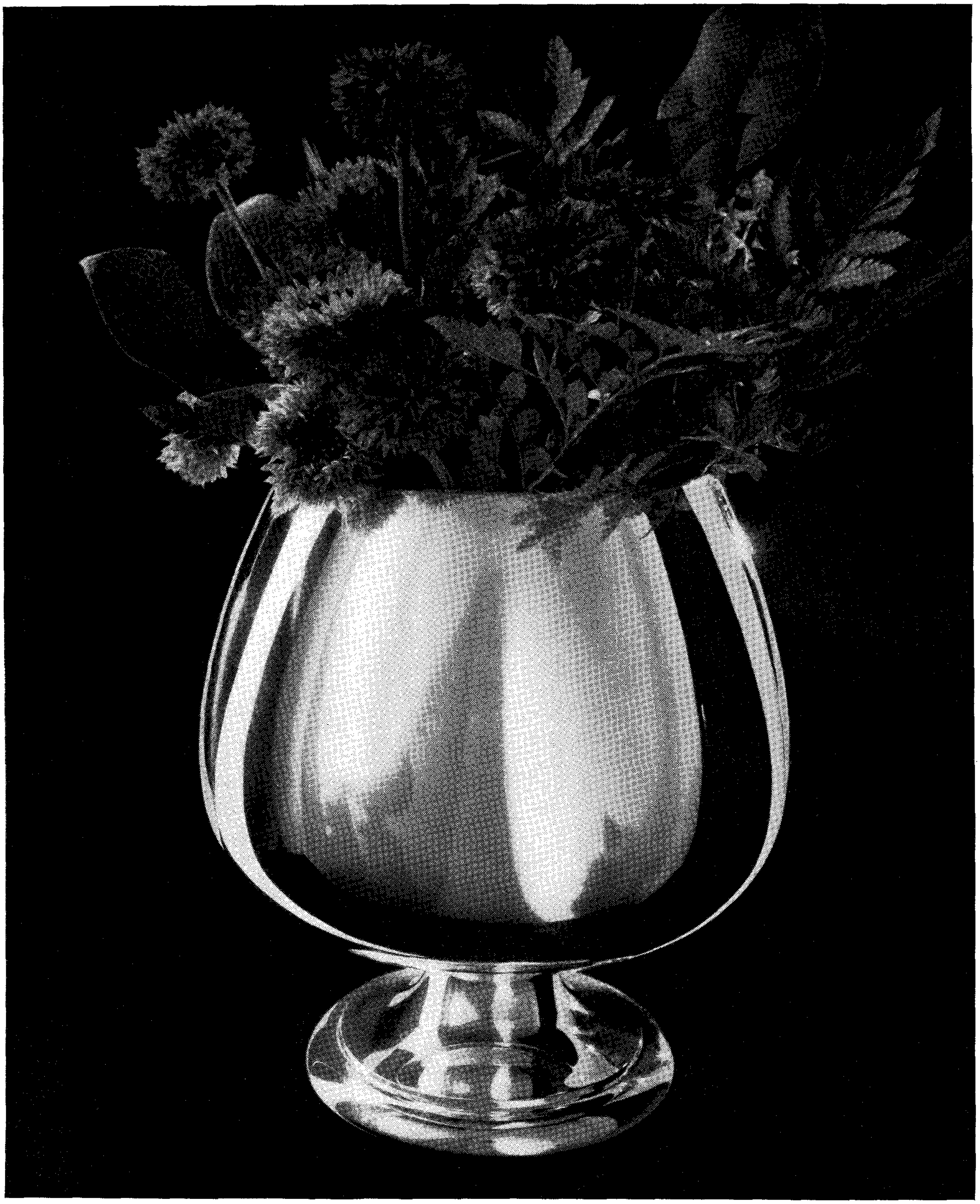

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

house. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rocky Horror Show—The Tiffany lamps in the Belasco are very pretty, and it's pleasant to have a cabaret there. The show? Well, no. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Final performances of a seven-week engagement. **LEAR**, a shortened version of Shakespeare's tragedy: Wednesday through Saturday, March 26-29, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **HE THAT PLAYS THE KING**, an anthology devised by Ian Richardson: Saturday, March 29, at 2 (opening); Tuesday through Friday, April 1-4, at 8; Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Same Time, Next Year—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single, twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **OUR LATE NIGHT:** Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, at 7:30, and final performances Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 7:30 and 9:30. . . . **THE SEAGULL:** Tuesday through Saturday, April 1-5, at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Shenandoah—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. *Nightly except Sundays*, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Wood as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

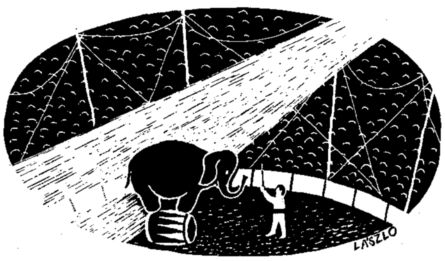
Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

The Taking of Miss Janie—A splendid new play by Ed Bullins. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, March 30. Free.)

We Interrupt This Program . . .—Dick Anthony Williams in a thriller by Norman Krasna. Directed by Jerry Adler. Previews through Monday, March 31. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 1. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Wiz—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,209 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, *181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.* Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at *6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and* Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by *Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that* parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic *and sugary, but it is quite entertaining*, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual paean to spring. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8. Closes Monday, May 26.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 2, at 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 7:30. For tickets, call 744-8967.)

BALLET AND DANCE

José Limón Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, April 12—Monday, March 31, at 7: "Brandenburg Concerto," "Night Spell," "The Shakers," and "Choreographic Offering.". . . ¶ Tuesday, April 1, 8: "Choreographic Offering," "Phantasm goria 1975" (première), and "The Moo Pavane.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at "Homenaje a Federico García Lorca," "T Traitor," and "There Is a Time.". ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 7:30 (a benefit pe formance; for tickets, call 421-8266 "Homenaje a Federico García Lorca," "Ca lota," and "There Is a Time.". . . ¶ Frida April 4, at 8: "Choreographic Offering "Phantasmagoria 1975," and "The Moo Pavane.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at "Brandenburg Concerto," "Night Spel "The Shakers," and "Choreographic Offe ing.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "T Shakers," "Night Spell," "The Traitor," a "There Is a Time." (Harkness Theat Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Fir bird," "Ecole de Ballet," "Pas de Quatre and "Choreo." (Vandam, 15 Vandam S three blocks south of Houston St., at Six Ave. Friday through Sunday at 8. Clos Sunday, March 30. For tickets, call 67 0498.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town

Rashied Ali—Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Gree St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (22 9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten three. Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seven Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Fren horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, wi a combo. Mondays at ten.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at C lumbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nin thirty to two.

Gary Burton—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., Mercer St. (228-6300). Vibraharp, leadi a quintet, Wednesday and Thursday, Mar 26-27, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Jaki Byard—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., ju east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, lea ing the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra. Su days, from five to nine. . . . ¶ Bradley's, University Pl. (228-6440). With bassist M jor Holley, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th S (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Prat Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wedne days), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Satu days), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Edd Locke. Nine-thirty to three every night b Sunday.

Bill Evans—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., Mercer St. (228-6300). Piano, leading a tri at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Monday an Tuesday, March 31-April 1.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371 2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectivel Wednesdays through Sundays, from nin thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadwa at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays an Thursdays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave. at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading quintet, Thursday through Saturday, Apri 3-5, from ten to three.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., a 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading th Hip Ensemble, a quintet, from ten to three Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 2 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jaz and blues singer and piano, respectively From eight to one, except Sunday, throug Thursday, April 3.

Keith Jarrett—Village Vanguard, 178 Sevent Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, wit tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman, bassis Charlie Haden, and drummer Paul Motian at ten, through Sunday, March 30.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011) Monday through Saturday, March 31-April 5, at ten.

Morgana King—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave.

Some of Morgan Guaranty's personal bankers in the 23 Wall Street office. From left, Jonathan Verity, Peter Guernsey, Jr., Arnold Ring, Annemarie Holm, Lawrence Bell

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Jazz vocals, beginning Monday, March 31.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Lloyd McNeill—Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566). Flute, with Cecil McBee, Dom Salvador, and Billy Williams, Fridays and Saturdays, from ten-thirty.

Mabel Mercer—Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Beginning Tuesday, April 1.

Tracy Nelson—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, with her band, Friday through Sunday, March 28-30, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sy Oliver—Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from seven, nightly, except Sundays.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, leading a quartet; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Bobby Short—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Dick Wellstood—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, beginning Friday, April 4.

Jack Wilkins and Eddie Gomez—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Guitar and bass, respectively. Fridays and Saturdays, from ten to two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Easygoing, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul food. Robin Kenyatta, a sometimes lyrical, sometimes avant-garde, sometimes soul-stylistic reedman, heads up a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, March 31-April 1, a fresh, young trumpeter, Charles Sullivan, who is usually a sideman or section player, fronts a quartet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An aptly named, giant-size concern where hordes of enthusiasts come to hear the latest in rock, folk, and commercially successful jazz. On Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, vibraharpist Gary Burton and his quintet alternate with Oregon, a multi-instrumental—English horn, oboe, guitar, tabla, sitar, bass, piano, pakhawaj, etc.—quartet, which plays improvisations based on classical, folk, jazz, blues, and Indian motifs. (It has been referred to as country-and-Eastern music.) Tracy Nelson, a singer with an impressive range, control, and subtlety, was one of the wonders of late-sixties rock; lately, her voice has been jarringly over-miked, and she appears to have lost whatever rapport she may have had with past audiences. She and her band will be onstage (one hopes in better form than their last New York appearance) Friday through Sunday, March 28-30. On Monday and Tuesday, March 31-April 1, pianist Bill Evans plays heady games with his trio opposite the Chuck Mangione quartet. Tower of Power, an eleven-member soul machine from Oakland, will trade sets with a comedy troupe, Divided We Stand, on Wednesday, April 2. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A trio consisting of guitarist Sam Brown, pianist Benny Aronov, and bassist Bill Takas performs through Saturday, March 29, in this animated, crowded, buzzing, wood-panelled bar. On Monday, March 31, pianist John Bunch and guitarist Jay Leonhart take on the musical chores. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, are devoted to Jaki Byard, who plays piano like a busy elevator operator who stops on many floors in no particular order. In the course of a single set, Byard might duplicate the manner of James P. Johnson, Earl Hines, Bud Powell, and Béla Bartók. It gets interesting when he stops between floors. His trusty sidekick, Major Holley, a Slam Stewart-inspired bassist, slaps, bows, and hums along. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties may be increasingly ill-used elsewhere, but in the **café carlyle** they remain in safe hands. Bobby Short, who has been singing them in a respectful and energetic voice for years, and who has lately been known to slip into this venerable repertoire such up-to-the-minute matter as "Send in the Clowns," is assisted by Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer on drums and bass Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the **bemelmans bar**, which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes' strong forthright vocal delivery is complemented by the wondrously delicate and understated accompaniment of Ellis Larkins. Sometimes, on ballads, it almost seems as though he were leading her—but in the subtlest possible manner. On blues numbers, Miss Humes is unquestionably in command, and her blues style is pure delight. Wilbur Little helps out on bass; through Thursday, April 3. On Friday, April 4, Dick Wellstood, a fine pianist who took ragtime seriously (but not too seriously) long before its current trendiness, claims the keyboard. On Sundays Dick Hyman, another pianistic whiz, takes charge. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Cliff Leeman. On Tuesday, April 1, tenorman Zoot Sims sits in with the group, as does Dick Wellstood, who relieves Jim Andrews on the piano stool. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Little changed in some twenty years, this spacious and inelegant jazz preserve has recently reopened. On Mondays: Dave Matthews' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food. . . . ¶ On Sunday afternoons: The Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. It has trouble with intonation, time, and some slow readers, but it also has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist Jaki Byard acts as the leader.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at th piano between Greer and Procope, and help generate the excitement. Wednesdays throug Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Dick Katz take over Monday and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Vibraharpis Warren Chiasson, who has spent considerabl time with George Shearing's group, play from six to nine nightly. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecke St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—The operations at Jacques, a little retreat formerl in business farther west down Bleecker, hav been transferred to the Village Corner, pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with a abundance of old, dark wood and mirror Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboar every night but Wednesday, when pianist Ji Roberts substitutes. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Roy Eldridge is sixty-four, his hair is whi ish, and he wears thick glasses, but the ol drive is still there, even if it doesn't genera ly appear until midnight. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddi Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Jo Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and balla during the later part. Music from nine-thirt to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is i charge of a group of musical archivists fro eight until two.

Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which Mabel Mercer has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite it ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderfu songs, her regal good looks, and the newl christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. After a brie hiatus, she will be radiating—which is wh she really does now—again, at ten and midnight, starting Tuesday, April 1.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The newest edition of George Wein's Newport All-Stars numbers Joe Newman, Edd (Lockjaw) Davis, Wein himself on pian Larry Ridley, and Panama Francis. A cheerful and wholly predictable group that swing hardest when it has the least to say. Tuesday through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to on Then, on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talkin of Lorenzo Tio. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (86 8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of one-story, mall-like building that also house a five-and-ten and other shops, and that look like an afterthought sitting in the midst upper West Side high-rise urban renewa Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capabl quintet through some refined, unadulterate and intricately laid-back rhythm and blue on Wednesday, March 26. Thursday throug Saturday, March 27-29, Roy Haynes is her with his quintet, the Hip Ensemble. Jo Beck, an adroit, wa-wa-pedalling guitaris joins forces with alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne Sunday through Wednesday, Marc 30-April 2. Thursday through Saturday April 3-5, wily drummer Chico Hamilton inspires a youthful quintet. Music from te until three.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866 2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteent century—and some occasional ragtime, folk and atonal music thrown in—are likely to b heard in this modest little restaurant and ba from seven until eleven. Many of the youn professional musicians and singers who ar here to display their skills (which vary i degree) in small ensembles or as soloist normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and th American Symphony Orchestra. A baske placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper West Sid musicians—can drop contributions. Solo lutanists, pianists, singers, and guitarist abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Ellen Greene, a singer with an Ethel Merman vibrato (but, alas, not the power or con trol), trades sets with a traditionalistic standup, Mike Preminger, at this three-roomed cabaret, which is a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. Through Saturday, March 29. More than a decade ago, Lesley Gore was committed to a Top Forty singing career; her material consisted primarily of raspy-voiced narratives involving teen-age martyrdom—her biggest success, "It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To," clung to this theme. Now she has set out to revive some of the songs from the sixties as well as her career; she begins a two-week visit here on Tuesday, April 1. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sunday, March 30, Mercedes Hall sings at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A jazz hideaway situated in a properly sombre basement but with an uplifting décor—a colorful wall of Art Deco cutouts and bright, white tablecloths. Pianist Hod O'Brian collaborates with bassist Cameron Brown nightly, except Mondays, and the two are joined by Chet Baker, alto-saxophonist Bob Mover, and drummer Beaver Harris Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, and by Lee Konitz and Harris on Friday and Saturday, April 4-5. Mondays are given over to David Amram, whose music is derived from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, Eastern Europe, the conservatory, and the street. Music from about ten.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost where one can hear live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie. Alto and soprano saxophonist Lee Konitz, ponderous and breathy, is here on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, Bobby Hill sings with a backup quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, the Warren Chiasson trio performs. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of Rashied Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist David Durrah. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Music for the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. Kenny Barron, a first-rate pianist, works alone from nine to one on Wednesdays. Fridays and Saturdays (between ten and two) have been turned over to two expert young musicians—guitarist Jack Wilkins and bassist Eddie Gomez. On Sunday, March 30, Nina Sheldon, a lively singer and pianist, performs with bassist Mike Moore from six to ten.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—This establishment, despite its Bowery address, is not a Bowery bar. The clientele is, for the most part, an artsy crowd—an especially congested one after ten-thirty, when the music begins—of loft dwellers and musicians, and some listeners who don't live in lofts. Fridays and Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill and his exciting band—the very fine Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Billy Williams—keep everyone satisfied with their infectiously rhythmic, Brazilian-flavored material. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, singer Randy Harris works in front of a combo; and Cosmology, a smallish jazz band, plays on Sundays and Tuesdays. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Keith Jarrett, an acrobatic and innovative pianist, swaps ideas with Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian through Sunday, March 30. Beginning Monday, March 31, sixteen or so of New York's finest studio men—known collectively as the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band—assemble themselves and their instruments on the acutely angled bandstand for a week-long stint. The band, which has convened here on Mondays for more than ten years, frequently lights into some rousing, hard-hitting material, but it also devotes its energies to a number of ballads that are, as a rule, less successful, often giving way to studied (and sometimes unstudied) looseness, musical punch lines, and clowning. Juanita Fleming has taken on the exacting task of replacing the band's dazzling vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater, who has gone off to take a role in "The Wiz." Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Mondays through Wednesdays, pianist Chuck Fowler and bassist Duke Cleamons have the sawdusted floor; Nat Jones and his bassist take the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. The music runs from eight to two. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood- and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), and pianist Dill Jones work with a quartet. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist who played with Art Tatum and recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties, frolics with a trio. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and claimant to the boogie-woogie-piano kingship here and now, performs with a quartet. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, pianist Herb Winner plays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty Wednesday through Friday, March 26-28, and from eight to midnight on Saturday, March 29. Steven Weltner takes over the keyboard on Sunday, March 30, from eight to midnight; Monday, March 31, from five-thirty to eleven-thirty; Tuesday through Friday, April 1-4, from five-thirty to eleven-thirty; and Saturday, April 5, from eight to midnight.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Soprano Betty Rhodes is singing in the **PERSIAN ROOM** Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the **PLAZA RESTAURANT**, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the **PALM COURT**, from five to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from five to one, and Sundays from four to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting singer Enzo Stuarti at dinner and supper. Dance music commences at seven-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Sy Oliver's band plays for dancing on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** reopens on Monday, March 31, with jazz stylist Morgana King singing at ten. Thereafter, she will appear twice an evening. The dance music will issue from the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **KING COLE GRILLE**, harpist Eleanor Fell plays from seven-thirty to eleven, every night but Sunday.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** comes to life again on Tuesday, April 1, with dinner and supper shows by singer Ben Vereen. Dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Abe Ajay—Relief paintings. Through April 19. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Benny Andrews—Paintings and collages concerning the effects of war. Through Saturday, April 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Erich Brauer—Paintings and etchings by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through May 10. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Arthur B. Davies (1862-1928)—A chronological retrospective exhibit, including oils, watercolors, pastels, drawings, etchings, and lithographs. Through April 15. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

John Day—Surrealistic landscapes. Through April 10. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Peter Dechar—Large paintings of outsize pears. Through April 26. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ernest Dieringer—White geometrical forms on brown linen canvas fields. Through Saturday, March 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

John Duff—Painted fibre-glass sculptures. Through April 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sonja Eisenberg—Abstract paintings in which forms emerge from misty color fields. Through Saturday, April 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barbara Gardner—Surrealistic oil paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Red Grooms—Gertrude Stein and her circle and New York City street scenes are the subjects of these gouaches and drawings. Through April 19. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Recent abstract paintings and collages. Through Saturday, March 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Saturday, March 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings, mostly of women. Through Saturday, March 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Steel and aluminum wall pieces and freestanding vertical sculptures. Through Saturday, April 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

William Kienbusch—Abstract caseins and drawings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Nearly thirty drawings, with examples from his entire career. Through Saturday, April 5. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1946 and 1971. Through April 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Charles E. Martin—Watercolors of Maine, and magazine-cover designs in pastels and watercolors. Through Saturday, March 29. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

William McCartin—Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Raoul Middleman / William Klapp—Figurative paintings. / Sculptures. Through Friday, March 28. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Andre Minaux—Still-lifes. Through April 12. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Paul Mogensen—Geometric paintings on shaped canvases. Through Thursday, April 3. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

John Napper—Oil paintings of the English countryside by a British artist. Through Saturday, March 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Robert Reed—Abstract paintings, collages, and monotypes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Roth—Paintings and drawings. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Judith Rothschild—Relief paintings incorporating paper cutouts. Through April 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Charles Salerno—A retrospective of his carved-stone sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Edith Schloss—Abstract oils and watercolors in which still-life and landscape merge. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Antonio Segui—Dogs in landscapes and portraits of dogs. Through April 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Pat Steir—Abstract paintings with motifs of flowers, plus some drawings. Through April 19. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

May Stevens—A series of satirical paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Sculptures and paintings by a Chicago-born artist who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles. Through April 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings of overlapping ellipses by a colorist. Through April 12. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Imaginary portraits of Toulouse-Lautrec, Eakins, and others in group scenes. Through Friday, March 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: John Chumley (egg temperas and watercolors), Ken Davies (oils), and Michael Filmus (drawings done with charcoal and pastel, and pencil). Through April 15. . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through Saturday, March 29.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Paintings by an Optical artist. Through April 12. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Batan—Paintings. Through April 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Roy De Forest—Four large paintings and a group of crayon and pastel drawings, all completed in the past few months. Through April 11. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Jillian Denby—Paintings of nudes. Through April 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Fahlen—Abstract sculptures made from numerous materials, including polyester resin, wire, and wood. Through Tuesday, April 1. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Fares—Paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 29. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes. Through April 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Allan Hacklin—Paper collages. Through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Large-scale geometric drawings, done with graphite on paper. Through Thursday, April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marisol—Drawings (colored pencil and crayon on black paper, mostly), measuring up to nine feet in length. Also wall pieces (plaster and found objects). Through Saturday, March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin—Recent paintings. Through Tuesday, April 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Recent welded-steel sculptures composed of rods and cylinders. Through April 19. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Another recent piece, plus three earlier works. Through May 2. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Thomas Stokes—Abstract paintings suggesting landscapes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Welded-steel sculptures, some of which have been rubbed with paint. Through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **arras**, 29 W. 57th St.: A one-man show of Victor Vasarely's familiar Optical sculptures and wall pieces, plus a six-ring circus of works by other artists—notably, a flight of funny sewed-cloth dolls by Lesley Jean Goldberg and some startling wall hangings of rope and raw-looking fabrics by Josep Grau-Garriga. Through Saturday, March 29. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: A loan show marking the hundredth anniversary of the Art Students League of New York and containing paintings and sculptures by a hundred and one American artists (including Benton, Eakins, O'Keeffe, and Marisol) who have studied or taught at the institution. Through Saturday, March 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Artschwager / Larry Stark—Six drawings, each interpreting the same everyday objects from a different point of view. / Photo-Realist silkscreens on canvas, mainly of trucks. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jon Borofsky—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Joel Fisher—Three conceptual pieces. One of the works consists of a long sheet of handmade paper, three feet by eighty feet. Through Saturday, March 29. (112 Greene Street.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Female figures done in drawings and oils with heavily painted surfaces. Through Thursday, April 3. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Nobu Fukui—Constructivist paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Diane Karol / Caspar Henselmann—Constructions made of tubular forms suspended from the ceiling, leaning against the walls, and projecting at angles from the floor. / Sculptures and other pieces, all involving fractured glass. Through Wednesday, April 2. (55 Mercer Street.)

Jack Lembeck—These semi-abstract paintings use shadows and a semblance of objects (windows, clotheslines, and pipes) to create an impression of several planes, one in front of the other. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Roman Opalka / Lucio Pozzi—Acrylic paintings and ink drawings, all of tiny numbers in sequence. / Works dealing with photographic papers according to their inherent properties. One part of the exhibit is the addition of a piece of unexposed, unprocessed photosensitive paper to the gallery wall each day. Through Saturday, April 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Gianni Piacentino / Edward Kienholz—Paintings, all incorporating the Wright Brothers' planes as motifs, and sculptures by an Italian artist. / Watercolors. Through Saturday, March 29. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St.)

David Reed—Vertical abstract paintings. Through April 9. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Halina Rusak / Rachel Rolon de Clet—Paintings of flowers. / Acrylic paintings and silverpoint drawings. Through April 9. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Sophia Sosnoff—Canvases and freestanding works containing found objects such as feathers and theatre tickets. Through Saturday, March 29. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

William Tillyer—Abstract paintings of still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through April 19. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Acrylics on canvas. Through April 10. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, films, and other works by six northern California artists. Through April 9. . . . **westbroadway**, 431 West Broadway: Environmental pieces by Joan Webster Price, hand-painted nylon banners by Robert Venor, and small gouaches by Alice C. Adelman. Through Thursday, April 3.

OTHER GALLERIES

Franklin Perrell—Paintings and drawings of the Long Beach, Long Island, boardwalk and its environs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Drawings from the late nineteen-fifties to the present. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

George Trakas—Six large constructions of glass, rope, wood, and metal, held together by tension and balance. Through Friday, March 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, photographs, ceramics, and stained glass by Camilla Chambers, John Dobbs, Herman Rose, and others. Through Sunday, March 30. (Westbeth, 155 Bank St. Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Clergue—Abstractions (one group printed on aluminum plates), some of the sea, sand, and plants. Through April 18. (French Institute / Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7.)

Gisèle Freund—Color and black-and-white portraits of writers and artists, among them Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Henri Matisse, Pierre Bonnard, André Malraux, Simone de Beauvoir, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Through Saturday, March 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. Through May 11. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Les McCann—Black-and-white photographs of people, taken in Mexico, Jamaica, and other countries by the well-known jazz pianist; first one-man show in New York. Through April 13. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through Sunday, March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Garry Winogrand / Ikko—Contemporary big-city street scenes. / Black-and-white landscapes by a Japanese photographer. Through Saturday, March 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Marc Riboud's photojournalism from the last two decades, done on assignment in Vietnam, Algeria, Cyprus, Saudi Arabia, and Washington (among other turbulent places).... ¶ Examples by eleven members of the Kamoinge Workshop, a group of black photographers from New York. Both through Saturday, April 5. (Open Sundays.)... **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Imogen Cunningham, Julia Margaret Cameron, Berenice Abbott, Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White, Inge Morath, Jill Krementz, and Sarah Moon are among the women photographers represented here. Through April 18. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Dorothea Kehaya, Joe Portogallo, John Kosmer, and others. Through Tuesday, April 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **WITKIN,** 243 E. 60th St.: A sixth-anniversary show. It includes work by Stieglitz, Steichen, Atget, Hine, Weston, Cunningham, Abbott, Lartigue, Brassaï, Arbus, Friedlander, Tice, and Erwitt—about a hundred and twenty-five selections in all. Through April 12. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Great Wave" is the name of a remarkable exhibition here of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts hung side by side with prints by the Impressionists on whom they exerted an influence. Through May 11.... ¶ The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, *no* costumes, and gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Through April 6.... ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Northeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through May 31.... ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ Paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29.... ¶ A selection of paintings (by, among others, William Powell Frith and Edwin Henry Landseer) that were exhibited at the Royal Academy in London during the reign of Queen Victoria. Through April 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through April 30.... ¶ Fifty drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Burchfield, Klee, Grosz, and others. Through June 15.... ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. Complementary shows (through Saturday) are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and the Leonard Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.... ¶ Paintings and drawings dating from 1964 to the present by Brice Marden. Through April 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, March 31, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The second stage will close Sunday, March 30.... ¶ Small, stuffed figures, personal artifacts, photographs, and collages arranged in boxes, glass cases, and window frames by a Los Angeles artist, Betye Saar, whose themes are contemporary religious, social, and political issues. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures from the sixties by Mark di Suvero, Claes Oldenburg, Donald Judd, and others. Through April 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29.... ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles) on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Adolph Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Moses Soyer, and Zoltan Sepeshy.... ¶ A show of the works of twenty-eight painters and five sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both through April 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of an exhibit of more than three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and other works by Hugo Weber (1918-71), a Swiss-American Abstract Expressionist. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays and Sunday, March 30, from 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Cover paintings done for this magazine, cartoons that have appeared in our columns, and books that saw first light here, all selected by the Grolier Club in a friendly gesture. Through Saturday, April 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of traditional containers and wrappings for foods, drinks, spices, and gifts, made of wood, bamboo, straw, hemp, ceramic, paper, and fabric. Through April 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large exhibition of letters, musical scores, posters, photographs, and other memorabilia of the composer Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900). ... ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Wall hangings, rugs, jewelry, and ceramic and wood sculptures made by artisans from Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Through April 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs, journals, maps, and other items that illustrate the grim side of life (crime, sweatshops, sickness, tenements) in nineteenth-century New York City. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Through May 30.... ¶ Century-old dolls, new dolls, Easter eggs, and Victorian toys are part of "A Dolls' Easter." Through May 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Leon Golub. Through May 4.... ¶ A loan show of the graphic works of Renoir. Through Sunday, March 30.... ¶ Boxes of wood, each decorated with a variety of materials and each containing a lead sheet with gold-leaf design on which the artist, Joe Ascrizzi, has etched poems. Through April 6. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 26, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Joann Grillo, Jon Vickers, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; conducted by James Levine.... ¶ Thursday, March 27, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine.... ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Maralin Niska, Wieslaw Ochman, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 12:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Anna Reynolds, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Gail Robinson, Paolo Montarsolo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Walker; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Monday, March 31, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Maralin Niska, William Lewis, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday, April 1, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine.... ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Birgit Nilsson, Anna Reynolds, Jon Vickers, Donald McIntyre, and Bengt Rundgren; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "Tosca," with Magda Olivero, James King, Ingvar Wixell, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Gail Robinson, Paolo Montarsolo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Walker; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 1: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Berit Lindholm, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, Bengt Rundgren, and Andrew Foldi; Sixten Ehrling.

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 27, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Patricia Wells, Barbara Hocher, Joseph Blanton, and John Lankston; conducted by Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8: "Salome," with Eileen Schauler, Olivia Stapp, Robert Nagy, and Robert Fisher; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 29, at 2: "La Bohème," with Patricia Wells, Johanna Meier, Tullio Pane, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, at 1: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, at 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Diane Curry, José Carreras, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 7: The company's première of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Patricia Wells, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Elizabeth Haley, Alan Titus, and Gary Glaze; Alexis Hauser. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Faust," with Patricia Wells, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, and Melvyn Poll; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 27.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, March 27, at 8:30; Friday, March 28, at 2; Saturday, March 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Bernstein as piano soloist); and Thursday, April 3, at 8:30; Friday, April 4, at 2; Saturday, April 5, at 8:30; Tuesday, April 8, at 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 8:30 (all with Justus Frantz, piano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Bruce Fifer, bass-baritone).

Madrid RTV Symphony Orchestra—Odón Alonso conducting, with Narciso Yepes, guitar. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Schachter conducting an all-Haydn program. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe in the first in a series of three programs, this one with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Justino Diaz, bass; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 29, at midnight.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas directing, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of Latin-American composers Carlos Chavez, Alberto Ginastera, and Julian Orbon, who will all be present and participate in a discussion during the intermission. With Raphael Hillyer, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesday, April 1, at 8.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 3, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Pierre Monteux Centennial Celebration—Claude Monteux conducting the Hudson Valley Philharmonic in a benefit concert, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 5, at 8, and Sunday, April 6, at 5:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Philadelphia Singers and Orchestra—Micha Korn directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wedne day, March 26, at 8.)

Harvard University Glee Club—F. John Adar directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divir Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Mar 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, wi Crail Conner, soprano; Anita Darian, mezz soprano; Ann Yervanian, alto; Richa Shadley, tenor; and Edward Pierson, ba The last in a series of concerts. (Ave Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Mar 28, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg recting a performance of Bach's "St. Jo Passion," with Carole Bogard, sopran Elaine Bonazzi, contralto; Robert Whi tenor; Samuel Ramey and Bruce Fifer, bas baritones; Herbert Beattie, bass; and an chestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March at 8.)

RECITALS

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, in the last in a seri of concerts, this one with the Guarneri Qua tet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8.

Marta Pérez—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. 2-4536. Sunday, March 30, at 5.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello, in the second two recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Mar 30, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Carnegie Ha Monday, March 31, at 8.)

Amati Quartet—Chamber music. (Carne Recital Hall. Monday, March 31, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program music by Louis Weingarden, Arthur Kreig Charles Wuorinen, and George Crun (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd Monday, March 31, at 8. Admission by co tribution.)

George Thalben-Ball—Organ. (Carnegie Ha Tuesday, April 1, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Misha Dichter, pia and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Alice Tu Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

James Mathis—Piano. (Alice Tully Ha Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Alain Planes—Cello a piano, in an all-Bach recital. (Grace Rair Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museu Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Frid April 4, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampl viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arn oboe; Richard Goode and Charles Wa worth, piano; and Richard Fitz, drun (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8: and Sunday, April 6, at 5.)

Reger Quartet—Chamber music. (Washingt Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th Saturday, April 5, at 8. For tickets, call 5 4680.)

American Chamber Trio—Peter Basquin, pia June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morga stern, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sat day, April 5, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long p formances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) Wednesday, March 26, at 5:45: PEARL LA DANCE COMPANY. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, 5:45: HAZEL SCOTT.

Urbie Green and the University of Minnes Jazz Ensemble and Concert Band—Carne Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.

Alex Harvey Band—Town Hall. Friday, Mar 28, at 8.

Chet Baker Quartet—New York Jazz Museu 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 30, at 3, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Bobby Short—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Ce ter. Sunday, March 30, at 8.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—A progr of music by Bix Beiderbecke, with Bill Ch lis, Paul Mertz, Bill Rank, Joe Venuti, a Speigan Wilcox. (Carnegie Hall. Thursd April 3, at 8.)

David Bromberg—With his band, and Doc W son with Merle Watson and Frosty Mo

(Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Ramsey Lewis—With George Benson. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

Theodore Bikel—Hunter College Assembly Hall. Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, March 30, at 1:10....¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 1, at 9.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kentucky, Wednesday, March 26, at 8:05....¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, March 30, at 2:35....¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, April 2, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, March 26, at 9....¶ Rangers vs. Kansas City Scouts, Sunday, March 30, at 7:30.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 29, at 2:05....¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, April 1, at 8:05.... ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, April 5, at 8:05.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 29; the Distaff Handicap, Wednesday, April 2; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 5.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, March 29-30, at 4....¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, April 5, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)... BLUE HILL TROUPE: A benefit performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 5, at 2. For tickets, call 744-8967.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, March 29, through Saturday, April 5, at 12:30 and 3:30.)... MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz," Saturday, March 29, at 2:30. ...¶ "Looice," Saturday, April 5, at 12:30 and 2:30. (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. For tickets, call 697-0730.)... POKO PUPPETS: "The Boy Who Could Swallow the Ocean." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Wednesday, April 2, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

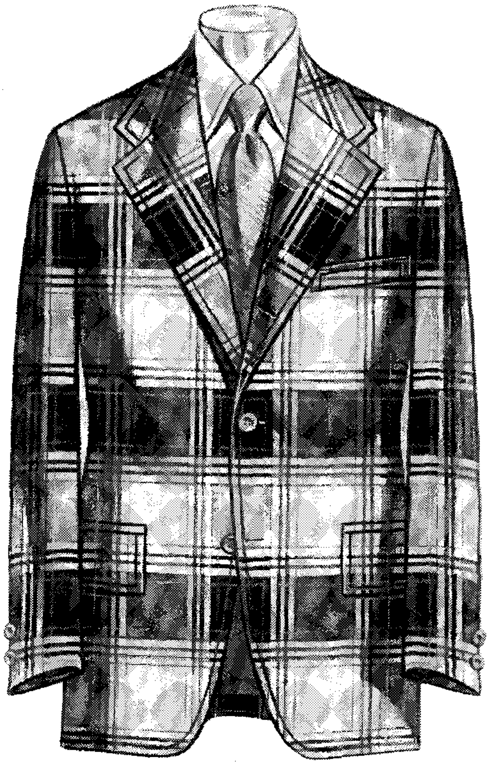
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol;" through Sunday, April 6. (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday, March 26, at 2 and 3:30; Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday through Friday, March 31-April 4, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Heather McHugh, Michael Ondaatje, and C. K. Williams reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Sunday, March 30, at 8.)...¶ Marilyn Hacker and Margaret Atwood reading from their own works. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 31, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Good Friday, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from various owners....¶ Thursday, April 3, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 2: Art Nouveau, nineteenth-century Orientalia and other works of art, furniture, and decorations; from many sources.



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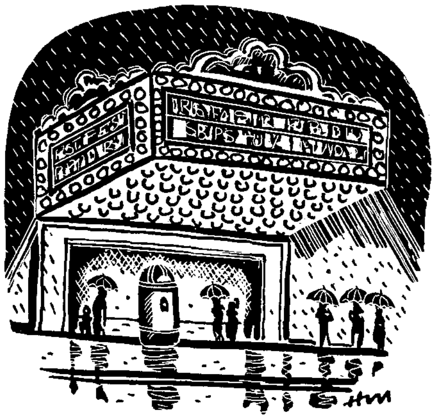

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Janis."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 29: "Bringing Up Baby" and "My Favorite Wife."
March 30: "Angels Over Broadway" and "Pennies from Heaven."
March 31: "Dr. Cyclops" and "Among the Living."
April 1: "Street of Chance" and "The Four Feathers."
April 2-3: "Arsène Lupin," "Nick Carter, Master Detective," and "The Garden Murder Case."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through April 1: "Airport 1975" and "A Doll's House."
From April 2 (tentative): "Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 1: "Rock and Roll Your Eyes."
From April 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 1: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From April 2: "Harry & Tonto."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 27: "Report to the Commissioner."
From March 28: "Homo Eroticus."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"And Now My Love."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rosebud."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through March 27: "Female Trouble."
From March 28: "Amarcord."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Brannigan."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 1: "Les Enfants Terribles."
From April 2: "King of Hearts."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Hearts and Minds."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 1: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad."
From April 2: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Yakuza."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
March 26: "Daughters, Daughters!"
From March 27: "The Middle of the World."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 1: "The Gambler."
From April 2: "The Man with the Golden Gun."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 1: "The Stepford Wives."
From April 2: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 27: "Lenny."
From March 28: "Amarcord."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Report to the Commissioner."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Funny Lady."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Four Musketeers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Brannigan."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
March 26: "Walkabout"/"La Samourai"/"Mean Streets."
March 27: "Lenny Bruce Without Tears"/"Walkabout"/"La Samourai."
March 28: "Last Tango in Paris"/"Lenny Bruce Without Tears"/"A Woman Is a Woman."
March 29: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ."/"Way Down East"/"Last Tango in Paris"/"Lenny Bruce Without Tears."
March 30: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ."/"A Woman Is a Woman"/"Dream Street"/"Last Tango in Paris."
March 31: "Tabu"/"Lady Sings the Blues"/A film by Steve Hornick.
April 1: "Tabu"/A film by Rosalind Schneider/"The Balcony."
April 2: "The Puritan"/"The Girls"/"Juliet of the Spirits."
April 3: "The Sea Gull"/"Lady Sings the Blues"/"Juliet of the Spirits."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Young Frankenstein."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 27: "The Gambler" and "The Parallax View."
From March 28: "Amarcord."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Brannigan."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 1 at one or another of the theatres: "Les Violons du Bal" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!" / "Passions of Carol" and "Ring of Passion" / "The Front Page" and "The Black Windmill" / "A Woman Under the Influence."
From April 2: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 26: "The Music Lovers" and "Billion Dollar Brain."
March 27-29: "Women in Love" and "The Devils."
March 30: One performance, at noon, of "Dutchman."
March 30-31: "The Boy Friend" and "Savage Messiah."
April 1: "Ulysses" and "Tropic of Cancer."
April 2: "The Wild Child" and "Walkabout."
From April 3: "The Ruling Class" and "Bedazzled."

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Godfather, Part II."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through March 27: "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."
From March 28: "Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"All Creatures Great and Small."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"At Long Last Love."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Young Frankenstein."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 1: "Rock and Roll Your Eyes."
From April 2: Theatre temporarily closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 26: "M" and "Human Desire."
March 27: "Ugetsu" and "Utamaro and His Five Women."
March 28: "Metropolis" and "Spies."
March 29: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
March 30: "The Red Shoes" and "Specter of the Rose."
March 31: "Umberto D." and "The Bicycle Thief."
April 1: "Persona" and "Hour of the Wolf."
April 2: "THX 1138" and "Silent Running."
April 3: "La Terra Trema" and "Sandra."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Rosebud."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 27: "A Woman Under the Influence."
From March 28: "Amarcord."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Donkey Skin."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 1: "The Great Gatsby."
From April 2: "Thieves Like Us" and "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The 7th Voyage of Sinbad."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Young Frankenstein."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 1: "The Stepford Wives" and "The Last Detail."
From April 2: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through April 1: "The Front Page" and "The Black Windmill."
From April 2: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 1: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "Badlands."
From April 2: Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 26 at 5:30: "Waxworks" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with William Dieterle and Emil Jannings; English titles. . . . ¶ March 27 at 5:30: "Une Femme Fatale" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Doniol-Valcroze; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: "Fingers to the Head" (1974), in French, directed by Jacques Doillon; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2: "Loulou" (1975), in French, directed by Edouard Luntz, with Louis Bossu; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 28 at 5:30 and March 29 at noon: "Earth" (1930), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English intertitles. . . . ¶ March 29 at 3: "Two-Bit Haircut" (1974), in French, directed by Philippe Condroyer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 29 at 5:30: A program of four short French films, with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 30 at 12:30 and 3: "The African Queen" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ March 30 at 5:30: "It Always Rains Where It's Wet" (1974), in French, directed

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by Jean-Daniel Simon, with Sylvie Fennec; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2: A program of four short French films, with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 31 at 5:30: "It Always Rains Where It's Wet.". . . ¶ April 1 at 2: "Waltz Time" (1945), a British film, directed by Paul Stein, with Carole Raye and Peter Graves. . . . ¶ April 1 at 5:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ April 2 at 5:30: "Waltz Time.". . . ¶ April 3 at 5:30: "Loulou.". . . ¶ April 3 at 8: "A Page of Madness" (1926), a Japanese silent film made without intertitles, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—March 27-28: "Good Morning" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 29-30: "Record of a Tenement Gentleman" (1947), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 3: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1941), directed by H. Bruce Humberstone, with Betty Grable and Victor Mature. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Intrepid Traveller and His Merry Band of Pranksters Search for a Cool Place, Part I," directed by Ken Kesey and Ken Babbs. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:20, and 8:40 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Conrad, Deren, Cornell, Chaplin, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Reilly, Hanoun, and others. Showings March 26-27 at 5, 7, and 9:30; March 28 at 6, 8, and 10; March 29 at 2:30, 6, 7:30, and 10; March 30 at 8; April 1 at 6 and 9; April 2 at 5 and 8:30; and April 3 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

IRPORT 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 1.)

LICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (34th St. East.)

LL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL—A Hallmark Hall of Fame production, with Simon Ward and Anthony Hopkins, directed by Claude Watham. Based on the book by James Herriot about his early career as a veterinarian in Yorkshire before the Second World War. (Guild.)

MARCORD—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. (9/23/74) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; starting March 28. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting March 28.)

MONG THE LIVING (1941)—Forgettable horror item about two brothers, one of them a homicidal maniac, the other a prosperous, married citizen; Albert Dekker, shaved when sane, unshaved when mad, plays the pair. With Frances Farmer and Harry Carey. Directed by Stuart Heisler. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31.)

ND NOW MY LOVE—With Marthe Keller and André Dussollier, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

NGELS OVER BROADWAY (1940)—Ben Hecht wrote, produced, and with the famous cinematographer Lee Garmes directed this nightlife story about a poor clerk (John Qualen) who is going to kill himself if he can't get three thousand dollars, and a drunken playwright (Thomas Mitchell) who takes him in charge. The playwright thinks that since sharp gamblers always let you win at poker before they trim you, the trick is to leave the game early. Rita Hayworth and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are the young lovers who complicate the playwright's play. Hecht's characters talk too much, but he was a compulsive gambler himself and there's a genial, original spirit to this movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

RSÈNE LUPIN (1932)—John Barrymore as a suave jewel thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich; his techniques are unconvincingly easy—at one point he saunters out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa tucked under his arm. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the thief's trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is; the movie isn't much fun. Directed by Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2-3.)

At Long Last Love—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy, with Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, their antique smartness sounds smug, though "Find Me a Primitive Man," with Madeline Kahn nudging her thighs together, has some humor. (3/24/75) (Music Hall.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Olympia; through April 1.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Elgin; starting April 3.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 31.)

Billion Dollar Brain (1967)—Ken Russell's second picture. (The first was "French Dressing," which didn't open here.) It stars a wearily nonchalant Michael Caine, as the seedy spy Harry Palmer, and it was a sequel to "The Ipcress File" and "Funeral in Berlin." Russell finished off the series; he hurled the audience from one crisis to the next, and things went by so fast that the story line got befuddled and nothing at all seemed to be happening. It was the late Françoise Dorléac's last role; though part of the film was shot in Helsinki in winter and she's all bundled up, she looks lovely. The cast includes Oscar Homolka as the Russian Colonel Stok, Karl Malden, Ed Begley, Vladek Scheybal, and some lively Honeywell electronic calculators. (Elgin; March 26.)

The Black Windmill—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. Good small-boy stuff. (6/3/74) (Quad Cinema, and Thalia; through April 1.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Elgin; March 30-31.)

Brannigan—John Wayne as a Chicago policeman in England. Directed by Douglas Hickok. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Greenwich.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—A lunatic comedy of the thirties, starring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant, this may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 29.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 2, tentative.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (New Embassy; through March 27.)

Daughters, Daughters!—With Shai Ophir, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (68th St. Playhouse; March 26.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French

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convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; March 27-29.)

Dr. Cyclops (1940)—As Dr. Cyclops, Albert Dekker is a biologist in a South American jungle who miniaturizes people to doll size; they get so small that the giant alligators down there can snap them up like beads of caviar. The use of color gave this horror film an unintended carefree atmosphere, and Ernest B. Schoedsack's direction lacks sinister overtones. With Victor Kilian and Janice Logan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31.)

A Doll's House (1973)—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (6/2/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 1.)

Donkey Skin—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film with pretty music by Michel Legrand. Said to be a tale for all little girls, mothers, and grandmothers. Grannies of the world, unite. In French. (Regency.)

Dream Street (1921)—Returning to the Thomas Burke stories of the London slums that were the basis for "Broken Blossoms," D. W. Griffith had a disaster. The plot, about a Chinese who lusts after Carol Dempster (a chilly heroine), is fairly embarrassing, and the mixture of allegory, melodrama, and attempted poetry is a sad mess. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 30.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Elgin; March 30, one performance, at noon.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 29-30.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy; starting March 28.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (D. W. Griffith; through April 1.)

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The Four Feathers (1929)—The A. E. W. Mason novel, one of the kitsch classics of British colonial gallantry, was first filmed in 1921, and again, after this version, in 1939 and 1955. Here, Richard Arlen is the young officer who shows a streak of cowardice; before he can redeem himself by becoming the bravest of the brave, his beautiful fiancée (Fay Wray) throws him over, and his comrades (Clive Brook, William Powell, and Theodore von Eltz) break with him. It's Hollywood mid-Victorian, with the hero, at the climax, trapped in an outpost in the Sudan that is besieged by "fuzzy-wuzzies;" the sight of the British relief column is meant to stir the audience's patriotic emotions. But the directors, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, tip us off as to where their real feelings are: a sequence of baboon families in flight from a jungle fire and crossing a river is far and away the finest footage in the film. There's a standard sub-theme in the colonial movies: a native child or bearer, befriended by the hero, is loyal to him to the death; in this movie, the hero's friendship with a black child is far more tender than his relationship with his fiancée. With Noah Beery and Noble Johnson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 1.)

The Four Musketeers—The continuing adventures of "The Three Musketeers," with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain, directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Ciné.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk; speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a slight and affecting stammer, Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production. (1/27/75) (Quad Cinema, and Thalia; through April 1.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific; it's no longer singing, it's strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caa has some good scenes as scrubby, anxiou Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in th wittily staged "I Found a Million Dolla Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ro Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. Th new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75 (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Gambler—A grandiloquent, egocentric nove written as a film, and although Karel Reisz' direction is smooth and proficient, and Jame Caan's performance is a commanding one and the action is compelling, the whole thin is too airless and schematic to be convincing (10/14/74) (8th St. Playhouse; throug March 27. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; throug April 1.)

The Garden Murder Case (1936)—S. S. Va Dine's supersleuth Philo Vance (Edmun Lowe) is called in when a man is killed during a steeplechase. William Powell was more amusing Philo Vance earlier in the series, but the backup actors are the sam here—Nat Pendleton as the lummox Heatl and Etienne Girardot as the minuscule coroner, Dr. Doremus. Not much stays in th mind from this one except Frieda Inescor getting pushed from a double-decker bus Virginia Bruce and Benita Hume as lovel as ever. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2-3.)

The Girls (1968)—With Bibi Andersson an Harriet Andersson, directed by Mai Zetterling. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema April 2.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part I is that it enlarges the scope and deepens th meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II i far more complexly beautiful than the firs just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert D Niro) with the life of Michael, his inherito (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentenni picture that doesn't insult the intelligenc Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the scri is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74 (Victoria.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald short masterpiece turned into a slow, statel two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jac Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redfor Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script b Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Embass 72nd St.; through April 1.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It set in the twenties, with Robert Redford a a First World War aviator who spends som time barnstorming in the Midwest and the goes to Hollywood, where he lives out hi dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearte clever script and the director George Ro Hill's fresh-painted storytelling almo amount to a style: total inauthenticit (3/24/75) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursk and written by him with Josh Greenfel Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old ma with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food f himself and good liver for his cat, a heavys marmalade companion called Tonto. The ol Lear has three disappointing children strun across the country, whom he visits after th demolition of his one-room flat. He eventuall decides they represent a rope on his libert The narrative sounds sentimental, but th film isn't. (8/26/74) (New Embassy; throug March 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting April . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April tentative.)

Hearts and Minds—A documentary about th United States involvement in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis. (Cinema I.)

Homo Eroticus—With Rossana Podesta an Lando Buzzanca, directed by Marco Vicari Only R-rated, despite the title. In Italia (Eastside Cinema; starting March 28.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingma Bergman film about the impingement of tw personalities upon each other, like "Persona and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays a obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deep troubled wife. In Swedish. (Carnegie Ha Cinema; April 1.)

Human Desire (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's nove about blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine, which had been turned into a classic fil by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothin very special about this updated version, set in America, and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. Lang didn't want to make the film but was contractually forced into it by Columbia, which hoped for a success comparable to his "The Big Heat" of the year before, also with Grahame and Ford. With lots of high angles and night scenes, and also Edgar Buchanan and Dan Seymour. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 29.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Art.)

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Olympia; through April 1.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2-3.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith; starting April 2.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Thalia; starting April 2.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31 and April 3.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Symphony; through April 1.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 28-30.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through March 27.)

Lenny Bruce Without Tears (1972)—A compilation of newsreel footage and filmed stage appearances, with added commentary by Mort Sahl, Kenneth Tynan, and others. Put together by Fred Baker. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 27-29.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26.)

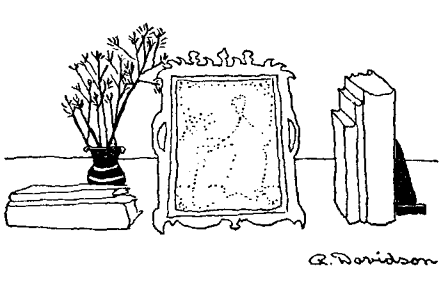
The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Thalia; starting April 2.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (72nd Street East; starting April 2.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 1.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 26.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28.)



The Middle of the World—With Olimpia Carlisi, directed by Alain Tanner. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse; starting March 27.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Baronet.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Elgin; March 26.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since D. W. Griffith did it in 1911. This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife, Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon, prevents the consummation of the marriage, and purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he wrote and directed this screwball-classic hit. Randolph Scott plays the vegetarian scientist who was Dunne's companion on the island. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 29.)

Nick Carter, Master Detective (1939)—Undistinguished is putting it kindly. Walter Pidgeon as the detective, and Donald Meek as his beekeeping assistant Bartholomew. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2-3.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through March 27.)

Pennies from Heaven (1936)—The cheerful tone of this Bing Crosby film grates on one like canned laughter. Sample dialogue: "Are you married?" "No, I'm sane." The story has something to do with an orphanage, and Madge Evans plays a welfare worker. There are some pleasant, inconsequential songs, though, and Louis Armstrong turns up. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod; with Edith Fellows. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. What works on the stage can be theatrical and empty at the same time, and that's how a Neil Simon sitcom like this can get by on Broadway. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

The Puritan (1938)—The very young Jean-Louis Barrault in a film by Jeff Musso, from a Liam O'Flaherty story, that outraged the censors of the time. Barrault plays a reporter, both maddened and pious, who commits a murder out of prudishness and then writes a story about it that suggests the calamity was due to holy wrath about sin. The film is concerned with self-deception; the knife blade of puritanism switches back on itself. Pungent movie, to be seen. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 29.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 30.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 27.)

Rock and Roll Your Eyes—Emerson, Lake, and Palmer in concert. (Cinema Village, and Playboy; through April 1.)

Rosebud—A suspense story about the kidnapping by terrorists of five girls. With Peter O'Toole and Richard Attenborough, directed by Otto Preminger. (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; starting April 3.)

Le Samourai (1967; known as "The Godson" in the United States)—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 26-27.)

Sandra (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother Gianni (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. With Marie Ball as the mentally disturbed mother. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Elgin; March 30-31.)

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Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Gramercy; through April 1.)

The Sea Gull (1968)—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 3.)

The 7th Voyage of Sinbad (1958)—With Kerwin Matthews and Kathryn Grant, directed by Nathan Juran. (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through April 1.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

Silent Running (1972)—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2.)

Specter of the Rose (1946)—Ben Hecht wrote, directed, and produced this gorgeously florid melodrama about a great mad dancer (Ivan Kirov) who is suspected of having murdered his dancing-partner wife. He marries his new partner (Viola Essen), and it isn't long before George Antheil's music is suggesting horrors to come. Lionel Stander plays a moody poet with a broken heart, and he rasps out the gaudiest mots ever heard in an American movie, while Judith Anderson, as a ballet teacher, and Michael Chekhov, as a shoestring impresario, engage in dialogues about the deep-down-under meaning of art and life. Kirov, a California high jumper, was a shudderingly bad dancer to have been cast in this Nijinsky ripoff, but Viola Essen is lovely. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 30.)

Spies (1920)—Fritz Lang's stylish gothic story of master spies, including rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a super-criminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Juliet 1, and Symphony; through April 1.)

Street of Chance (1930)—William Powell, very cool and very sure as a gentleman racketeer, in a well-written, deftly plotted melodrama about gambling. In order to cure his younger brother, Babe (Regis Toomey), of gambling fever, he sets up a game with the slickest cardplayers in New York. When Babe cleans them out and makes off with all the cash in the pot, the gamblers think big brother has put one over on them, and they go after him. Jean Arthur and Kay Francis are the women; directed by John Cromwell, who also plays Imbrie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 1.)

Tabu (1931)—Working together, two great directors—Robert Flaherty and the German Expressionist F. W. Murnau—began this South Seas picture; they disagreed and Flaherty split. Murnau was killed in an auto accident before the opening of this marvellous, deeply flawed classic. It has some of the worst scenes that have ever been part of a work of screen art—cavorting natives and a creaking plot and a heroine with plucked eyebrows—and its musical score combines plaintive, moaning choirs, bits of Schubert, and the "Moldau," but the dancing is superlative and there are extraordinary pictorial effects. Murnau's mysticism may be alien to the islands, but it does wonders for the movie: the old chieftain of the village becomes as chilly a figure of doom as the emaciated vampire of Murnau's "Nosferatu," and at the end, the ghostly little boat does not seem to be sailing like an ordinary boat. . . . It is headed for nothing so commonplace as land. Floyd Crosby won an Academy Award for the cinematography. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31-April 1.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 2.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 2.)

HX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2.)

ommy—A rock opera, with Ann-Margret and Oliver Reed, directed by Ken Russell. (Ziegfeld.)

he Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

ropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Elgin; April 1.)

getsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

lysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Elgin; April 1.)

mberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and piercing purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 31.)

tamaro and His Five Women (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

es Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Quad Cinema; through April 1.)

Valkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 26-27.... ¶ Elgin; April 2.)

Way Down East (1920)—The plot is Victorian, but the treatment is inspired. D. W. Griffith took a creaking, dated stage melodrama and turned it into a melodramatic epic. Lillian Gish is the girl betrayed by Lowell Sherman and eventually rescued from an icy river by Richard Barthelmess. Audiences giggle at bits here and there, but not at the sequence in which she refuses to part from her dead baby. Griffith stole from Thomas Hardy, but he stole beautifully. One of Griffith's greatest box-office successes, and a film that influenced several Russian epics. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 29.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Elgin; April 2.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 28 and 30.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I.... ¶ Cinema Studio; through March 27.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 1.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Elgin; March 27-29.)

The Yakuza—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their "code" is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penitence. A swaggeringly meretricious fairytale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. (3/24/75) (Beekman.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A SOREHEAD of our acquaintance writes:

Rubbish, claptrap, blather, and mush! I refer to a full-page ad in Sunday's *Times* a couple of weeks ago headed "A Bicentennial Declaration." It proposed "four fundamentals" on which this nation's Bicentennial observance should be based: (1) "Let us be inspired by our origins, and by the challenges we face;" (2) "Let us make the Bicentennial a great period of achievement, nationally and in every community;" (3) "Let us commit ourselves to a Bicentennial Era, to at least the same time span required for the founding of our nation;" (4) "Let us put our trust in individual initiative, in the participation of each individual citizen." If these fundamentals seemed a bit general or vague, there was a box, at the foot of the page, headed "What You Can Do About the Bicentennial." The suggestions were: (1) "Join the Bicentennial;" (2) "Spread the word;" (3) "Stay informed." There was a coupon surrounded by dotted lines in case the reader wished to send a dollar for ten copies of the Declaration, or fifteen dollars for a subscription to *USA-200: The American Bicentennial Monthly*. "The National Committee for the Bicentennial Era is a non-profit organization whose primary purpose is to encourage meaningful observance of the Bicentennial," said the ad. "The Committee gratefully acknowledges the support of the following companies in making this presentation possible: The Coca-Cola Company, International Business Machines Corporation, International Paper Company, The JDR 3rd Fund, Mobil Oil Corporation, TRW Inc." There was a list of forty names of supporting individuals (presumably the Thomas Jeffersons and John Hancocks of the nineteen-seventies), which included Elliot L. Richardson, George Meany, John D. Rockefeller 3rd, Eddie Albert, and Billie Jean King, along with various bankers, educators, and industrialists. The Declaration itself is too long to quote here, but it was a slick confection of high-calorie platitudes and bland preachments glopped over with such flavor-enhancers as "meaningful" and "profound sense of renewal and rededication." It wasn't disrupted by any ideas, but it bothered me anyway. After all, the Bicentennial is our party, too, and here were all these, uh, strangers sending out the invitations, deciding on the favors, and hiring the magician. The whole thing is getting off on the wrong foot.

The first party, two hundred years ago, had a guest list that included social outcasts and political nuts, troublemakers and misfits. (Many of the executive types had left for Canada.) So if we plan to have a commemoration these are the sort of people to invite; forget about Coca-Cola and IBM. Furthermore, I suggest that there be no mention of "great ideals," "founding principles," and that junk. Our noble commitments, our firm stands, our global responsibilities—how frequently, in recent years, have they served as a cover for self-interest and greed, then as sunglasses against the flames? As for compassion, we have seldom, alas, used our enormous, incomparable power to that end. I suggest that the two-hundredth anniversary be a time of silence. Some people might want to call it a time of mourning for great ideas—ideas that, though they seemed splendid once, are now regarded as unsightly, socially undesirable, or bad for business—but I don't feel quite that bleak. We certainly should not feel good about what we have done to people, and what we have failed to do for them, but mourning seems to me a bit premature. What we must do, when the time comes, is sing "Happy Birthday" with feeling, but softly—very softly.

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Last Lunch?

THERE was Karen and Henry and Bill and Somebody (his name tag was obscured by the hang of his double-knit jacket) and Sam and Phil and two blank seats and Pete and Nat and Carl and Walter and Ed and Us. Karen was in charge. It was a cheerless, panelled tenth-floor dining room in the New York Athletic Club, and we were all grouped around a huge table with a dull light-blue tablecloth. Time: lunchtime, one day last week.

Pete asked, "Why are we here?"

Karen, who identified herself as being from Davidson-Peterson Associates, Inc., a marketing-research outfit, had a cover story. "You have all agreed to participate in our marketing-research discussion on air travel," she said. "We think you will find it a lively, stimulating experience."

It was true enough, but nobody believed that that was why we were all there. Some man had called us on the phone and asked us if we worked on the West Side, took a plane somewhere ten times a year, usually leaving from the office, and had ever used Newark Airport. When we said yes to all three questions, he told us we qualified for an invitation to a lunch. Well.

We had never been inside the New York Athletic Club before. It looks very much like the Detroit Athletic Club. The lobby is a living diorama of nineteen-thirties office lobbies. Big cigar counter, coffered ceiling, old gents in bright-yellow socks. Lunch began with a dark bean soup. We ate it. The first order of business was explaining two squealing Wollensak tape recorders. Karen said we should speak one at a time and loudly, for marketing-research purposes. Nat said he used to work for the C.I.A. Henry and Bill and Somebody and Sam and Ed all work for accounting firms in "The Big Eight." Pete, who ducked out early, works for a small concern.

It soon became clear that Karen, who was asking questions, was more interested in our airport experiences, and, specifically, in our Newark Airport experiences, than in our air-travel experiences. Did we know that Newark was a brand-new, completely reconditioned airport? That it took no longer to get there than to LaGuardia? That the Hudson wasn't necessarily a physical barrier? Henry knew all that—he lives in Jersey. Nobody else did. Sam said Jersey was a wilderness. Somebody said he would be glad to use Newark if they blew up LaGuardia.

There were occasional theoretical discussions about time, cost, and convenience. Pete mentioned that it costs twenty-six bucks in a taxi to get to Newark, and seven-fifty in a bus. It used to cost forty-five cents in a Public Service bus. Remember those old radio ads for Palisades Amusement Park? Skip the bother and skip the fuss. *Honk! Honk!* Take a Public Service bus. Public Service sure is great, it takes you right up to the gate. Everyone except Pete, who thinks flying is a waste of time, said he gets a kick out of the time he spends in the air. You can think creatively, dream, muse, hallucinate, and write. Karen wasn't really interested.

Nor were the five or six other marketing-researchers, sitting in a corner eating pink sherbet and discreetly evaluating Karen's performance. They once passed her a note, but that didn't seem to faze her. Bill and Somebody weren't at all interested in Newark. They live in Connecticut. Phil, who has a beard, told them they could leave from their office and go to Newark and then fly back into town into another airport. They had to agree that was true. Karen handed out a made-up list of five flights to L.A. between 5 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. Three of the flights left from Newark, two from Kennedy. Karen wanted to know which of these five flights everyone liked best. Everyone except Phil said he would rather fly earlier in the day. Pete pointed out that if you leave an hour sooner you arrive an hour sooner. Phil said he liked to fly late at night. Everyone agreed you can't fly between five and seven-thirty anyway, because you can't get to the airport.

"Well," said Karen, "if you were managing Newark Airport, how would you attract more people?"

A sort of general "*Aha!*" ran around the table.

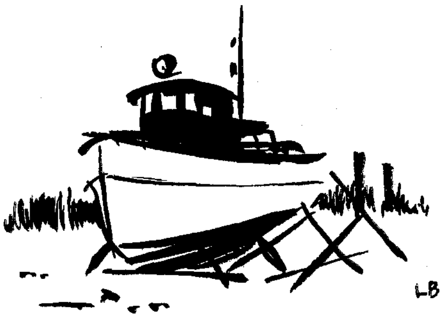
Nat suggested that if you make three flights out of Newark you get another one free. Somebody suggested that Newark relocate somewhere outside New Jersey.

On the way out, we were asked to sign our name on a piece of paper. Back at the office, we put in a call to Karen. "Well, Karen, how did it go?"

"I would say that in terms of our goals it was above average," she said. "In terms of developing our report, the group interaction was below average. This is comparing it to about five hundred other marketing-research sessions I have attended. We were just talking about this, and we're thinking about cutting out lunch."

Columbia Art

THE recent sale by Columbia University of a Rembrandt—"Man with Arms Akimbo"—for a sum reported to be more than a million dollars got us to wondering what else Columbia might have in the way of art, so we went up to the Low Memorial Library (now an administrative building) and called on Jane Sabersky, the university's curator and the doyenne of its Office of Art Properties. "It was called the Office of Artistic Properties when it was established, in 1965," she said. "But Jacques Barzun, who was then the provost, and was on the original committee, said that the name was ungrammatical, so it was changed. Our chairman is Dr. Adolf K. Placzek, the head of the Avery Architectural Library. The properties have been accumulating for a long time. The first picture to be given, in 1756, was a portrait of the Reverend Dr. Samuel Johnson, who in 1754 became pres dent of King's College, which devel oped into Columbia. Its donor is liste as 'Mr. Kilbourn, artist,' and at on time it was thought to have been th work of an artist named Lawrenc Kilburn, but it was later attributed John Smibert." (We have since looke Mr. Smibert up in the Dictionary American Biography; he died in 175 and he had stopped painting by abo 1748, because of failing eyesight, so he did paint the Reverend Dr. Johnso it was before Dr. Johnson becam president of King's College.)



The early gifts often depicted C lumbia bigwigs—"Many portraits bearded gentlemen," Miss Sabersk said—but presently European pain ings and drawings began to come i Courbet, Renoir, Picasso, Léger, Vl minck, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hop ner, Catherwood, Matisse, Modiglia One or two examples, as a rule. T Americans have more repeaters: s Inmans, five Eilshemiuses, four Ez Ameses. There is a single Rembran Peale—a portrait of Dr. David H sack, in his youth a professor of bota and materia medica at Columbi Among sculptures, an Epstein of Jo Dewey, a Lovat-Lorski of Willia Bolitho. Forty-five paintings and dra ings by Florine Stettheimer, willed her sister Ettie; a remarkable collecti of several hundred pieces of ancie Near Eastern and Oriental sculptu ceramics, bronzes, and metalwork, gi en by Dr. Arthur M. Sackler. T Stettheimers languish in storage, awai ing a gallery of their own, but most the university's collection—well ov two thousand items—is spotted aroun in faculty and committee rooms and staff offices. (The Rembrandt, give by Huntington Hartford, had been President Grayson Kirk's office, b had been rushed off to storage at t time of the student unrest in 1968. "The trustees do not want to have a art museum, because there are ma art museums already," Miss Sabersk said. "My predecessor, Sarah Faunc who is now curator of paintings an sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum—came here in 1971—rounded up thin from all over the campus. We still fin things we didn't know we had—i classrooms, offices, and basements. year or two ago, a retiring admini trator asked me to look at a picture i his office. It was a Boudin seascap 'Port de Camaret.' It's now in anothe administrator's office. New facul members sometimes ask us for thin to decorate their rooms. We like t oblige, but they mostly want big, colo

"Why, it isn't gingerbread at all! It's just plain old pumpernickel."

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ful abstractions, which we don't have. Some huge engravings of the Sistine Chapel turned up in an attic. Some portraits are unidentified, and some donors are unknown. We have some wonderful early brass surveying and mathematical devices, and some plaster models of geometric formulae, cast in Germany. They ought to be cleaned, but the dust has seeped into the plaster so deeply that it may be difficult. We have busts of Washington, Franklin, and Hamilton, and a life-size statue of Jefferson; in John Jay Hall, along with portraits by John Wesley Jarvis and others, we have the Chippendale knife box of Henry Cruger, Columbia 1758; and we have a silver coffee pot that belonged to Dr. Johnson. Ely Jacques Kahn, the architect, who painted on the side, left us a number of his own watercolors, and also some Chinese and Tibetan bronzes. The bronzes are now exhibited in the School of International Affairs. We have a Copley of Myles Cooper, the second president of King's College, which we're lending to the National Portrait Gallery, in Washington. It's like a collection of an enormous family that started collecting over two hundred years ago and never threw anything away."

The curator invited us to the Faculty Club for lunch, and on the way to the dining room we passed a bust with a placard that read "If You Can Identify the Sitter for This Portrait Please Contact: Jane Sabersky at Ext. 2877. Thank You. Free Lunch."

"I found it in John Jay," Miss Sabersky said, guiding us to a generous buffet.

Pediatric Party

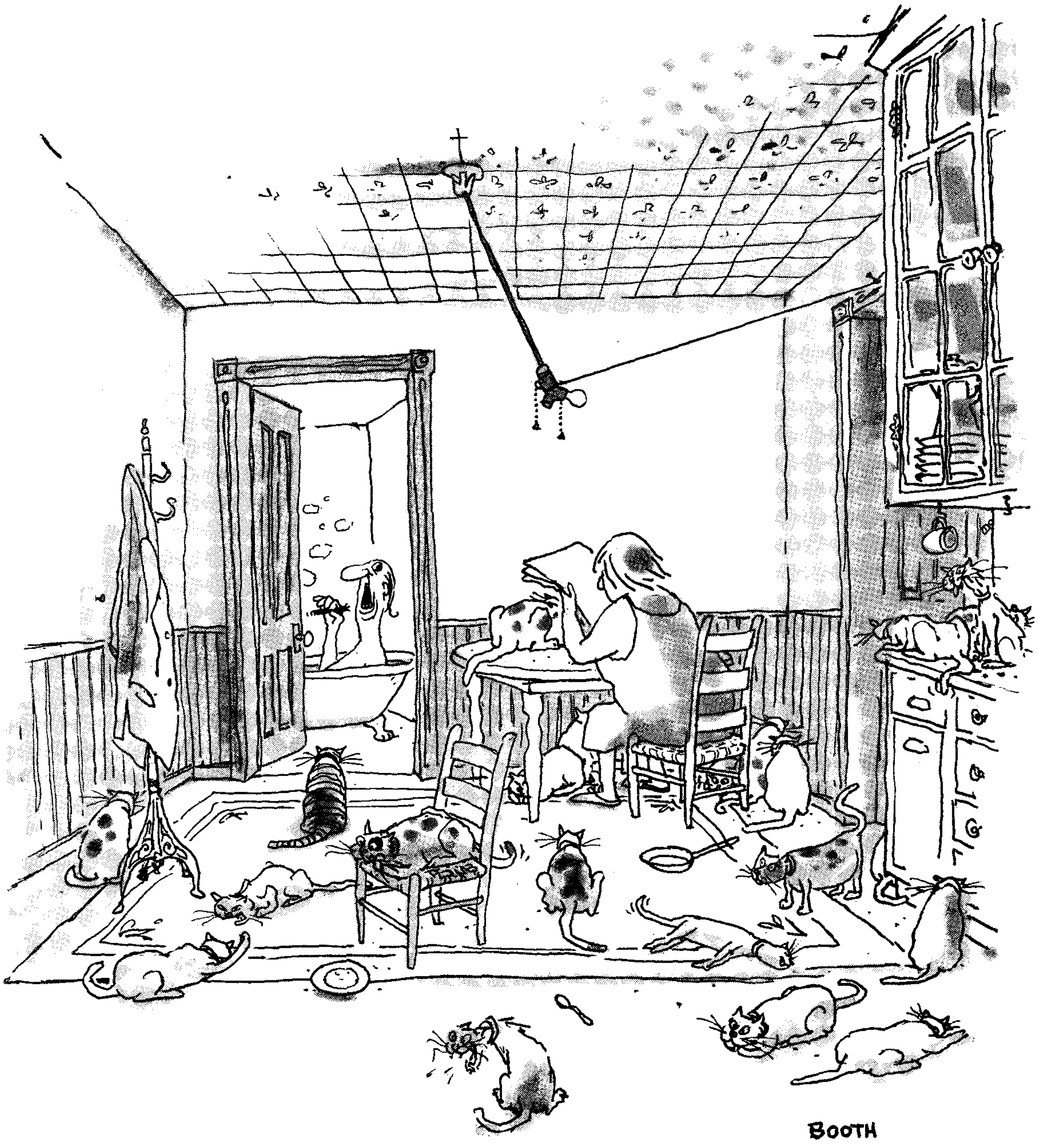
FROM what we hear, the party of the year was a balloon-and-hero-sandwich blast thrown by several hundred children and ex-children for their favorite baby doctor, and here is a report on doctor and party from a mother we know who attended the occasion with a nearly-six daughter (in new Mary Janes and hand-me-down smocked velvet):

You know, of course, about Dr. Milton Levine. He is the dean of New York pediatricians. The famous baby doctor. The "other" baby doctor, as Dr. Spock people call him. Being seventy-two and going strong, Milton Levine is famous on quite a number of counts. Writer: "The Parents' Encyclopedia" (strictly for parents), "A Baby Is Born," "The Wonder of Life." Editor: *Pediatric Annals.* Teacher: "Pulmonary Diseases and Anomalies of Infancy and Childhood." Newspaper columnist. Television sage. Etc. But mostly he is famous as the doctor who brought loving back into child care. If Benjamin Spock spells

Permissiveness (whatever that means), Milton Levine spells Hugs, Kisses, Cuddles. He is a man of the happiness-is-a-warm-parent school, a pioneer in the healing power of mother love. Largely responsible for, among other things, the fact that parents in New York can visit children in a hospital every day (it was once a week in 1929, when Dr. Levine started practicing) and that mothers can spend the night in the hospital after a child's operation. Also, really, for the fact that now it is considered quite O.K., and even *good*, for a mother to pick up a crying baby, hold a feeding baby, and lavish affection on a baby. One of his own heroes was Dr. Heinrich Finkelstein, an illustrious Berlin pediatrician of the nineteen-tens and twenties, who always had a big, fat nurse on hand, a nurse with the most extravagantly comforting bosom he could find, to cuddle marasmic infants while they took their bottles. His archenemy was the behaviorist John B. Watson, who dictated the methods by which susceptible American parents a few generations back raised their offspring. (I've done homework. Here are a few choice Watsonisms, copied from the book *my* mother swore by: "There is a sensible way of treating children. . . . Never hug and kiss them, never let them sit in your lap. . . . Shake hands with them in the morning. Give them a pat on the head if they have made an extraordinarily good job of a difficult task. Try it out. . . . You will be utterly ashamed of the mawkish, sentimental way you have been handling it. . . . If your heart is too tender and you must watch the child, make yourself a peephole so that you can see it without being seen, or use a periscope . . . and, finally, learn not to talk in endearing and coddling terms.") Anyway, Dr. Levine was one of the first to call all this nonsense. My daughter, who is well travelled, has checked out doctors in four states and five countries, and her loyalty to Dr. Levine is absolute. It was no surprise to me that one of the Doctor's *old* children—Susan Komarow, who has three of her own now—called up some other old children and said it was high time they had a party for Dr. Levine. Or that the Doctor's head office technician—known to the world as Harriet the Shot Giver—spent the next six months rummaging through her files to track down people who might have moved a dozen times since Dr. Levine pronounced them grownups and sent them off into the gloomy world of specialists. Or, for that matter, that several hundred of them chipped in and turned up in the auditorium of the Walden School one recent Sunday afternoon to celebrate.

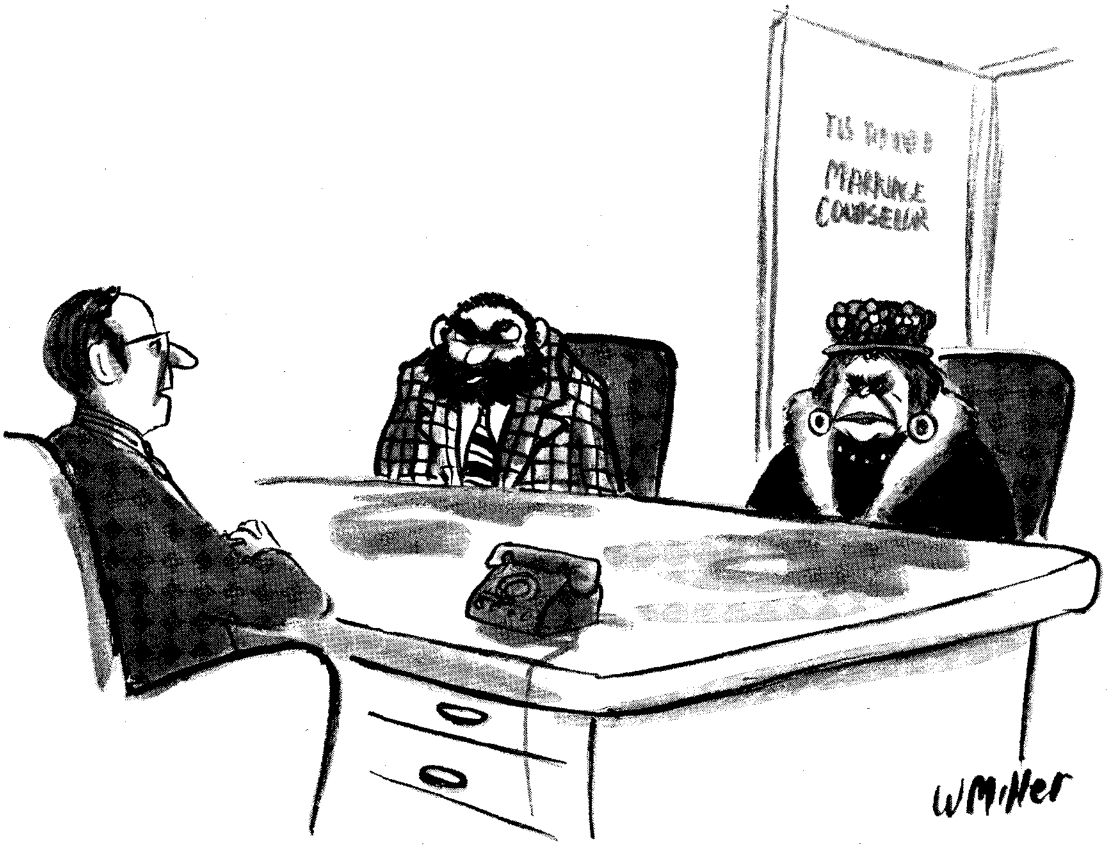
The auditorium was positively festooned: Bright-red balloons, with "Twinkle Twinkle Little Car" printed on them. (Dr. L., who sings while thumping backs and chests, always sings "car," so that his children can have the pleasure of saying, "No. *Star*, silly!") Splendid murals of the Doctor's life (compliments of the Children's Committee). Blown-up photographs. Fresh flowers. Six-foot sandwiches. Delectable pastries from Manganaro's. Wine. Coke. The general din of children. A teen-age rock combo playing "Twinkle Twinkle" with some staggering electronic amplification. And a persistent sound of smacks as everybody kissed the Doctor, and met his wife, his daughters, and *their* children. We all ate and played, and then, up on the stage, there was a little ceremony. Many speeches. One from a doctor named Lester Coleman, who takes out tonsils. One from Dr. Levine's first patient. Then one from Dr. Levine, who told stories about children. When Dr. L. produced a bright-green ocarina from one pocket and said he'd play, many of the younger children at the party clambered up onto the stage. Dr. Levine has a famous passion for ocarinas. He told me, when I got him alone toward the end of the party, that he owns thirty-five, the first dating from his high-school days, when he didn't have much money and wanted to play something, and went into a music store and asked for the cheapest instrument they had. Then, seeing me scribbling, he told more about himself.

Dr. Levine grew up in Spokane. Moved to New York in 1917. Heard that war had been *declared*—the First World War—on the train. His father, a Reform rabbi, died before he was fifty, leaving the mother with five children to support. Young Milton Levine



"Hon, read me something from Jack Anderson—blowing-the-lid-off-wise."

worked his way through City College, then Cornell Medical, selling books and doing window-dressing at Brentano's. He loved invertebrate zoology, and nearly became a biologist. He decided on pediatrics one day in the wards of St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, in Hell's Kitchen. "I can't stand to see children suffering, and in those days medicine was very cruel to children," he said. "At St. Mary's, no one ever held the children. At my own hospital—New York Nursery and Child Hospital—they did hold the babies during feedings, but, as I recall, their thought on that was simply that a baby who was held upright bubbled better. Those were *the* Watson days. Doctors thought that holding a baby was overstimulation, when actually a baby who is cuddled and held gets a great deal of warm, *necessary* stimulation. They thought that parents in general were overstimulating and interfered with the healing process. That's why they let parents visit their children in the hospital only once a week. It was awful to see. I fought it. They must have thought I was crazy at St. Mary's. I tasted every formula of every baby every morning, because sometimes, you know, the milk gets burned, and then it has a funny taste and the baby won't like it. And I spoke out against cruelty. Over the years, I continued speaking out. I was sure that a baby was never spoiled by attention. A baby who is never sure if his parents will come when he cries—that's the baby who'll be in trouble. I wanted *my* babies to be happy. I brought back a lot of breast feeding at a time when most doctors were saying that women should realize that they're not cows. Another thing I brought back was pacifiers. I took thirty-two babies with colic and gave them pacifiers, and the colic was cured in twenty-eight of them. I fought so that mothers could spend the night with a hospitalized child, because I knew that a small, sick child needs his mother, and does much better with his mother around. Until my own hospital changed its rules, I wouldn't send kids to it who were scheduled for hernia operations. I'd send them over to Mt. Sinai, where a mother could stay one night and take her child home in the morning. Then, when I had more authority, I started putting orders in the order book at New York Hospital: 'Mother Stays Overnight.' Eventually, everyone was scared to argue with me. I remember once I had a ten-month-old baby hospitalized with severe diarrhea. I came up to the floor to see him and found the mother outside the room, crying. 'The nurse made me leave,' she told me. I said, 'You just come right in here.' She did. And when the nurse saw her the nurse put the baby down, pulled up the crib slats, and stormed out. I followed her. I said, 'Listen. This mother loves her baby very much. She's anxious, because her baby is sick—sick enough to be brought into a hospital. When a child is sick and unhappy and hurt, it doesn't want a stranger. It wants Mommy.' Well, it's the rule now—children in the hospital can have their parents. Right now, what I very much want is for children to be able to see their mothers when their mothers are in the hospital for maternity. Otherwise, the



"Now, just what seems to be the problem?"

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child can feel abandoned. The mother disappears and comes home with a new baby, and the older child thinks, What's the matter—wasn't *I* good enough? You see, I'd do anything to keep a child from suffering."

Dr. Levine stopped talking and looked around at his patients, eating, laughing, talking. "You know, some of the mothers here were among the first patients of mine to have heart surgery. And some of these children have had *open*-heart surgery within the last six months, and now they're riding, skiing, going to parties. Look at them. Perfectly healthy children. You know, I'm so glad to be practicing now—not in some romantic Middle Ages, not even twenty years in the future. This has been the golden age of medicine. These are children—some of them—whose lives I saved, children who would have died when I started practicing. That was before sulfa, before antibiotics, before most injections. Children got pneumonia and empyema. Terrible abscesses in the throat. One of the first things you learned as an interne was how to hold a baby upside down and lance a throat abscess. Those were the days when every pediatrician carried a little knife in order to pierce ear infections. The days when a blood culture that showed a strep or a staph was a death warrant. Nephritis was dreaded. Polio was dreaded. Well, it's all changed now. We can save thousands of children now, and that makes pediatrics a joy."

Muggs at 23

"HE'S a wild animal!" "Close the door all the way!" "Clear the hall!" "Is that his microphone?" "No, that's his leash." "Watch your head, Fred!" "Where's the cake?" "In the script it was supposed to be at the beginning of the show." "Bob De Laney said to forget it." "O.K., he's coming out." "Clear the hall!"

Eighteen people at ABC-TV huddled behind a door as J. Fred Muggs, the simian gold mine, the chimpanzee who made fifty million dollars for NBC and saved the "Today" show from the axe in 1953, strolled through a studio to make his first network appearance in ten years. The "AM America" show, ABC's new early-morning entry, was celebrating Fred's twenty-third birthday. Most chimps retire from show biz at the age of six, but Fred's still playing two and sometimes three shows a day down at Busch Gardens, in Tampa. "You see, their bodies stop growing at six," explained a snappy Korean press agent, Betty Marshall, "but their brains keep growing, and they get aggressive." ("Chimps wise up at age six," said a zoo official we checked with later.)

Fred bombed on the "AM America" show—jet lag. He had screamed when his Eastern Airlines Whisperjet lifted off in Tampa. The pressure change apparently gave him a terrible sinus headache. "Normally, we only change the pressurization in the cabin every thousand feet," said the Eastern rep who accompanied Muggs, "but after he let out that holler we fine-tuned the pressurization all the way. He's a great air traveller." Of course, the day of the flight Fred also had a terrible hangover, from drinking three little bottles of Scotch the day before, when his trainer, Buddy Mennella, and his m.c., Roy Waldron, took him out to the airport for some publicity stills.

At a jerry-built news conference after the "AM" slot, Fred looked really spaced. Roy and Buddy, who got their start back in the forties as pageboys at NBC, where they were known as the Gold Dust Twins, said he hadn't slept a wink all night. Buddy does a really good imitation of Fred imitating ex-President Nixon, which Fred does in his act.

We found out what kinds of toothpaste Fred uses—Kontrol and Ultra Brite—and that he makes two hundred Big Ones a year in Tampa.

"Dave Garroway always used to pick on Fred," Buddy said. "He used to slam his hand in a drawer." Muggs later sued Garroway for defamation of character. The case was settled out of court.

A plump woman with a camera asked Roy if she could snap Fred's picture.

"Sure."

"The flash won't bother him?"

"Naw."

She poked her camera to within half a foot of Fred's face and clicked the shutter. As soon as the flash went off, Fred grabbed for the camera very fast.

"No, no, Fred!" said Roy. "Give Daddy a kiss."

Fred gave Roy a sulky peck.

"Fred's as strong as twelve men," said Buddy.

Fred sighed and put his head on the table.

THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH (NEARLY) ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF ROSES

JACK: Hello out there! I'm Jack Dennis, and this pretty little lady beside me is Kathy Galloway, and we're here in Pasadena to bring you all the color and excitement of the eighty-seventh annual Tournament of Roses. And, Kathy, it sure feels a little funny to be here just three months after the eighty-*sixth* annual Tournament of Roses, doesn't it?

KATHY: You bet it does, Jack. But I think everyone in the country is thankful that the President has finally managed to stop those annual double-digit inflation rates by ending the year nine months early.

JACK: You bet they are, Kathy. And I'm sure they're going to love the colorful and exciting show we have out here for them today. Six hundred floats and fourteen hundred palomino horses—and the tack alone on those horses is estimated to have a value of eight hundred thousand dollars, Kathy—and one hundred and seven marching bands and eight and a half million dollars' worth of fresh flowers and this year's Grand Marshal, Ayn Rand, all marching down Orange Grove Boulevard to depict this year's theme, an inspiring slogan from our nation's history—"Whip Inflation Now."

KATHY: And here it is, Jack. The eighty-seventh annual Tournament of Roses is under way! The lead float is coming right down Orange Grove Boulevard now—an entry of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, called "A President's Options in a Changing World," done in the shape of a gigantic roulette wheel.

JACK: That's right, Kathy. You can see "Tax Surcharge" spelled out in tulips and "Tax Cut" in daisies, and an invasion of the Persian Gulf states depicted in marigolds, and, of course, many, many others.

KATHY: And right behind the Council of Economic Advisers' float is this year's Grand Marshal, Ayn Rand, escorted by a phalanx of matched stockbrokers in identical Ford Mustangs. Isn't that a beautiful sight, Jack?

JACK: You bet it is, Kathy. Imagine the hours those stockbrokers must have spent shining up those Mustangs and making sure those neckties were knotted absolutely uniformly. Surely of all the groups that sacrifice their time and talent for this Tournament of Roses the plain, hardworking stockbrokers make—

KATHY: Sorry to break in, Jack, but here on the screen is the float that is this year's prize-winner for East of the Mississippi Non-Commercial Entries Inclusive of Municipal and/or State Units of Government and Constructed Without Professional Assistance Largely in Spare Time but Exclusive of Sundays. This entry is from Mill River, Massachusetts, and there you can see the huge "D" formed out of chrysanthemums, standing for . . . let me see . . . yep, "Desperation."

JACK: You bet it does, Kathy. Mill River, as you know, was the regional WIN winner this winter for slowing down purchasing as a way to whip inflation.

KATHY: That's right, Jack. They finally slowed down purchasing in Mill River to nothing on January 18th, when the last of the stores closed.

JACK: You bet they did, Kathy. I think our viewers might be interested to know that the folks of Mill River spent thirty-seven thousand man-hours making this float entirely out of chrysanthemums, irises, and food stamps. It's a community effort of which they—

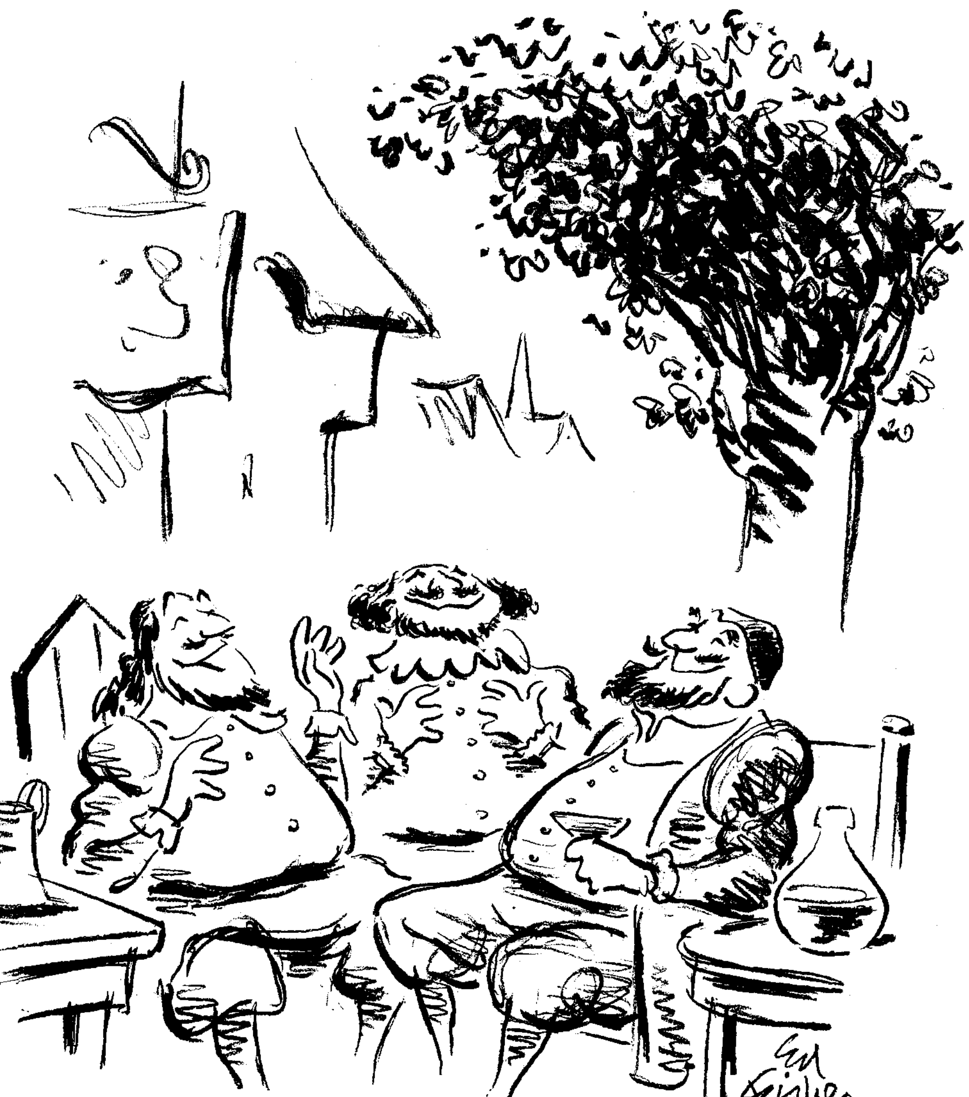
KATHY: Sorry to break in, Jack, but coming up right behind them on the left of the screen is the Herbert Hoover Junior High School Strut 'n' Holler Noiseteers from San Pedro, California, playing a marching arrangement of "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

JACK: You bet it is, Kathy. I think the folks at home would be interested in how this fine band, under the direction of bandmaster Lucius Drent, managed to get here all the way from San Pedro. They wanted to come so badly, these young folks, that they raised the money themselves through an imaginative community fund-raising program right in their own community.

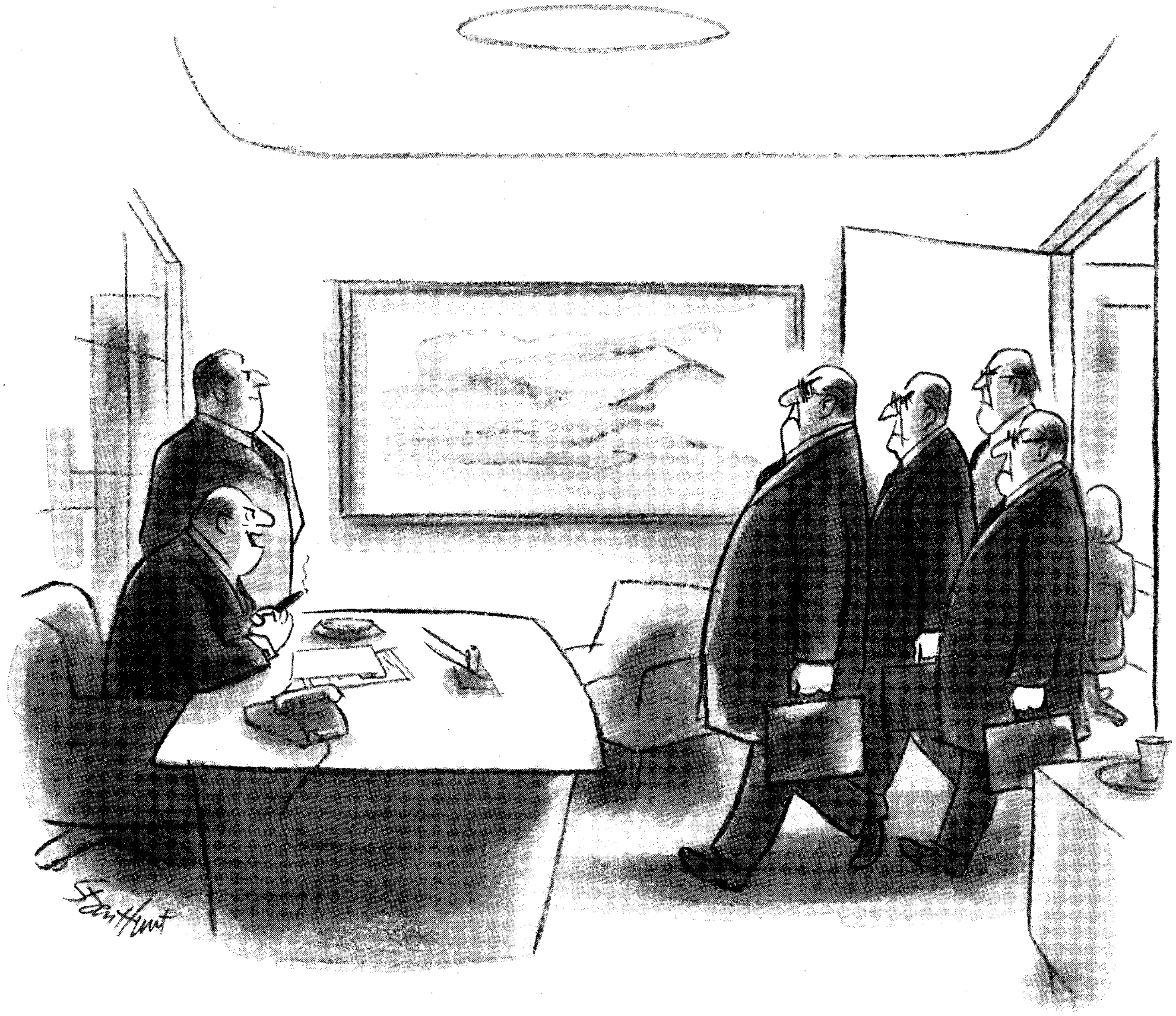
KATHY: That's right, Jack. They each sold a pint of blood.

JACK: Isn't that terrific, Kathy?

KATHY: You bet it is, Jack. And



"Ho, ho, ho! Ah, Monsieur Rabelais, there's just no word to describe that earthy humor of yours."



"So, Halverson. Bringing up the heavy artillery, eh?"

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coming up right behind the Noiseteers is the float that won first prize in the category of Commercial Entry by Middle-Sized Corporations with No Previous Price-Fixing Convictions. It's the World Universal Holding Corporation's entry, entitled "Adam Smith's Invisible Hand." For this float, the total flowers used amount to . . . Well, now that I look at the float and consult my notes here, I see that there were no flowers used.

JACK: Because of the hand being invisible, and all.

KATHY: And that's the beauty of it, Jack. The flowers not used on this float totalled forty-seven hundred marigolds, thirteen thousand jonquils, a dozen roses, and a spider mum. The man-hours not spent on this float because of the invisibility of the hand were thirty-three hundred and fifty-four man-hours, which permitted World Universal to lay off one entire shift until further notice.

JACK: Terrific, Kathy. And let me just read this note that's just been handed to me. It's from . . . let's see. Why, it's from our producer, Johnny Johnson.

KATHY: And we want to thank Johnny and all the great staff who gave up being with their families on Good Friday to lend their expert assistance to this program. What does Johnny have to say, Jack?

JACK: He says I've been laid off. They're cutting back costs.

KATHY: You bet they are, Jack. And I think the folks at home would be interested to hear the statistics on that layoff. It took fourteen network executives to reach that decision, spending one hundred and forty-seven man-hours, exclusive of business lunches. And the bouquet that Johnny Johnson and the staff are sending to Jack's lovely wife contains seven petunias and four sunflowers. Isn't that terrific, Jack?

JACK: You bet it is, Kathy.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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A question that was posed some time back is raised again by Jack Haaz of Lancaster. He wants to know whether in a sentence that ends with a quotation the period should not go outside the quotation marks rather than inside.

It depends on where you are. If you are in Britain, you should follow the British practice and write your sentence as follows: He said, "I am going to have a drink."

However, if you are in the United States, you should follow the American practice and write: He said, "I am going to have a drink."—*Theodore Bernstein in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

If you're in Scotland, just drink your drink and never mind the fanfare.

THE LISTS OF THE PAST—III

GARDENING FOR PLEASURE

"CUT above an outward-facing bud." But which bud is leaf, which is flower? Cornelia is about to start pruning the roses. Finally. At least, she is looking them over.

It has been a late spring, and a damn cold May so far, which has helped keep weeds out of the garden, or gardens. The rose beds are two fairly sizable strips, an I and an L, separated by a grassy path, for kneeling and working. Beyond them, the region for vegetables, currently a slough too disreputable and vast even to contemplate. The rosebushes are at least neatly mulched with buckwheat hulls. Everything above the roots is disorder; the bushes have riotously thrown out hundreds of shoots every which way, covered with shiny reddish leaves. These ought to have been shorn by April, according to the book. Leave out all but the essential—three good, healthy canes from which will evolve Y-shaped branches clustered with roses, for summer flower arrangements.

Water runs down Cornelia's face. (It's also been a rainy spring.) She goes in by the back, or garden, door of the garage.

Besides the car, a kingly green Oldsmobile, the garage is full of garden equipment: bags of fertilizer, a hand mower, a power mower, spades and rakes, old bushel baskets, seedlings, outdoor chairs, bird chow, seven pairs of pruning shears, a rubber kneeling mat. A beat-up little three-legged table with more clutter, clippers, a memorandum or list:

Tuesday
Garden
(1) Prune Beach Ave Walk
(a) Stake Tomatoes
(b) Block Out Onions or Pull all Weeds
(c) Roses—1) Feed all in bed & gardens
2) Debud & prune
(d) Phlox—Tie
(e) Azaleas—Feed Hollytone
Walk—Water in "
—Buckwheat Hulls
(f) Other Azaleas Feed
(g) Prune Bushes by Garbage & Kitchen Door
(h) Compost from N.W. Corner
(i) Start new Compost Heap in S.W. Corner
(j) Move Pine Compost to new heap
3 or 4 Wheel Barrows

a cracked ashtray, house reject, full of Luckies smoked down to the roach, and a warty black rubber gardening glove.

Cornelia selects two pairs of clippers, one short, one long-handled—a giant's scissors—the kneeling mat, and a bushel basket, and returns to the garden. With the hand-size shears she attacks a hollow black cane. An aphid runs across her thumbnail, and as she pulls away the cutting, blood seeps from a scratch on the back of her left hand. The bush looks about the same as before.

(Imagine, though, how handsome they will all look in June, the rose time. Full, shapely, crowded with roses, flaunting their wealth, asking to be robbed. Helen Traubel. Queen Elizabeth.)

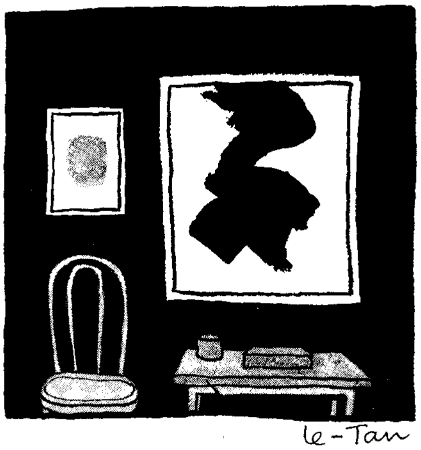
The bushel basket fills all too quickly; Cornelia fetches a plastic garbage pail, which is also in the garage. She dumps an armful of immense pretzel-stick cuttings into the pail. Ouch. A thorn jabs smartly right under the cuticle; red spot blossoms like a rose around it.

It will take several days for the black thorn to work its way out; part of it will grow right along with Cornelia, a bump in the fingernail, until it reaches the tip of her finger and she pares it off, three months later.

Her mother's call: "Cornelia, come in out of the *rain!*" Hack, cut, pull. Bleed. The drizzle increases to downpour, trickling off the branches, down her nose, smearing to black when she tries to wipe the rain from her eyes, puddling in the bottom of the cutting pail.

She drapes a piece of burlap over the cuttings and squashes the whole thing down with a sneakered foot. Surveying the damage. Eight clothes poles at the edge of a thicket. The rain falls faster. The amateur works harder, demolishing another, another—snip—she has accidentally severed all three canes of a live John F. Kennedy.

Come out of the rain, Cornelia, you can't possibly finish them now. Dump the wet wood on the compost heap (where the gardener does not wish for it to be; the thorns will be wounding him all summer), put away the tools.



The shears are rusting fast. Wipe your face and go inside.

"PEA, Dwarf, Tall. GROWING SUGGESTION: Plant as early as ground can be worked."

"It's no use, Mother. I can't get the roses done. I can't even *think* about the vegetable garden. Couldn't we hire somebody?"

"He'd hate that, somebody he doesn't know, doing it wrong. Stealing his fun."

"Myron could at least spade up the soil, couldn't he?"

"Myron's promised to the Sanderses this Saturday. He'll be out the weekend after that. Anyway," the mother says, "I *have* tried. In the Yellow Pages. Madison Square Gardens and Collangelo. They were solidly booked. Why, you're soaking wet!"

THERE comes a sound of rivalry by day: Sissy with the children. "Hi, Nana! Hi, Poppa!" shouts the two-year-old, who's been practicing that greeting in the car all the way from New York City. "Hi, Poppa!" He races through the swinging doors into the living room.

"Poppa's not here, Kenny," says his grandmother.

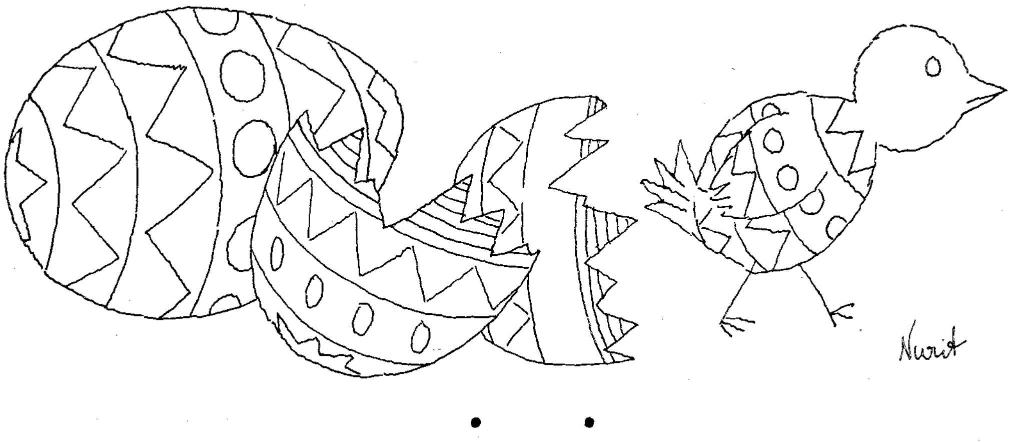
"Hi. Poppa?" He shoots out his lower lip, bursts into tears.

"Kenny threw up in the car. (Hi, Cor.) I can only stay a second. I was Visiting. He was eating Jell-O. Cornelia, are you pruning the roses? He says to get the tomatoes in and if possible the peppers, never mind the onions. He'll do them when he gets home. He drew me a diagram. (Where is it?) They should be about a foot deep and six inches apart. Oh God, maybe he said six inches deep and a foot apart. Chuck, the freezer is empty. (He just had a Good Humor.) But it's raining," says the younger sister, suddenly dejected.

"And the soil hasn't even been turned," Cornelia says.

"All right," their mother tells them, over an armful of Kenny and Chuck, "I'll call Collangelo's again."

PHONE call: "The strangest thing happened this morning. I was looking out the window when I saw a little yellow pickup truck coming right up the driveway. Two men got out. One of them went around the front of the house and the other into the garage. Then they both came back, got into the truck, circled the turnaround, and drove straight off without ringing the doorbell or anything. I think they were the men I hired to cut the grass and



see about the gardens. Maybe they'll come back when it stops raining?"

"GOOD morning, Madam. Mr. Tredeci. You got something for me to do with a garden?" A husky man with a soft accent is standing at the kitchen door.

"Are you Madison Square Gardens?"

"No, Ma'am. Tredeci."

"Well, Mr. Tredeci, you've come at a bad time. It's my husband who should be giving you the instructions. I'm afraid during the last month he let things slide, rather. Tredeci? That's funny, I don't remember calling you. However, since you're here. I'll show *you where it all is," says the mistress of* the house. She takes him out to the rose and the vegetable gardens, and shows him the garage tool collection.

Whistling an Italian aria, the gardener hefts the shears.

But later, when she returns from visiting the hospital, he's gone as mysteriously as he came. And so are the electric hedge clipper, the self-charging flashlight, and the new pruning shears. The vegetable garden's unturned, the roses half pruned—their roots, however, deep in a snow of fertilizer that the gardener had intended for vegetables. A service for which they will never be billed.

"DID you get my tomatoes in, the Fantastics?" he asks from his hospital bed. Red globes, as bright on the inside as out, almost seedless, sweet to bite into, sweeter than raspberry Jell-O. *Wilting in the garage,* desperately etiolated, wanting outdoors.

"WHEN seedlings have one or two pairs of leaves or begin to crowd each other, it's time to transplant."

Now here's Sissy on her knees, trying to tend the little boys and turn topsoil simultaneously. Pioneer woman, clearing the wilderness, 30 × 40 feet, of its winter harvest of stone, digs at it with a trowel, scrapes with the fork, tugs at an entrenched dandelion root. The dandelion, the ubiquitous plantain have spread through the lawn, encouraged by yet more rain. Today, for once, the sun is out.

The sun is baking the soil to crust, mud pie. It is painting a red streak down the nose of this other amateur.

The children are making mud pies in the cold frame, where the only growing things are the lilac clubs of wild leeks. Correction: they *were.* Actually, Chuck is making a kind of stone pie, a cairn of rock. Assisting his brother, Kenny accidentally hits him on the head.

City woman, pioneer, having soothed her brats, returns to her task, rendering dirt. Scratch, tug, like the birds. Tomato-breasted robins hunt for worms by the compost heap, where hundreds ooze and thrust in the darkness, under the rose cuttings; some of them as big as snakes. Under the birdbath, which Cornelia has filled, a blue jay and a squirrel have started a fight. Squirrel loses. Jay gives a final cheer and flies off, leaving behind a blue feather to commemorate the victory.

"Kenny, don't take your shoes off. There are sharp things in the grass."

A boy a head taller than Chuck is watching, silently, by the compost pile, as the three of them work. "Do you want to play?" Sissy asks after five minutes. "They're Mr. Holcomb's grandchildren."

Disclosing a space in the mouth which shows he's earned a dollar or two from the Tooth Fairy, he beams. "Oh, Mr. Holcomb. He's my *friend.*"

Chuck nonchalantly steps backward and sits down on some thorn cuttings his aunt failed to put into the pail.

"WHY, Myron! We didn't expect you till next week." A dark man who claims to be completed of Africa, Cherokee, and Connecticut arrives with the rain.

"Mr. Holcomb and I, we didn't get time to fix up that garden, and I know the lawn needs doing. Anyway, I thought I'd look in on you folks. I know you want everything nice when he comes back. I promised him I'd look after you and all."

And all. Gently, she says, "There are a thousand and one jobs that need to be done. The girls have been working like demons down there. I'm afraid to look. But you can't work outside in the *rain.* You'll catch your death."

"Mr. Sanders said I could switch weekends. When it stops raining I'll do the grass. Then maybe about that vegetable garden."

"Well, if you promise to stay inside."

"Cross my heart." Weeping water, he goes down to the basement. There is work to be done in the cellar, too; they were whitewashing the walls together when the old man heard that his hospital bed was waiting for him.

There is no change in the weather, and presently, working alone in the waterproof basement, he sighs, takes an old rubber coat that hangs from a peg by the cellar steps, stiff as though there were a man inside, finds some boots and a rain hat, goes out to tend the plantation.

She catches sight of him from time to time, from an upstairs window: an old hat and a coat moving around the gardens. "Oh Ben—Myron! Come in and eat something," she calls.

He's dug up most of the goddam vegetable patch, turned it over, dragged the rake round it to curry the pebbles from the mud, but Mr. Holcomb likes it to be composted too. Lunchless, emptying barrowfuls of compost, pushing aside the thorn-cutting topping of the mulch pile (getting only a little scratched). Next time, he can get rid of them where they belong. Rain makes soup of the rich brown mixture trickling in dilute down the slope of the lawn.

Time for him to catch his train now. But the work of turning the soil is finished. The roses are pruned. Too bad about them tomatoes. Maybe the girls can get them in. When the sun comes out and they can rake it over, making the surface fine and soft and crumbly, put in those seedlings and seeds and bulbs like he keeps asking.

Myron changes clothes again, putting the coat and hat and boots where he found them. One of the cellar doors opens to a secret staircase, a hiding hole under the porch. Slave people used to live there while they were running away, Mr. Holcomb says. Then he writes with some effort on the space at the end of a highly complicated list: “You get out of there and come home.”

“Preparing for Outside Planting (Hardening Off): About a week before putting the seedlings in the garden, toughen them by gradually exposing them to more air and a lower temperature. . . . If you have a cold frame, use that. . . . An express wagon or cart is handy for holding flats or pots of seedlings. Wheel them out into the sun in the daytime, back into the garage or shed at night.”

A fair day (for once) in the garden, where Sissy and Cornelia are laboring like field hands; their work is cut out for them. Sunday, busy day in the village. Automobiles converging on the three churches. Close by, a carillon plays hymn tunes. O God, Our Help in Ages Past. How Firm a Foundation.

“An hour or more before you transplant into your garden, water the flats or containers well, preferably with a solution of Transplantone, and let them drain. This will reduce the possibility of wilt and shock.”

The seedlings are limp from their time in the garage, but with luck and water and plenty of sunshine they’ll grow and bear tomatoes. (Not so lucky the peppers, which have already perished and gone to the mulch pile.) “Cornelia, I’ll dig the holes,” Sissy says. “You follow with the tomato plants.”

“Yes, and they have to be watered. Where’s the nozzle?”

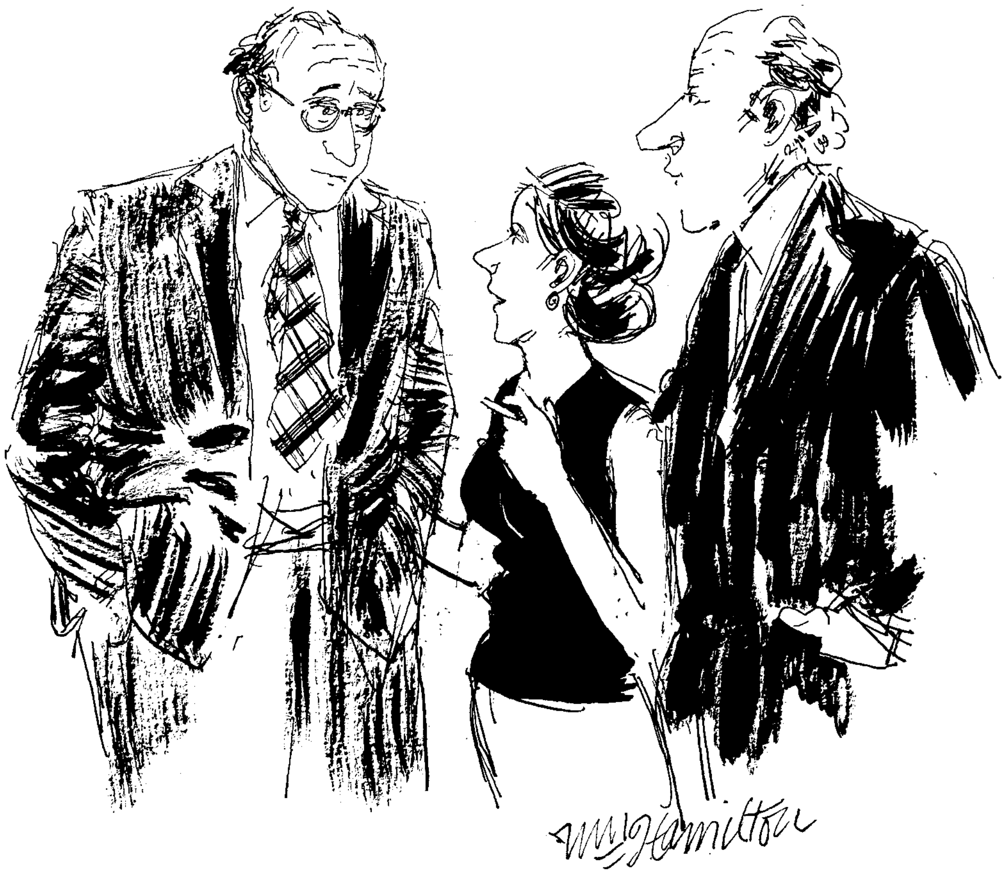
Cornelia goes into the garage and comes out with Kenny and the brass nozzle. “He was eating an onion bulb. Now, Chuck, do you know how to turn the water on?” He does, and Kenny, who was looking up the end of the nozzle, gets an eyeful.

“Cornelia, whatever happened to those new pruning shears?”

Down by the water, sailing people are getting their boats in shape, landlubbers stroll in the park, cruise slowly by the water’s rim in their cars on their way home from church. After three warm rainy days, a considerably greener town; the leaves are bigger than squirrels’ ears; well past the time when the Indians said to plant corn. Pink-white blossoms on the apple trees. The children’s grandmother comes out and inspects their progress; two tomato plants set in. “It’s past noon: they just rang for Communion at St. John’s, girls. Sissy, are you ready? It’s mean to keep him waiting; let’s get going.”

“I have to take the children to the Noonans’.” They follow their mother grudgingly—Kenny with his big lip, Chuck pretending not to care, abandoning the garden temporarily, the tomato plants dying slowly under the sun.

Mrs. Noonan’s kitchen: “Don’t cry, Kenny. Chuck, listen, I hear the Good Humor-truck bells. I’ll tell you boys a story. Once upon a time there was a family of birds who lived in a hayfield and went by the name of White. All summer long they were happy as larks, with plenty to eat and no one to pester them in the tall warm hay. Every morning the chicks practiced flying, and every evening you could hear the mother bird calling them all home to the nest: ‘White! White! White!’ Then one afternoon Momma White went scurrying to find her husband. ‘Bob White! Bob White! The most terrible thing! I heard the farmer talking to the hired man. He said, “Sam, the hay’s getting pretty high in the South Forty. Better get out your mower and cut it tomorrow.” He’ll cut down our nest and our chickens can’t fly yet. Bob White, what are we going to do?’ ‘Not to worry, Momma,’ says Bob. ‘Our chicks will be ready to fly any day now.’ ‘But tomorrow the mowing man’s coming, with his terrible long, sharp blades.’ ‘The farmer’s gone to town to sell some pigs. They’ll have their wings before the mower comes.’ Next day the hired man went out to cut the hay, going round and round the field with his mowing machine. The little Whites heard the blades and were frightened, but Bob White told them, ‘He won’t come near our nest today.’ Sure enough, the sun got hot and the hired man decided to take a nap under the big shade trees. When he woke up it was sundown, so he called it a day and went home. Next day: ‘Bob White! Bob White! I hear the hired man cutting down the hay. My chickens can’t fly yet. What, what shall we do?’ ‘The farmer’s still away, my sweet,’ says Mr. White. ‘The hired man won’t do the job today.’ The same thing happens. The hired man cuts down a little bit more of the field. And the next day, too. But that night Mr. White hears the farmer driving up, back from the town. ‘Well, Sam, how did you make out with the South Forty?’ and the hired man replies, ‘I’ve had a bad piece of luck with the mower. One horse got a stone in its hoof.’ ‘Hmm. Well,’ says the farmer, ‘I guess I’d better do it myself.’ Bob White scurried home. ‘Momma White! Are the children ready to fly?’ ‘I think so, Bob.’ ‘The hay will be cut



“I’m sorry, Don. You have a fine mind, but Evan has a finer mind.”

tomorrow for sure. Get set to fly!' Bright and early next morning the farmer hitched up his horses and went out and cut down the hayfield. Just as the blades reached the nest, the little birds rose out of the hay, whir, whir, whir, whir, whir and up into the sky, safe from the mower with its long, sharp blades. 'You see,' said Bob as they all went soaring. 'What the farmer tells the hired man to do is one thing, but when the farmer says he'll do it himself, it gets done.' "

BELLE ISLE, 1949

We stripped in the first warm spring night
and ran down into the Detroit River
to baptize ourselves in the brine
of car parts, dead fish, stolen bicycles,
melted snow. I remember going under
hand in hand with a Polish high-school girl
I'd never seen before, and the cries
our breath made caught at the same time
on the cold, and rising through the layers
of darkness into the final moonless atmosphere
that was this world, the girl breaking
the surface after me and swimming out
on the starless waters toward the lights
of Jefferson Avenue and the stacks
of the old stove factory unwinking.
Turning at last to see no island at all
but a perfect calm dark as far
as there was sight, and then a light
and another riding low out ahead
to bring us home—ore boats maybe, or smokers
walking alone. Back, panting,
to the gray coarse beach we didn't dare
fall on, the damp piles of clothes,
and dressing side by side in silence
to go back where we came from.

—Philip Levine

• •

THE women of the house are back from the hospital. Sissy goes next door to collect her children, Cornelia and her mother to the garden. There they find a large-hatted lady kneeling by the tomatoes; tomato plants, seven of them, march down a row, beginning to lift their leaves like wings.

"Whew, I think I'm getting sunstroke," Alice says. "I just dropped by to see how things are and noticed Ben's tomatoes not getting any healthier. Once you get started, it's hard to stop," she apologizes, red-faced middle-aged lady planting somebody else's tomatoes.

"Who's that?" Cornelia asks. A white Chevrolet grinds up the driveway, and the Forsters step out, still in church clothes.

"Nobody answered, so we just decided to drop these on the doorstep." Polly Forster has packages under her arm, a crossword-puzzle book for the mother. "And I thought he'd like to see the new Agatha Christie."

"Who pruned Ben's rosebushes?" Robert Forster asks. "Not a bad job. You should chase those aphids, though. Mine were crawling with them. And your Peaces need to be cut back some more, they're too leggy. Let me show you."

He fetches shears from the garage, begins to clip. "I poked around for those new rustproof, spring-action, super-sharp, carborundum-coated shears I saw him buying downtown the other Saturday, but they've vanished. Say, you ought to do something with those onions in the garage, they've sprouted."

"Where do you think they should go?" Cornelia asks.

Her sister, Kenny, Chuck, and a neighbor child joining them, along with Mrs. Noonan, who is, as always, pregnant. "How too bad about Mr. Holcomb. We haven't known each other very well, but Tommy and Billy are over here all the time, helping him out. I think Mr. H. let them bury a dead bird. We all love to see the gardens—Jim and I certainly intend to ask his advice about getting one in ourselves. Whenever we stop having babies. Can I help?"

"We better go, Robert."

"Oh, stay awhile," begs the gardener's wife.

But Robert and Polly are back half an hour later, having changed to gardening clothes, with their son Ronald, whose number in the draft lottery came up unlucky and who is fighting to become a conscientious objector. "I helped with plenty of jobs for your father last summer," he informs Cornelia. "Boy, can he work!" He shakes his head, starting on the onions. "He always made me take home stuff for the salad. I used to think dill was just a brand name for pickles."

Another car enters the by now crowded driveway turnaround; it's the Sanderses, the sharers of Myron, who live in a house as old as this one. "We heard you were having a garden party, so we brought you some bell-pepper plants. Stan got greedy at the seed store."

The doctor next door, whose wife has been nagging him to clip the hedge that partitions their properties, looks down from the stepladder, sees the party, and joins them.

Mrs. Noonan comes over again, with a couple more children and some homemade brownies, the recipe for which is sought by the women (Betty Crocker). Sissy, eagerly assisted by her sons, finds ice cream and cold drinks and brings out more refreshments. Cornelia lugs the rickety table from the garage to the grass to put them on. And packets of seeds: beets, carrots, pumpkins, Bibb lettuce, Oak Leaf lettuce, chicory, romaine, sage, parsley, zucchini, peas, green beans, radishes, sweet corn.

Corn?

(His intention was to start a new garden for corn and the late-bloomers, squash, pumpkins, and gourds; never mind.)

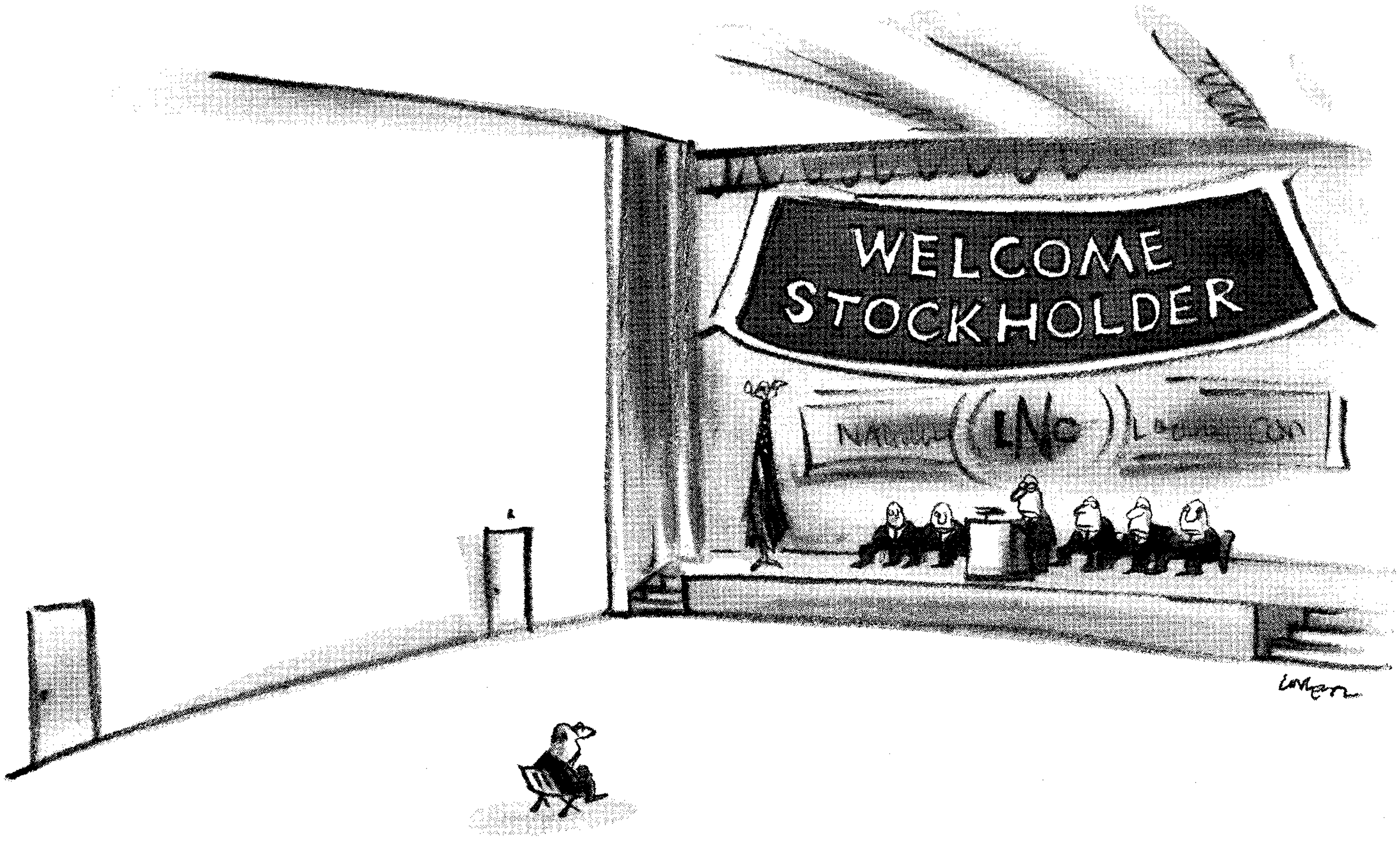
Well, maybe one short row of corn.

"THE professional way to go about garden planning is to lay it out to scale using a sheet of graph paper."

Bob Forster, a professional art director (whom Myron will spot at the Red Radish in Greenwich Village next Thursday night escorting a woman younger than Polly), reads off the directions on the backs of the seed packages, writes idly along the back of an envelope:

tomatoes
tomatoes
peppers
parsley beets
Bibb Oak Leaf
carrots romaine
peas dill
green beans
radishes sage
zucchini pumpkins
acorn squash
corn

and, laid out first on paper, then under their hands, a garden takes shape. "Joe,



where the hell are you?" a woman next door is calling. Finishing her tomato job, Alice, whose Jack slipped on their yacht, struck his head on the dinghy, and drowned one summer, begins on the peppers. The son of the Sanderses, who once planted a chestnut by the house (the tree is tall as the roof now), would surely be here, were he not serving an eight-month term in the state reformatory for pushing marijuana at the local high school.

But the people in the garden have other matters to discuss: horticulture, the absent gardener.

"These bulbs look like something's been eating them."

"The raccoons have been out of hand this year."

"Look, there's *more* of that *Cyperus* he divided and gave me a clump of. I've gotten three plants out of it already. I almost wish they would stop spreading."

"I see he's building another compost heap. He made me stick my arm in it up to the elbow once, so I could see how hot it was inside."

"Kenny, darling, you're standing right on the cucumbers. Oh, you're helping Mommy plant, too. Well, those are petunia seeds, baby. I guess they'll look real pretty with the cucumbers. . . . Goodness, I thought they were cucumbers. I guess the petunias will look real pretty with the Swiss chard."

"Mona, Stan," the gardener's wife remembers. "That time during the war when hoodlums destroyed the Yokonabes' Victory Garden! (You went to kindergarten with Toby Yokonabe, Cornelia.)"

"And the next day everybody came over and replanted it for them. Strangers, neighbors." (The Yokonabes, who were denied membership at any of the beach clubs, moved away as soon as the war was over.)

"Polly, are you sure you've got the right end of the onions up?"

BY five o'clock the garden is weeded, seeded, watered, and ready to grow. Rows of tomato plants, row of peppers, a colorful random growth of seed envelopes inverted on ice-cream sticks from Billy Noonan's collection—*all* the seeds, including those the gardener meant to reserve for succession plantings—signs expounding the harvest to come, billboards for starlings (and, for carrots, a tombstone). Polly has planted the onions upside down, and some of them were hyacinths, but it doesn't matter; there will be onions. Next spring a solitary purple hyacinth will erupt from the bare earth in their row. Squash blossoms may never pollinate and set, raccoons may eat the lettuce, corn mildew, there will be too many gourds, who cares?

Amiable, smug, kind and bigoted, unfaithful, loyal, mortal, they all stand back and admire the job they've done.

TWO weeks later, the neat brown area is filmy with seedlings, some of them uninvited, not all as represented on the seed packets. The convalescent, home from the hospital at last, can't wait to get a look at his property. He goes slowly around the house, checking all: lawn ragged, tulips need separating, beech branch fallen almost in the driveway. Making a mental list. (1) Hospital azaleas by the flagstone path to the veranda. (2) Clip hedge.

They show him his rose garden, his vegetable garden. The high-shouldered tomato plants too close to the surface of the ground, the puny peppers, the salad vegetables, herbs, beets he might never have thought to see; he blesses them, weeds and all. "Wonderful! You've done a great job! Couldn't have done it better myself." And the black squirrel scampers up the elm tree.

—JULIE HAYDEN

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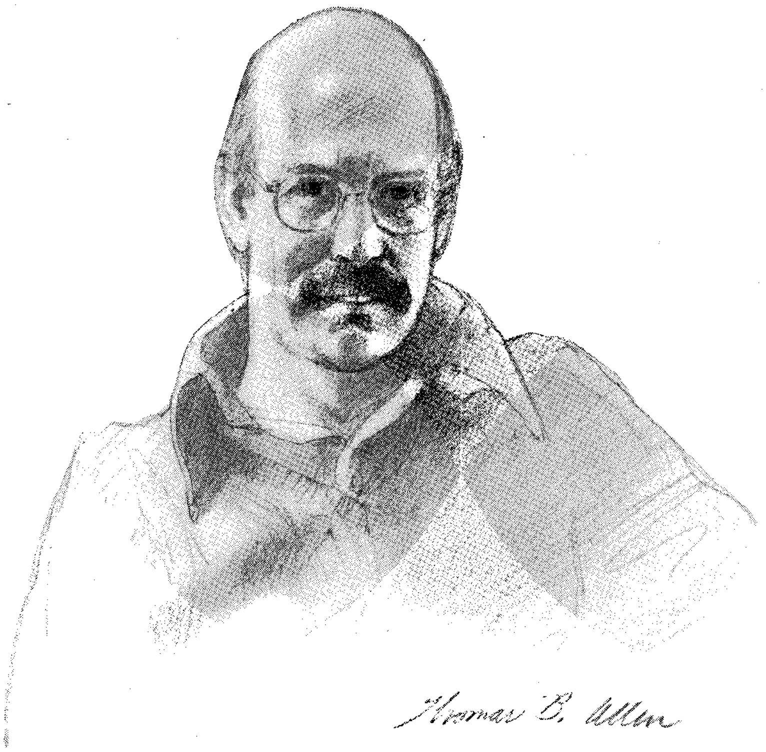
LOS ANGELES (UPI)—A federal grand jury Thursday indicted an Oklahoma attorney and 12 otters for an alleged phony oil-drilling swindle that rooked a who's who of show business stars and astute financiers out of $130 million.—*Medina (Ohio) County Gazette.*

An otter will do anything for a lark.

PROFILES

THE ANSWER IS YES



Jim Hall

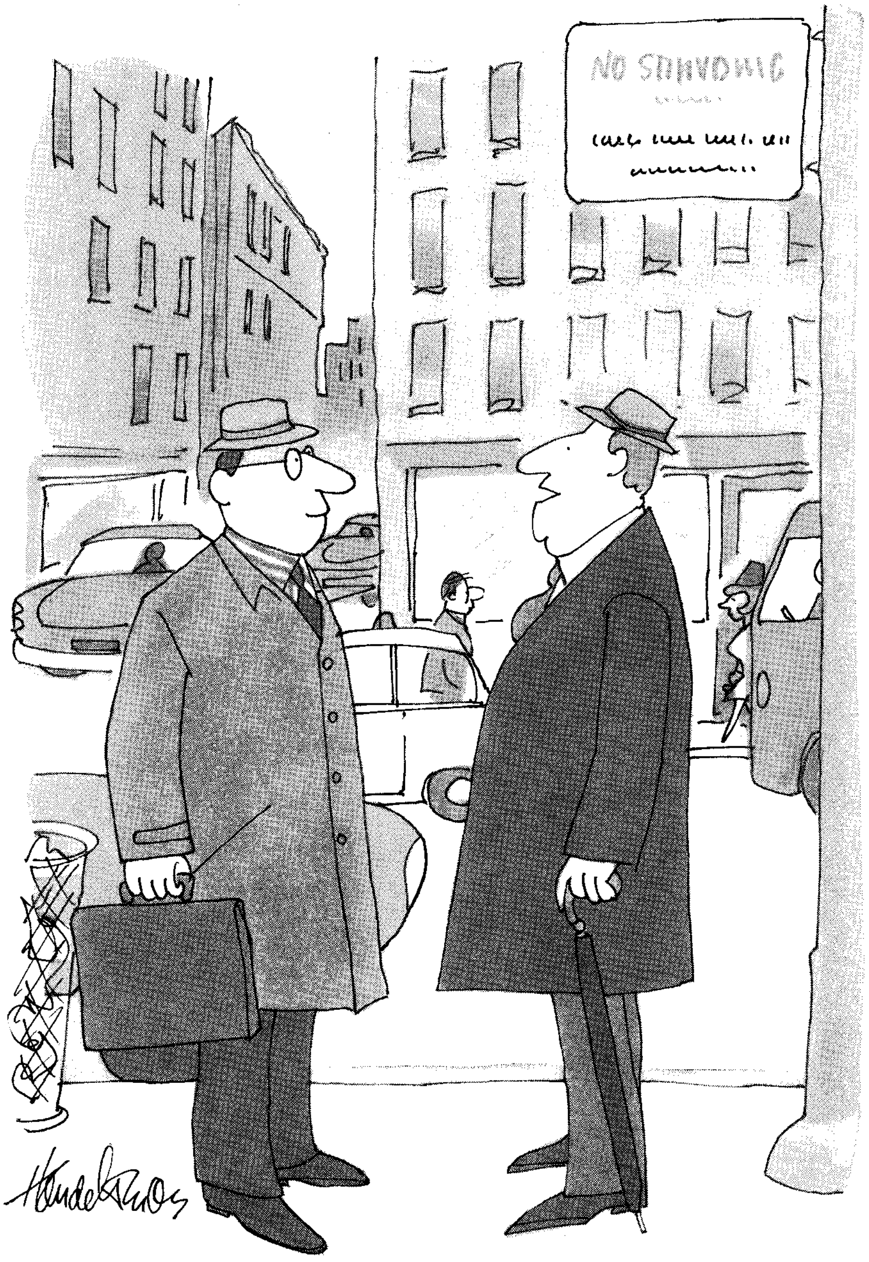
JANE HALL, the wife of the guitarist Jim Hall, is a slender, gentle, intelligent woman in her thirties. When she talks about her husband, she reveals a nice mixture of devotion and objectivity, and when she talks about herself it is as if she were telling a fairy tale. "I was born an only child in New York and grew up in Harrison," she says. "My father was in textiles, and he was a self-made man, who never graduated from high school. He loved golf and business and piano players like Fats Waller and Erroll Garner, although he came to appreciate the subtler sounds, too. He had a good sense of humor and was sort of a ham, and all my friends always wished he was their father. He was very different from Jim. Dad always wanted him to have more—more records, more fame, more money. But he realized Jim didn't have that kind of push. Just before Dad died, he said he wished Jim would be nicer to himself. It meant a lot to me—his appreciation of Jim's kindness and gentleness. My mother complemented my father. She was from a large family and was more reserved. She designed children's clothes before she married and gave up her career. But my father always relied on her taste. They were a striking couple together, particularly when they were dancing, which they loved.

"I met Jim in 1960. At the time, I was going out with Dick Katz, the piano player, and one night when we were going to have dinner he brought Jim along. The only Hall I knew of in jazz was Edmond. I didn't see Jim again until the following winter. I was taking a night course at the New School, and I asked Dick if he'd baby-sit for Debbie, who's my daughter from a previous marriage. He brought Jim along again, and when I got home I discovered that Jim had somehow coaxed Debbie's dog out from under the bed, where she'd barricaded herself all day. We all sat around and talked for hours, and I fell in love. I'd never met anyone who *listened* like Jim. We started going out, but it was five years before we were married. Jim was very much against marriage. I went back to college in 1967 and graduated, and then I went to social-work school. I'm a psychotherapist at Greenwich House, and I have my own practice, too. Jim has been nothing but supportive and positive through it all. And that extends to my music. I write a couple of songs a year, and I sing, but just at home. Jim accompanies me, and he's even recorded some of my tunes. He's helped bring out my musicality. He's done the same with Debbie. She's nineteen now, and at Clark University, in Worcester. She plays piano, and Jim works with her. He's been a father to her, which is what she never had.

"One of the things that impress me about jazz musicians is their camaraderie. There's a complete lack of narcissism, of competitive feeling. I don't think the same warmth exists even in sports. Jim has a great kinship for his fellow-musicians. The first time he took me to the old Half Note to hear Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, he said, 'You have to listen. You can't talk while they play.' After the first set, Al told me that not only could he *see* me listening, he could *feel* me listening. I've thought a lot about the pressures on jazz musicians, too. Jim was scared to death at his first job after he'd quit drinking. But since then his playing has grown and grown. He surprises me every time I hear him. I used to listen to him with my eyes closed, but now I *don't*. Just watching him concentrating and so in tune with his instrument and with his listeners is an experience."

IT'S not only an experience, it's a delicate, memorable event. Hall, though, doesn't look capable of creating a stir of any sort. He is slim and of medium height, and a lot of his hair is gone. The features of his long, pale face are chastely proportioned, and are accented by a recently cultivated R.A.F. mustache. He wears old-style gold-rimmed spectacles, and he has three principal expressions: a wide smile, a child's frown, and a calm, pleased playing mask—eyes closed, chin slightly lifted, and mouth ajar. He could easily be the affable son of the stony-faced farmer in "American Gothic." His hands and feet are small, and he doesn't have any hips, so his clothes, which are generally casual, tend to hang on him as if they were still in the closet. When he plays, he sits on a stool, his back an arc, his feet propped on a high rung, and his knees akimbo. He holds his guitar at port arms. For many years, Hall's playing matched his private, nebulous appearance. When he came to the fore, in the mid-fifties, with Chico Hamilton's vaguely avant-garde quintet (it had a cello and no piano), and then appeared on a famous pickup recording, "Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West," that was led by John Lewis and involved Bill Perkins, Percy Heath, and Hamilton, he had a stiff, academic approach. His solos were pleasantly designed, but they didn't always swing. But as he moved through groups led by Jimmy Giuffre, Ben Webster, Sonny Rollins, and Art Farmer, his deliberateness softened and the right notes began landing in the right places. Then he married Jane, and his playing developed a grace and inventiveness and lyricism that make him preëminent among contemporary jazz guitarists and put him within touching distance of the two grand masters—Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt. Listening to Hall now is like turning onionskin pages: one lapse of your attention and his solo is rent. Each phrase evolves from its predecessor, his rhythms are balanced, and his harmonic and melodic ideas are full of parentheses and asides. His tone is equally demanding. He plays both electric and acoustic guitars. On the former, he sounds like an acoustic guitarist, for he has an angelic touch and he keeps his amplifier down; on the latter, a new instrument specially designed and built for him, he has an even more gossamer sound. This turning away from electricity may have a revolutionary effect on jazz guitarists, who have struggled for thirty-five years with faulty equipment, ignorance of electronics, and a cheap, strident sound. Hall is exceptional in another way. In the thirties and forties, Christian and Reinhardt put forward certain ideals for their instrument—spareness, the use of silence, and the legato approach to swinging—and for a while every jazz guitarist studied them. Then the careering, million-noted melodic flow of Charlie Parker took hold, and jazz guitarists became garrulous and arpeggio-ridden. But Hall, sidestepping this aspect of Parker, has gone directly to Christian and Reinhardt, and, plumping out their skills with the harmonic advances that have since been made, has perfected an attack that is fleet but tight, passionate but oblique. And he is singular for still another reason. Guitarists are inclined to be an ingrown society, but Hall listens constantly to other instrumentalists, especially tenor saxophonists (Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Sonny Rollins) and pianists (Count Basie, John Lewis, Bill Evans, Keith Jarrett), and he attempts to adapt to the guitar their phrasing and tonal qualities. In his solos he asserts nothing but says a good deal. He loves Duke Ellington's great slow ballads, and he will start one with an ad-lib chorus in which he glides softly over the melody, working just behind the beat, dropping certain notes and adding others, but steadfastly celebrating its melodic beauties. He clicks into tempo at the beginning of the second chorus, and, after pausing for several beats, plays a gentle, ascending six-note figure that ends with a curious, ringing off-note. He pauses again, and, taking the close of the same phrase, he elaborates on it in an ascending-descending double-time run, and then skids into several behind-the-beat chords, which give way to a single-note line that bobs up and down and concludes on another off-note. He raises his volume at the beginning of the bridge and floats through it with edgeless, softly ringing chords; then, slipping into the final eight bars, he fashions a precise, almost declamatory run, pauses a second at its top, and works his way down with two glancing arpeggios. He next sinks to a whisper, and finishes with a bold fragment of melody that dissolves into a flatted chord, upon which the next soloist gratefully builds his opening statement.

WHEN the Halls were married, he moved into her apartment, on West Twelfth Street. It faces south and is at eye level with chimney pots and the tops of ailanthus trees. Sunlight fills the living room all day. The off-white walls are hung with a lively assortment of lithographs, oils, and drawings. A tall cabinet, which contains hundreds of L.P.s, is flanked by full bookshelves. A sofa, a hassock, a fat floor pillow, a couple of canvas Japanese chairs, and a coffee table ring the window end of the room. An upright piano sits by the front door, and Hall's electric guitar rests on a stand by the kitchen door. Hall generally gets himself together around noon. On a recent day, he sat down on the sofa with his back to the window and sipped a mug of tea. Sunlight bounced off the sill behind his head. Like many shy people, he is a born listener and a self-taught talker. He weighs his words as he weighs his notes. He speaks softly



"Oh, nothing much—the usual struggle for survival, with its attendant erosion of moral standards, and so on. What's new with you?"

and has a mild Midwestern drawl. He had, he said, been pondering improvisation. "Somebody asked me once, '*Why* do you improvise, why do you want to take a good song and change it?'—and that stumped me. Maybe jazz musicians *are* egomaniacs, as Alec Wilder claims. Maybe they feel they're above the songs they play and that they have to improve them. I've always been of the notion—though most of my musician friends disagree with me—that 'Body and Soul' would never have been anything special if Coleman Hawkins hadn't made his record of it. Yet I believe I treat the tunes I play with respect, and I know I always follow the gist of their lyrics. Improvisation is just a form of self-expression, and it's very gratifying to improvise in front of people. I feel I'm including them in what I'm doing, taking them someplace they might like to go and haven't been to before. I like to draw them in, and if you can get an audience on your side, then you can finish a set with something abstract or different and they'll come right along. I like my solos to have a beginning and a middle and an end. I like them to have a quality that Sonny Rollins has—of turning and turning a tune until eventually you show all its possible faces. Sometimes I'll take a motif that I might have stumbled on while I'm practicing, and develop it throughout a solo. It's a compositional approach, and it helps you get control over your playing. But if a solo is going well, is developing, I let it go on its own. Then I've reached that place where I've gotten out of my own way, and it's as if I'm standing back and watching the solo play itself.

"When I do the melody of a tune, I try to make it come out mine. I also try sometimes to get the melody to sound as it would on a wind instrument, as though I've got the airstream of a saxophone or trumpet to hang on to. I think of the way Ben Webster played 'Chelsea Bridge,' with his fantastic sense of space and the way he'd let a note slide from sound to the breathing just below sound, and I'll go after that effect. I'm like Marian McPartland, I guess, in that I think of the keys in colors. A flat is reddish orange, G major seems green, E flat is yellow. I try never to bring distractions onto the bandstand, but if I do I know I always have a sort of floor to rely on. I know I won't ever really be terrible. Being tired doesn't seem to matter. I've seen guys on the road who were wiped out get up and play sensationally. Being tired seems to cut the fat and allow the musicality to come out.

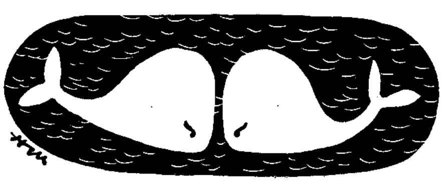
HYMN OF RETURNS

The odor of pine branches, Lady, shimmers your hair,
and your slow fields
follow lightly in their familiar paths;
the robin's glance
and the cardinal's furtive skip choir in your noon
where I set my watch.
My hand is upon you now as you withdraw,
as beavers ramble
and submerge apart in their knit pond
where tense deer sip
and vanish in the brambled blackberry shrubs.
A crocus glints
in the dawn; the wind bestows your forehead
with freshened light
as you return the way foamed water smooths
and solaces the stones.
As snow descends, my hand remembers
where you were,
the ripe pear in its glow, swelling
to the tongue and taste.
Midnight moves abroad, I wake in my bed.
Are you beside me?
There in the pines, your forehead's moonlight
chills and entices.
You have gone and returned even as I slept.
Above the mountains,
moist in their dark where curled deer wait
alert and hidden
in the blur of leaves, swarmed clouds diminish,
brighten, and advance—
how can I go on in this single day,
keeping watch
as you appear and vanish in the pines,
in the hawk's drift,
in grasses where sheep nuzzle their paths?
The starred snow flares
to cherry petals and apricot petals,
lit by your forehead,
whirled by your eyes. I rush from sleep
into your dawn:
the mist field drifts as I keep watch,
and my hand remembers
where you are in the scent of the orchard air.

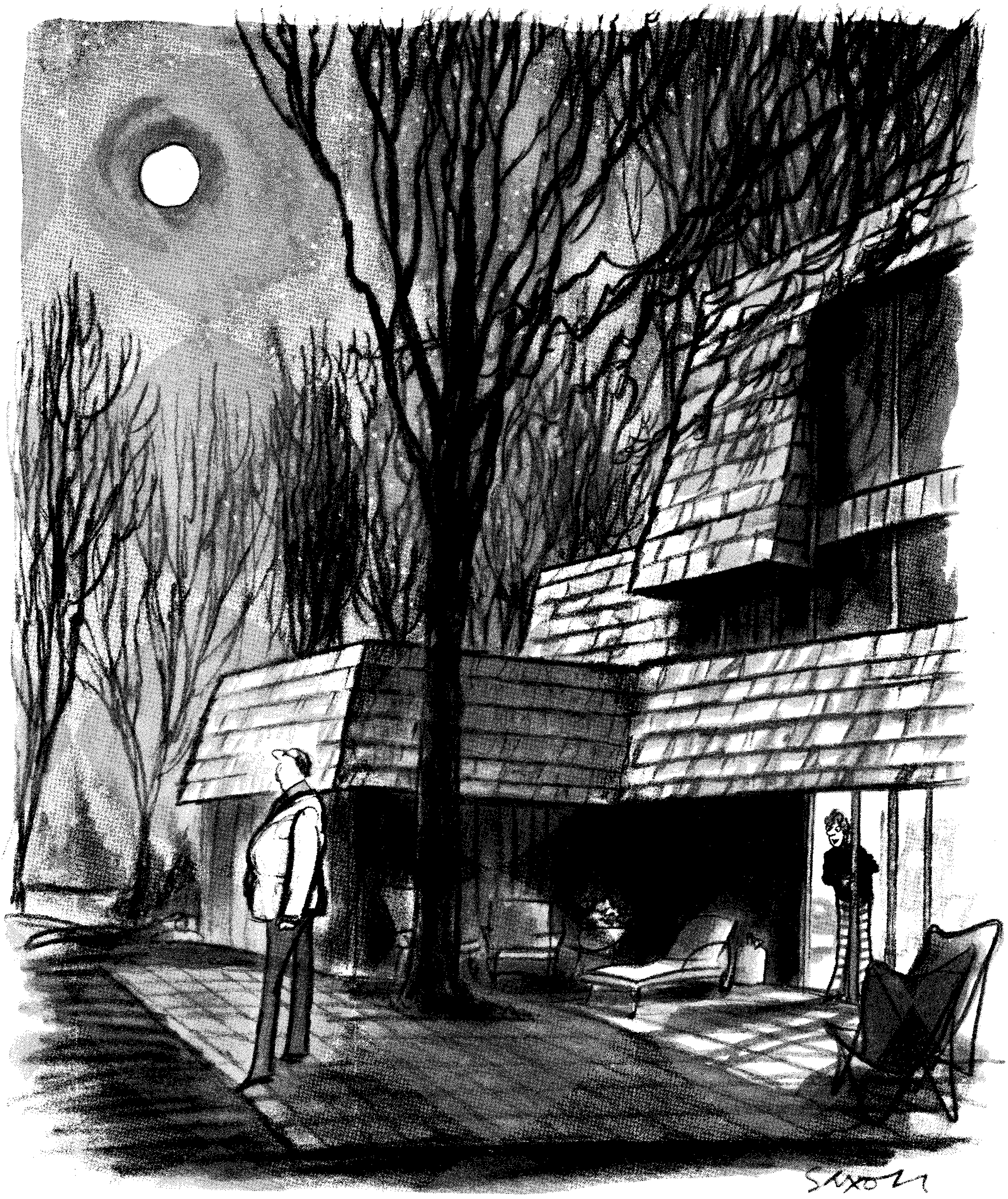
—ROBERT PACK

• •

"I've been playing in duos with just bassists lately, and it involves a terrific amount of listening. I play off of the bass notes and try to make it always sound like a duet and not just guitar solos with accompaniment. All the accompanying I've done is a help, because accompanying is hearing the whole texture from top to bottom of the music around you and then fitting yourself in the proper place. When I was with Sonny Rollins, I found out right away he didn't like to be led, so I'd lay back a fraction of a second and let him show me where he was going and hope I could follow. When I was with Art Farmer, it was totally different. He liked the background laid down first, so he could play over it. And the whole timing was different, too. When I play behind Paul Desmond, it becomes a question-and-answer thing between us. But all you're trying to do is swing, and swinging is a question of camaraderie. You could be playing stiffly, but if everybody is playing that way the group will swing. But if one person is out of sync, is dragging, it feels like somebody is hanging on to your coattails."



Hall went into the kitchen to get another mug of tea, and when he came back a big gray-black cat appeared from

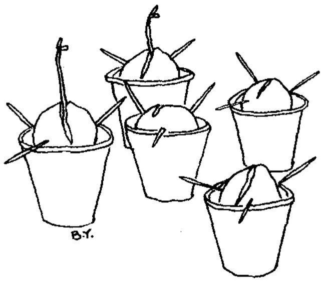


"Philip, 'Gunsmoke' is starting."

• •

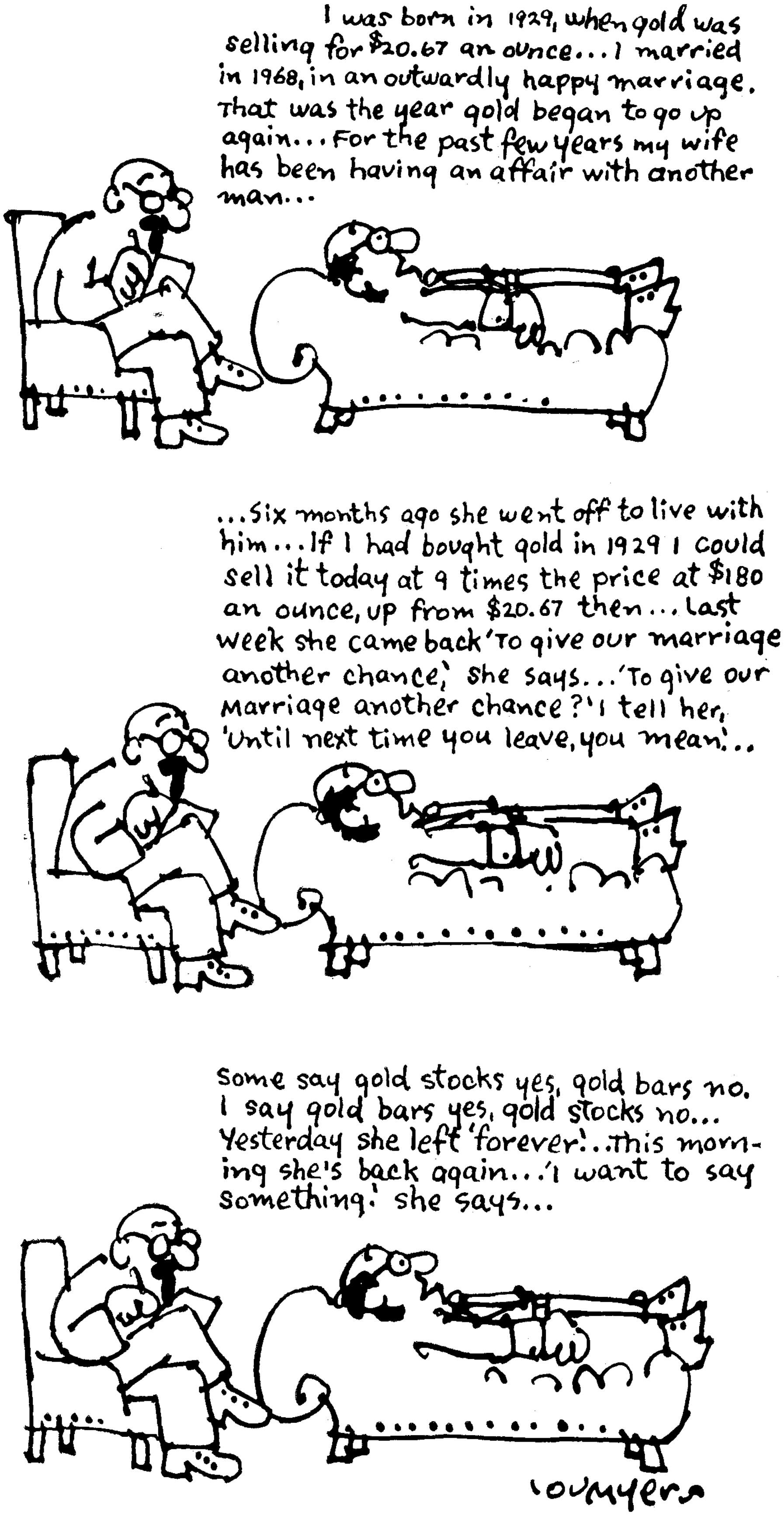
the bedroom. It gave Hall three thunderous meows, sat down at his feet, and stared intently at him. It meowed three more times. Hall laughed and took a sip of tea. "O.K., Pablo. Cut it out. We didn't get him until he was a year old, and I think he was raised with dogs, because he's more like a dog than a cat. He greets me at the door when I come in and says goodbye when I go out, and he follows me around all day here. I was speaking of Ben Webster. After I finally left the Jimmy Giuffre Trio, in 1959, I went back to the Coast, and I was in a band Ben had with Jimmy Rowles and Red Mitchell and Frank Butler. We worked for a while in a club on the Strip called the Renaissance, and at first I didn't get paid. Then I think everybody in the band chipped something in. Anyway, Ben and I hung out a lot. He didn't have a car, and he lived with his mother and grandmother way over on the other side of L.A., but he'd never ask me to pick him up. What he'd do is call me whenever we had a gig and say, 'We'll meet at my house first.' I think his mother had been a schoolteacher. One evening when I went to get him, he was stretched out on the sofa snoring—the whole works. He must have been up all night, and we couldn't budge him. He had a reputation of taking a sock at whoever tried to wake him. So his mother and grandmother would lean over him and say, 'Ben, Mr. Hall is here and it's time to go to work,' and then jump back about two feet. I finally suggested that I get a wet towel or something, and they looked at me with their mouths open, and said, 'Oh no, he don't like *any* surprises.' Ben was very melodramatic, and he talked in that big voice just the way he played. Another time I went to get him he had a washcloth on top of his head and he was shaving. Some Art Tatum records were on and he kept running out of the bathroom and mimicking fantastic Tatum figures. Then he started telling me what Tatum was like—he loved to talk about the great ones he knew who were gone—and the next thing I knew he was crying. I never saw any of the meanness he was famous for, except once he fell asleep in the front seat of my car and when I woke him he cursed me. But the next minute he apologized.

"I had gotten to know John Lewis, and he called me about this time—it was the early sixties—and told me I had to come back to New York, that that's where it was at, and that I could stay in his apartment because he was away on the road so much. Well, I did for two or three months, and John loaned me money and everything. Then I sublet Dick Katz's apartment, and not much was happening. I felt I had a reputation by then, and I was too proud to call people about jobs. I did work in a duo with Lee Konitz opposite Miles Davis at the Village Vanguard when he had Cannonball and Philly Joe Jones and Bill Evans, and the audience would listen to Miles as if they were in church, and then talk all the way through our set, which was about the way everything seemed to be going for me then. Suddenly, I began getting notes from Sonny Rollins. He didn't have a phone and I never answered mine, so he'd stuff them in the mailbox, and I think the first one said, 'Let's talk about music.' He was coming out of a two-year retirement and was putting a group together, and he wanted me, in addition to Walter Perkins and Bob Cranshaw. We rehearsed afternoons at the old Five Spot, and at first it was a little mysterious. Sonny would let me in the front door with one hand and continue playing with the other, and then disappear, still playing, into a back room and stay there maybe a half hour. We opened at the Jazz Gallery, and it was a great success. But I had to put *everything* into it. I was with him off and on for over a year, and wherever we went he brought the house down. There was something about the way he got himself across to an audience, as if he were right out there playing into its collective ear. It was a great experience, a turning point for me. Then, in effect, he fired me. There were two reasons. One was musical. He wanted to experiment with Ornette Coleman's trumpet player, Don Cherry, and that was beyond me. The other had to do with a cover of *Down Beat.* It was a guitar issue, and they had me in the front of the picture with Rollins set behind, and the talk began. 'Why does he need a white boy in the group?' and the like, and Sonny would tell me in various ways that people were putting pressure on him to get rid of me, and that was it. Then I ran into him one night a while ago at the Half Note, and when he was leaving he leaned over and said, 'Sometimes I lose touch with myself,' and that made amends. I've always felt that the music started out as black but that it's as much mine now as anyone else's. I haven't stolen the music from anybody—I just bring something different to it. After that, I joined a nice little group Art Farmer had, with Steve Swallow on bass and Pete La Roca on drums. But I was having trouble keeping things together. I had to concentrate on my work and I had to keep my drinking under control, which wasn't working too well. So finally, in 1965, I decided I had to get off the road after ten years and get things squared around. I came back to New York, started going to A.A., and Jane and I got married. I didn't want to go into night clubs again right away because of the atmosphere and the drinking, but I had to work, so I got a job in the band on the Merv Griffin Show. That was a shock. I'd felt, in my way, that I'd been doing something important all those years on the road, but suddenly I was like a stagehand. You're there in the studio but you're not there. It was very rare for any of Griffin's guests to acknowledge anyone in the band, and you'd think *some* of them would have known Bob Brookmeyer or Jake Hanna. I began to lose my identity. If I don't play what I want to play, improvise and a I sink down. I forget I've ever do anything good musically at all. B after a time this wore off, and I g the message about the show-biz typ and realized that the guys in the bar were more interesting than ninety p cent of the guests. All the while, I w thinking about finally being a leade and when I'd been with Griffin abo three and a half years I got my courag up to go into clubs again, and I o ganized my own group. Clubs don bother me too much now, but I on like to work two-week gigs and the regroup myself. I don't know wh but when I work it takes a lot out me. I play every day here, I wri some, and I have some students. Wit Jane working, we get along fine. Eve so, I occasionally get in a panic. wake up at night and think, Wh am I doing, what kind of a life is this I've thought of giving it up and g ing into something else, but I kno that would be crazy the minute I pic my guitar up again. So when I as myself, Am I going to want to g into saloons and play guitar when I' fifty or sixty or seventy, the answer yes."



THE telephone buzzed, almo inaudibly. "That was Jimm D'Aquisto, out in Huntington," Ha said when he hung up. "He's a grea guitar-maker, and he's made me m acoustic guitar, which is the first ne guitar I've had since I was a kid. got my old Gibson, over by the kitche door, secondhand from Howard Roberts, on the Coast, in 1955. Jimmy ha done some experimenting. The body or box, of the guitar is a little thinne than usual, and, to compensate, th front and back of the box are arche a little more than usual and the f hole on either side of the tailpiece are bigger. He's strung it with lightweigh steel strings, but I'm still experimenting with different weights. And h has kept the bridge low, which make the strings more responsive. Most important, he hasn't put any electrica stuff on it. I've used it twice in public—at concerts at Yale and the New School. The Yale thing was a kind o shakedown cruise because the acoustics where I played—it was a church—were so strange. But I felt good about it at the New School. In that auditorium the sound creeps along the walls and gets everywhere, and even though I didn't use a mike, I think they heard me in the back. It's such a beautiful instrument. Unlike most guitars, it just doesn't have any bad spots. It's still strange to me. The dimensions are different enough so that it takes me a while to warm into it."

The telephone buzzed again, and Hall went into the kitchen, after he finished talking, to make a drink of one part grape juice and two parts 7-Up. The sun was pell-melling in the window, and he lowered the venetian blind. "Jack Six just called. He played bass with Dave Brubeck three or four years, but we've been doing duets recently. We've got a gig coming up in April at Sweet Basil, down on Seventh Avenue, so I thought it would be a good idea to practice some. He's on his way from Jersey right now.


I was born in 1929, when gold was selling for $20.67 an ounce... I married in 1968, in an outwardly happy marriage. That was the year gold began to go up again... For the past few years my wife has been having an affair with another man...
...Six months ago she went off to live with him... If I had bought gold in 1929 I could sell it today at 9 times the price at $180 an ounce, up from $20.67 then... Last week she came back 'To give our marriage another chance,' she says... 'To give our marriage another chance?' I tell her, 'Until next time you leave, you mean.'..
Some say gold stocks yes, gold bars no. I say gold bars yes, gold stocks no... Yesterday she left 'forever.'..This morning she's back again... 'I want to say something,' she says...
LouMyers

"My mother gave me my first guitar for Christmas when I was ten. I was living with her and my brother in Cleveland. I was born in 1930, in Buffalo, but we only stayed there a few months and then came to New York for a while and moved out to Geneva, Ohio, where my Uncle Russell had a farm. He was one of my mother's brothers, and he had taught himself electronics. Her other brother, Ed, taught himself guitar and how to make blueprints. He'd play things like 'Wabash Cannon Ball.' I spent a year on Uncle Russ's farm. I was about seven or eight, and I remember the whole time as being dark. There was no electricity in the house, and one of my chores was to take the cinders out. I got some in my eyes once and for two weeks I couldn't see. Then I knocked over a kerosene lamp, which scared the hell out of me, but luckily it snuffed out when it hit the floor. Uncle Russ was married to a strange woman then, and it was the old story of the wife upsetting the husband, who then takes it out on the kids. By this time, my mother and father had split up, and she and I and my brother moved to Cleveland. We lived in rooming houses and my mother supported us. She worked as a secretary at a tool company. It's funny how your perspective changes when you get older. It seems to me now amazing to be in your twenties—which she was then—and to be raising two boys by yourself. I don't remember much about my father, except that he played tennis and managed a grocery store for a time and was a travelling salesman in stainless steel. I never see him, but I think he's still alive. My mother lives in Los Angeles now. She's active and vivacious, a short, blond lady, kind of sparkly and with a lot of guts. Around 1940, we moved into a brand-new W.P.A. housing project in Cleveland, and we stayed there until I went to music school. It was the first place we'd lived in that no one had lived in before. It had an upstairs and a downstairs, and I think the rent was twenty-four dollars a month.

"It took a year to pay for my guitar, but I lucked up with a good teacher, Jack DuPerow, right away. He had me do scales and guitar arrangements of pop tunes. My favorite was 'Music, Maestro, Please!' The accordion was big in Cleveland. In fact, the first group I worked in had accordion, clarinet, and drums, and we played dances on weekends. The clarinet player was into Benny Goodman, and he played Goodman's recording of 'Solo Flight' for me, with Charlie

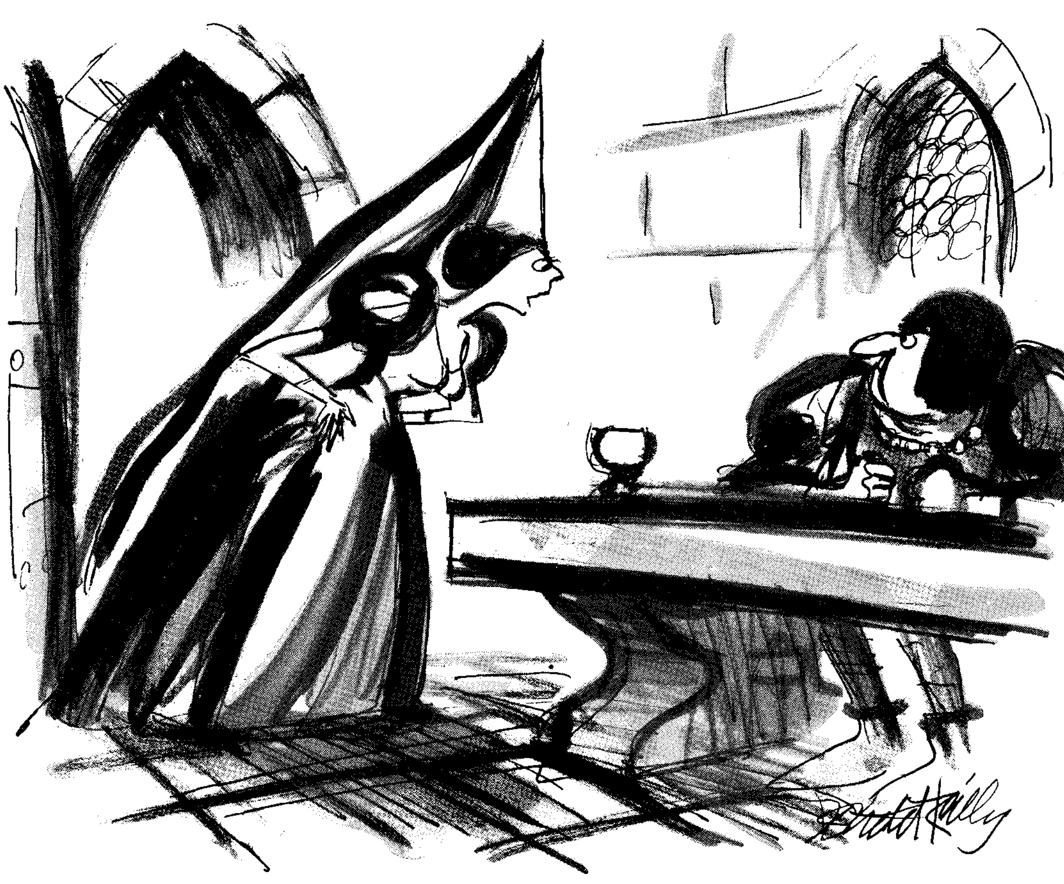
Christian featured, and I thought, What is *that*? It was instant addiction. I bought a 78-r.p.m. album of Goodman Sextet numbers even before I had anything to play them on. By this time, I was studying with Fred Sharp. He had played in New York with Adrian Rollini and Red Norvo, and he introduced me to records by Carl Kress and Dick McDonough and Django Reinhardt. Taking Charlie Christian and Django together, I've hardly heard anything better since, if you want to know the truth. But a lot of my listening was not to guitarists but to tenor saxophonists and pianists. I had Coleman Hawkins' 'The Man I Love' and 'Sweet Lorraine,' with Shelly Manne and Oscar Pettiford, and I had the Art Tatum Trio. I'd listen to them in the morning after my mother had gone to work, because she wasn't too much on jazz then, and I'd think about what I'd heard on the mile walk to school. George Barnes had an octet with a woodwind feeling that broadcast regularly, and all the bands played the Palace Theatre there—Duke Ellington and Artie Shaw, when Shaw had Roy Eldridge and Barney Kessel. I began hanging out with older local musicians when I was fifteen or sixteen—Tony DiNardo, a tenor player who sounded like Lucky Thompson and who got me listening to Lester Young, and Billy DiNasco, a piano player who loved Mel Powell and Teddy Wilson and who worked out a way of his own that was like Lennie Tristano. We had our own group, and we called it the Spectacles, because we all wore glasses. We sang four-part vocals, and they were my first arrangements.

"I did well in high school, and when I graduated I decided to go to the Cleveland Institute of Music. I thought learning more craft would help. I went for four and a half years, and I majored in music theory. I wrote a string quartet for my thesis. I played guitar on weekends, but I wasn't all that involved in jazz. I thought I was going to go into classical composing and teach on the side. Then in the mid-fifties, halfway through my first semester toward my master's, I began thinking two things: I was with people who did nothing but go to school and would probably do nothing else, and I knew I had to try being a guitarist or else it would trouble me the rest of my life. My decision was made for me. Ray Graziano, a good local alto player, was driving a Cadillac—a lavender Cadillac—out to the Coast for somebody, and he asked me if I wanted to go along. I had no money, but I knew Joe Dolny, a Cleveland trumpet player, out on the Coast, and I also knew I could stay with my great-aunt. She was in her nineties, and had lived in Hollywood from the time it was clapboard houses and fields planted with peas. So I quit school, and there we were, driving through all these little towns in that lavender Cadillac, with me in the back seat playing and playing. I moved in with my aunt and got a job in a used-sheet-music store, and I studied classical guitar for a while with Vicente Gómez. Joe Dolny had a rehearsal band at the union hall, and I met a lot of people there like John Graas, the French-horn player. I'd go to his house, out in the Valley, and he recommended me to Chico Hamilton for his first quintet, which had Buddy Collette on reeds, Freddie Katz on cello, Carson Smith on bass, and Chico and me. I got ninety dollars a week, which was a fortune then. I was with Chico for a year and a half, and a lot of good things happened, even though that bass drum of his began getting in my dreams. I met Red Mitchell, the great bassist, and Herb Geller and Bill Perkins and John Lewis. When Chico's group went East for gigs at the Newport Festival and in New York, we worked opposite Max Roach's group at Basin Street, where I met Sonny Rollins. That was some experience—being up on the stand and looking out and seeing all your idols staring at you. Then we drove back to the Coast, and it was a weird trip. Chico was the only black man in the car, and he never got out of it. He stayed curled up like an animal in the back seat, and we'd bring him his food. What with one thing and another, but mostly Chico's bass drum, I left and went with Jimmy Giuffre's new trio.

"I was with this group for two different periods, the first starting in 1957. In between came a low point that matched my time with Merv Griffin. I went on the road with Yves

"Should I have heard of you or are you just a weirdo?"

Montand. What saved me was that Edmond Hall and Al Hall were both in the tour, too, and I had the chance to listen to them reminisce and to ask Edmond about Charlie Christian, because he had recorded with him. In fact, they were the only records Christian made on acoustic guitar. Before I went back with Giuffre, I toured with Ella Fitzgerald all over South America. I finally jumped ship in Buenos Aires, where I stayed six weeks. The bossa nova was coming up, and one night I went to this big room filled with guitar players. They sat in a circle and passed a guitar around like a peace pipe, and everybody played. I didn't know what to do, so I played a plain old blues. One of the good things about being on the road in other countries is you're not just a tourist, you're something a lot better, something special, and I've made friends all over the world."



"Oh, come off it, Dad! This is the year 1235 we're living in."

• •

THE doorbell buzzed, and Jack Six came in, carrying his bass and towing an enormous amplifier on wheels. Six is a big, cheerful man with a Southern accent, and he and his equipment filled one end of the living room. He and Hall exchanged the round of "How ya been"s that musicians break ice with. After Six unpacked, hooked up, and plugged in, Hall whacked one thigh with a tuning fork and rested its handle on the body of his old Gibson. Six tuned up to its silver hum. Hall spread sheet music on the dining-room table, and the two men bent over it in silence. They looked as if they were examining illuminated manuscripts at the Morgan.

"Let's play Janie's tune 'Something Tells Me,' " Hall suggested. "But we'll do it as she wrote it. She's got a couple of modulations in it which make it difficult to sing, so she sort of leaves them out when she's singing it around the house. Who would you say she sounds like, Jack?"

"A cross between Astrud Gilberto and Julie London."

Hall laughed, and sat down on a red kitchen stool. He played quiet, open chords as he went into the graceful, succinct melody. Six came in behind with offbeat notes. The music immediately transformed the room, filling it with motion and purpose. Hall improvised a chorus replete with silences, retards, and quick sotto-voce runs. Six soloed, grunting softly, and the two went out with some lilting counterpoint. A "Chelsea Bridge" reverberating with Ben Webster came next, and was followed by a fast, tricky Jim Hall blues, "Two's Blues." It has a complex, backing-and-filling melodic line, and the first run-through had many bugs.

"Anyway, that's the general idea of it," Hall said, laughing.

"My, those notes certainly go by fast," Six replied. "It's like Jake Hanna said to the new man on the band after he'd messed up at his first rehearsal: 'I didn't know you couldn't read.' "

After three more tries, the blues fell into glistening shape, and they played another Hall blues—a slow one, called "Careful." Hall said he had written it a long time ago as a "Monk thing." It has an ostinato bass, which the two musicians handed easily back and forth. They had just started "Emily" when the front door opened and Jane Hall came in. She was dressed in a sharp blue pants suit, and she was carrying a bag of groceries, which she set down on the music. There was a round of pecks. She asked how everything was going, and Hall said good and that maybe it was time for a breather. He went into the kitchen to make some grape-juice-and-7-Ups. He set the drinks on the coffee table, put his arm around Jane's shoulder, and gave it a squeeze. Then he sat down next to Six on the sofa. He smiled up at Jane as she passed the drinks and said, "So, did you save any souls today?"

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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To the dining editor:

Recently I visited friends in Bath and they took us for luncheon at a lovely little restaurant overlooking the water in Wiscasset. I have had clam chowder many times in my life but never as delicious as the chowder we had at *La Garage*. This was followed by a superb fresh crabmeat roll topped by a superfluous but delicious hot fudge sundae. Do apprise your readers of this unique gem in their midst.—*Topsham (Me.) Maine Times.*

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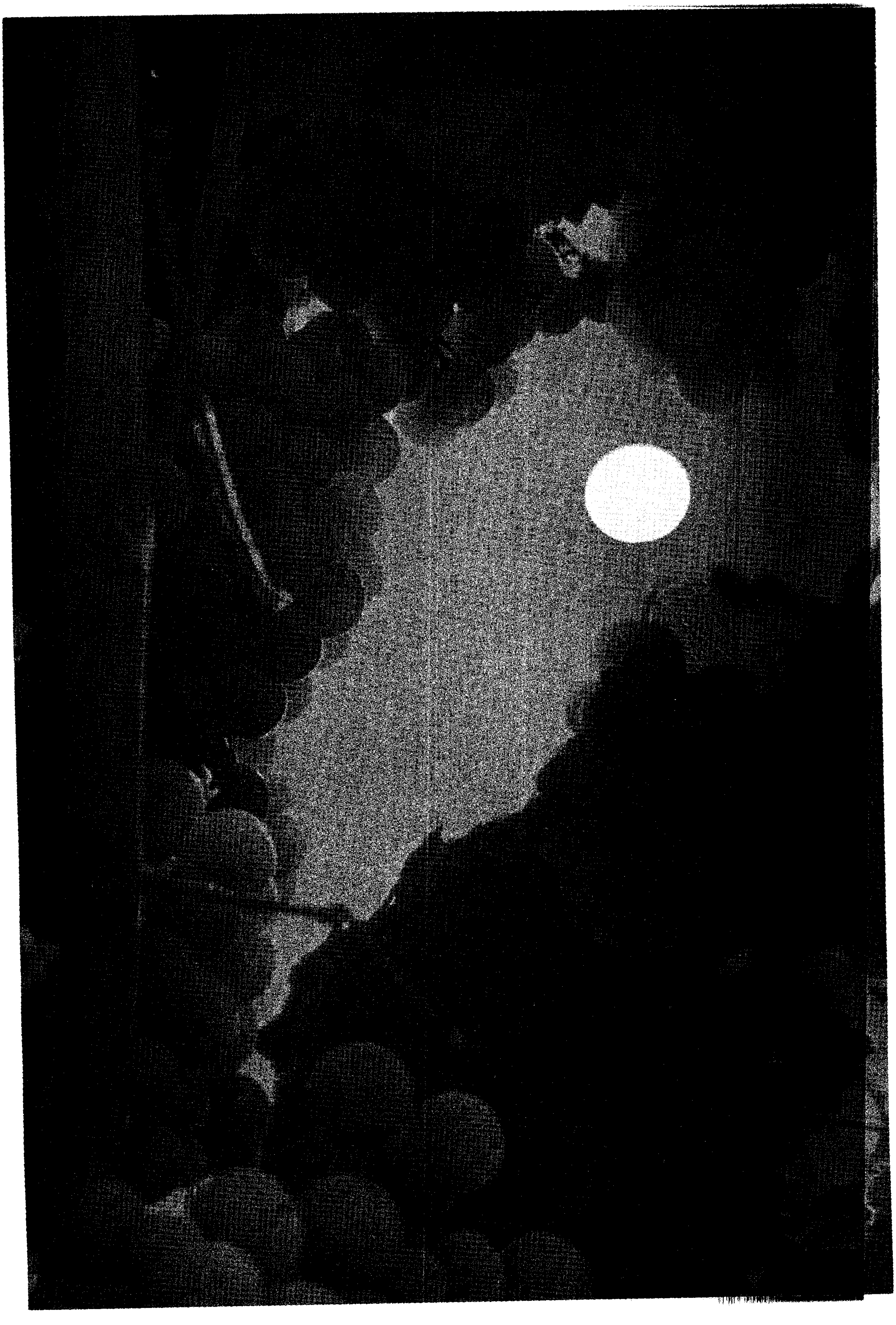

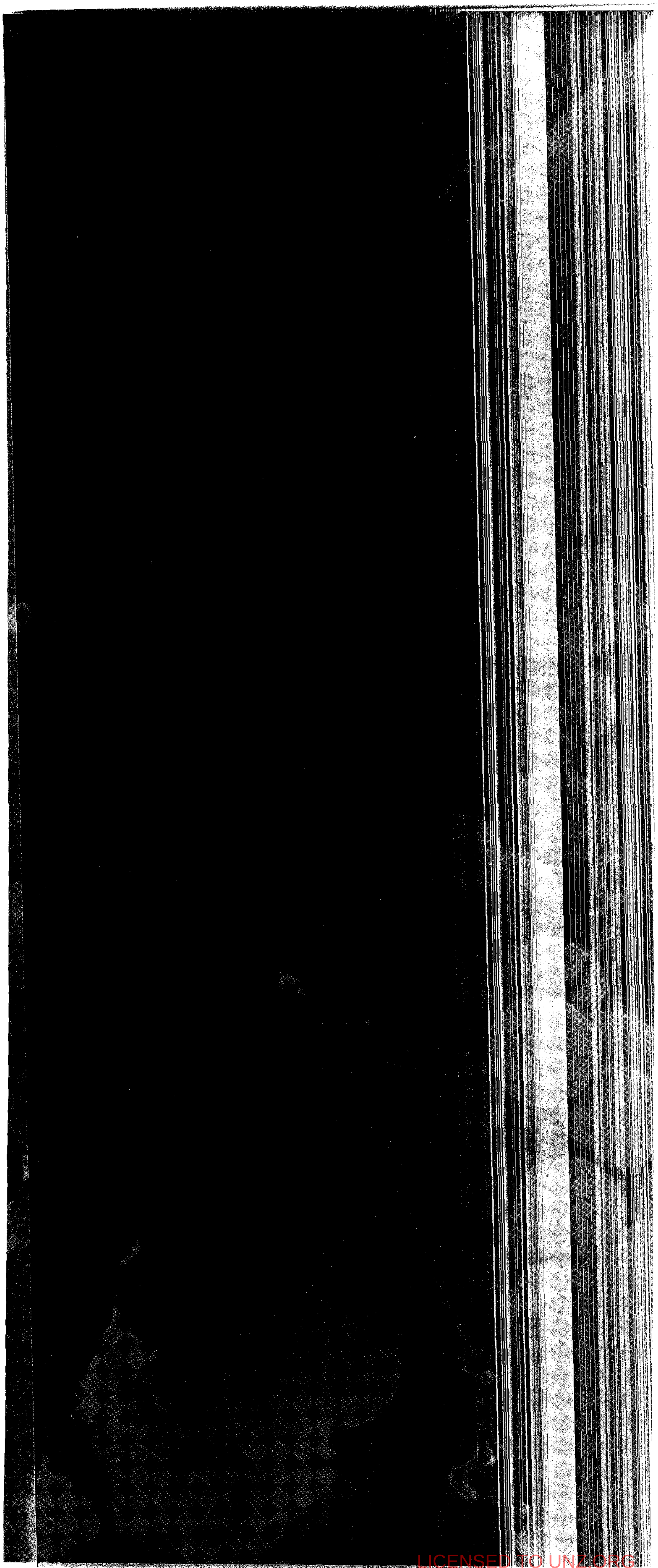

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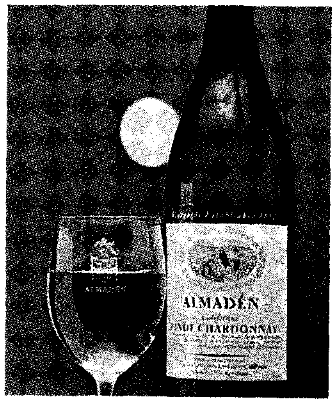

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THE THEATRE

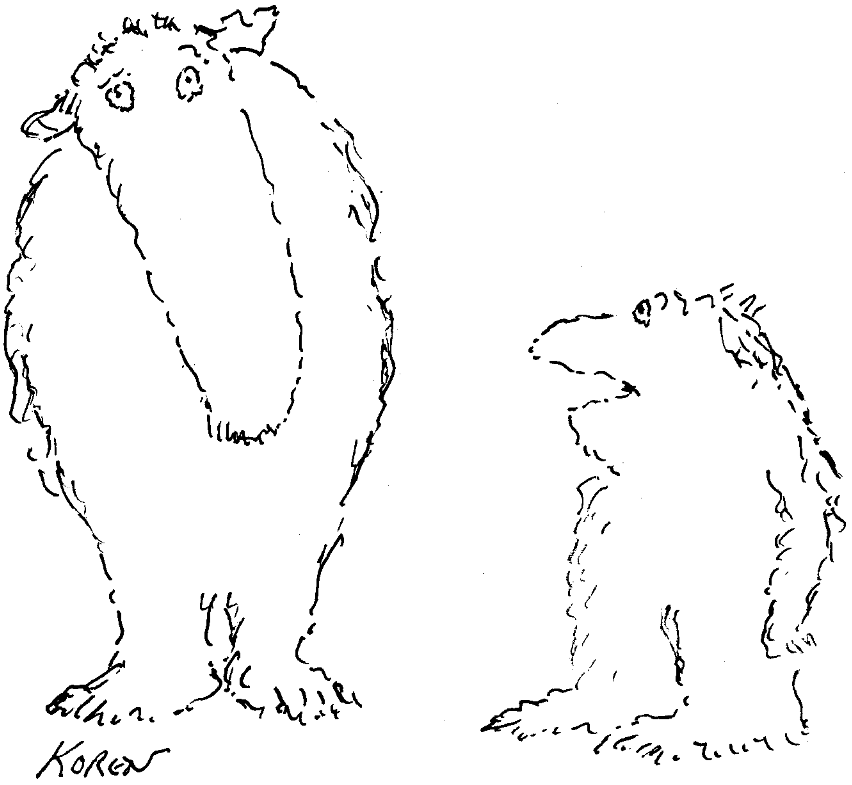
ONLY CONNECT

ROBERT WILSON calls his latest work, at the ANTA, an opera. True, it is accompanied by music (by Alan Lloyd, in collaboration with Michael Galasso), and the actors are listed in the program as singers, but it is speech that is the chief sound of the evening, and not song. Speech and screaming, of which more in a moment. Mr. Wilson is a solemnly prankish man, as the program indicates; it amuses him to list Julia Busto and Andrew deGroat, his choreographer, as "dansers," perhaps in tribute to the fact that the opera was presented some time ago in Paris; it also amuses him to call the opera "A Letter for Queen Victoria" and to have the Queen, played by his eighty-eight-year-old grandmother Alma Hamilton, put in an occasional self-confident appearance. Mrs. Hamilton makes no pretense of being the Victoria of history; she is simply a charming old lady in black sunglasses who speaks with a luscious Mississippi accent and takes medicaments unknown to nineteenth-century England. The letter itself turns out to be a sort of round, recited simultaneously by several actors at the beginning of the evening and so reduced to near gibberish. As far as one can tell at a first hearing, the letter amounts to an analogue of Saul Steinberg's brilliantly drawn nonsense epistles and proclamations.

Mr. Wilson, who is onstage throughout most of the evening, has directed his handiwork with the dedicated self-indulgence of the born teacher-preacher. Every scene is made to last too long, largely by dint of repetitions of lines and gestures that we must pay attention to less for the pleasure they give us than for the irritation they induce—Mr. Wilson might have borrowed his methods in this respect from the writers of TV commercials, who heighten our awareness of the name of a product by causing us to dread hearing it uttered. Mr. Wilson's weak suit is humor. I have called him prankish, which is often a sign of a lack of humor, and which often leads to a portentousness that, in Mr. Wilson's case, threatens to overwhelm whatever little action he appears to have it in mind to present. He is much better at setting a scene than he is at writing it; he has an excellent eye, and his tableaux have a sharp-edged vividness welcomely at odds with his often tiresome wordplay. (Wordplay, useful in many forms of therapy, quickly exhausts its aesthetic fruitfulness onstage.) Yet even the least portentous of the fifteen or twenty scenes that fill up the three-hour length of "A Letter"—a scene in which half a dozen seemingly catatonic couples are seated at café tables against a backdrop every square foot of which is lettered "Chitter Chatter"—drives its point home, and then far past home, with the grim reiteration of a dentist's drill.

Mr. Wilson is a radically inaccessible writer, and his opera is filled with the mere tips of tails of clues. We catch fugitive glimpses of the Civil War (no more real than Queen Victoria), of conflicts among neighbors, of family quarrels; above all, we see the attempt being made again and again, in Forster's formulation, to connect—"Only connect!"—and the attempt would appear to be nearly always in vain. One of Mr. Wilson's favorite dramatic devices is gunfire; people are shot dead all evening long and then pop up again as well—or, at any rate, as alive—as ever. The risk of failing to communicate is alienation, and the penalty one pays for alienation is death. Mr. Wilson's symbol for the baffled attempt to communicate is the scream; "A Letter" is charged with screams, most of them anguished. In one extraordinary scene, Mr. Wilson is alone onstage, dressed in a dark, conventional-looking suit, a white panama, and white cotton gloves; he faces the wings and begins to scream. His face grows flushed, the veins and tendons of his neck stand out; the screams are horrifying. After a while, they stop, and he walks offstage. More mysterious even than the screams are the panama, the white gloves. What do they signify? If they do not signify something substantial, they have no artistic right to be there. A hundred puzzles of that order are to be found in this unsung opera. Worry them out as best you can.

IT has been said of the soil of Bordeaux that if it were not, thanks to the grape, the most valuable in the world, it would be the least valuable; in something like the same fashion, if Eugene O'Neill had not written a couple of our finest plays, he would be among the least regarded of our playwrights. What a graceless writer he is, groping after thoughts of no great novelty or merit! The Circle in the Square



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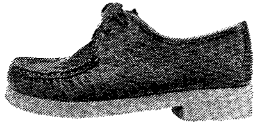

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has brought back one of O'Neill's earlier works, "All God's Chillun Got Wings." It is hard for me to think of a play less in want of revival. When it opened, in 1924, the critic Percy Hammond said of it harshly that it was "a vehement exposition of a marriage between a stupid negro and a stupid white woman." It is more than that, but not much more. For us, its chief interest lies not in how O'Neill dealt with the then bold topic of interracial marriage but in how he tried to come to grips with the family memories that would eventually form the subject of "Long Day's Journey Into Night;" here are caricatures of the father and mother upon whom he was to take his terrible vengeance some twenty years later. Jim, the struggling young black who will never succeed, is played by Robert Christian, and Ella, the white girl who marries him and loses her mind in consequence, is played by Trish Van Devere. They are thankless roles, and I cannot say that they have been given exceptional life. Ming Cho Lee's street setting in the first act accommodates itself with great skill to the long and narrow-thrust stage, but his apartment interior in the second act turns the actors willy-nilly into hard-pressed pedestrians. The costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, and the direction is by George C. Scott.

BROADWAY is enjoying the greatest good fortune it has known in several years, in terms both of the number of openings and of the amount of money coming in at the box office, but there are still plenty of sudden deaths and dashed spirits to be encountered there. Last week, an intended thriller, "Don't Call Back," by Russell O'Neill, opened at the Helen Hayes, was coolly received by the critics, and expired at once. A musical, "Doctor Jazz," opened on Wednesday and closed on Saturday, leaving few mourners. It had a good idea—to trace the rise of jazz by telling the story of a black girl singer and her white manager as they struggled upward in the world from a whorehouse in New Orleans to a night club in Chicago and then on to a big theatre in New York—but nobody concerned with the book and music appeared to know how to turn the story into dramatic action. I admired Lola Falana as the singer and Bobby Van as her manager. The pretty sets and costumes were by Raoul Pène du Bois, one of our best inventors of a past that never was.

—BRENDAN GILL

THE RACE TRACK

No Day for Favorites

ONCE upon a time, races with $100,000 purses were looked upon as notable events. Now they are all over the shop. There were three last Saturday—the Gulfstream Handicap at Gulfstream Park, the San Luis Rey Stakes at Santa Anita, and the Louisiana Derby at the old Fair Grounds in New Orleans. No favorite won any of them.

Forego did not run at Gulfstream. His trainer, Sherill Ward, declared him out of the race—not because the gelding had been assigned 133 pounds for the mile and a quarter but because the rear ankle that has plagued him for so long had filled up again and, along with the swelling, he had developed a cough. How long he will be idle is hard to say. Forego has had his troubles, and Ward has done a remarkable job of training in just keeping him going, to say nothing of the record he has achieved. As had been expected, Proud and Bold, winner of the Donn Handicap, went to the post at even money and showed his usual turn of speed. But Gold and Myrrh, a 14–1 shot, to whom Proud and Bold had given eight pounds, joined him on the stretch turn, and the two went hammer-and-tongs from there to the wire. The decision was Gold and Myrrh's by a neck. Buffalo Lark, seven lengths back, was third.

In the San Luis Rey Stakes, a mile-and-a-half prep for the San Juan Capistrano, Charlie Whittingham snowballed the layout, saddling Tallahto, Toujours Pret, and Trojan Bronze in a field of eight runners. Whittingham won it, too, and with the least fancied of his trio, Trojan Bronze, who took command early and led Okavango, Montmartre, and the others home by more than three lengths. Because rain had softened the turf course, the race was run on the main track. Tallahto disappointed her many backers again, finishing fifth. Trojan Bronze was 9–1. (Horses saddled by the same trainer are not coupled in the betting in California, as they are in the East. Out there, you get a price against each one provided they have different owners.)

Picking up a couple of loose ends at Santa Anita: W. H. Perry's Sarsar, winner of the Santa Susana Stakes, is easily the best three-year-old filly out there in my book. Earlier on, she had won both the Centinela and the Pasadena Stakes, the latter by eleven lengths. The form for the upcoming Santa Anita Derby had a shock when Fleet Velvet beat George Navonod and Diabolo in the San Felipe Handicap. I'm making no selections.

The Louisiana Derby, which moved up into the six-figure bracket only this year, for its fiftieth running, gave its prize money to Master Derby, Colonel Power, and Honey Mark, none of whom were strangers to the Fair Grounds. They shut out Secretariat's half brother Somethingfabulous, who was third in the recent Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, L'Enjoleur, who was Canada's best last season, and six others.

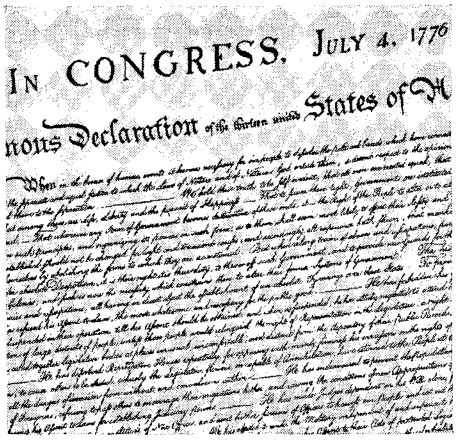
CURIOUSLY, horses brought East from California seldom run at their best here the first time out. Viva La Vivi is an exception. Only a fortnight after she had participated in the Monrovia Stakes at Santa Anita, the mare reeled off a zippy six furlongs at Aqueduct. Last Saturday, she followed that win by taking the Correction Handicap from Ordination by three lengths. Celestial Lights, with Cordero aboard, was third. Cordero, who rode six winners in one afternoon a few weeks ago, seems to have run out of luck. Since the meeting opened, three of his mounts have been disqualified, and he has now been set down for seven days because of careless riding. The rest should do him good.

PIMLICO wound up its first week with the new Hirsch Jacobs Stakes, a memorial to the Saturday horseplayers' favorite player. Nine three-year-olds ran in the $28,650 affair, and Bombay Duck won it by a head from Gallant Bob. Bombay Duck, by the way, is also a dried fish you get with your curry. —AUDAX MINOR

•

United Press International erred Friday in identifying the commandant of the 11th Naval District as Rear Adm. Gillmore Filkerson. He is Rear Adm. Fillmore Gilkeson.—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot.*

And rear admirals can get very ugly sometimes.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HAITIANS OF NEW YORK

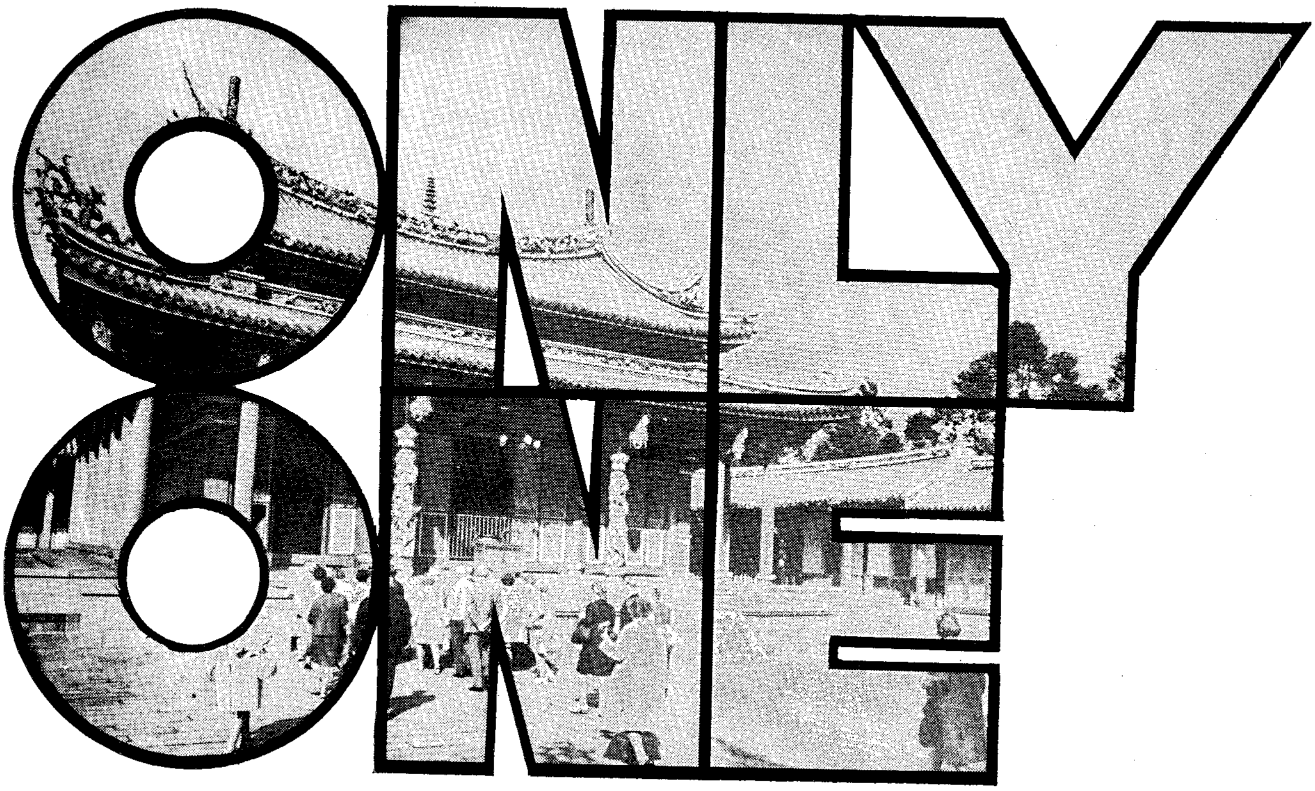
The Haitian dreams of coming to New York. He comes to New York. But he'll never be an American. Why? He is an entity. He has a cultural background. He is somebody. He won't deny his past, because his past belongs to the greatest of Occidental nations. We were the first ones to vanquish Napoleon.—*A Haitian student in New York.*

HAITI, which declared its independence in 1804, is the oldest black republic in the world and, after the United States, the second-oldest sovereign nation in the Western Hemisphere—at least in modern times. Since the struggle that made all of that possible—the renowned slave uprising led by Toussaint L'Ouverture and Jean-Jacques Dessalines—Haiti's history has been marked by two characteristics that are as striking and, so far, as lasting as the poverty of its masses and the despotism of its rulers. One is that, except for such occasional interruptions as the nineteen-year occupation by United States forces, which began in 1915, the country has kept virtually to itself, remaining perhaps the most isolated in the Americas. The other is that Haitians, and especially those from Port-au-Prince, the capital, have become known for a racial and national pride so fierce that it sometimes borders on arrogance. This pride is based, one gathers, partly upon the successful revolt their ancestors made against slavery and partly upon a feeling that, because of Haiti's early independence and the folk culture it subsequently preserved in isolation, Haitians are the most African of any people in the New World.

Although it is almost impossible to ascertain the correct figure, the number of Haitians in New York has been placed as high as three hundred thousand, and it is one of the remarkable ironies of their country's early accomplishment in self-determination that most of them have been driven here by the vagaries of that accomplishment. For close to twenty years now, some Haitians have been settling in New York, a large number of them chiefly to escape from poverty—even today, for their country's per-capita income is only around a hundred and thirty dollars a year. But the vast majority have arrived since 1958, a year or so after the late President François Duvalier—Papa Doc—came to power and embarked upon one of the worst dictatorships in the history of a country that has not enjoyed many moments of democratic government. Having been forced here as a result of a national history of poverty and despotism, the Haitians, not surprisingly, have also carried with them their habits of pride and isolation. Right now, they are probably the most isolated immigrant group in the city. "The silent minority" is a term that even they use to describe themselves. Of course, silence among Haitians is nothing new. It is one of the traits formed during the history of their country's isolation in the hemisphere. But the sort they display in New York is predominantly of more recent vintage. It was born under Papa Doc's police state, when silence became indispensable to survival and to a measure of safety. "We keep silent because it's a tradition we have," one of the refugees in New York says. "Government is to be distrusted. And since we come from a country where government says everything and we have to go along with it, we don't want to say anything in this country that we think this government is going to disapprove of. We come here thinking we're still in Haiti. And even if this government will not disapprove, we are afraid that something we say here might be reported back to the government in Haiti and get our relatives in trouble. There are agents here that Haitians are afraid of—agents who report back to Haiti what we are doing and saying in New York."

So although there are many Haitians who will speak their minds on anything—and "sign to it" in the bargain ("If you say something, you should have the courage to sign; otherwise don't talk")—most of them are reluctant to express themselves on anything controversial, and if they do say anything, they ask that their names be left out of it. While conduct of this sort may be necessary to protect life and limb back in Haiti, it doesn't do much to improve conditions for Haitians living in New York. Their silence upon most public matters, including those bearing directly upon their wel-

There is



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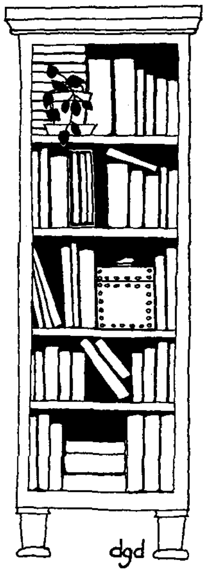
fare in the city, retards their progress as a group and makes large numbers of them virtually invisible to agencies of government that might well be sympathetic to their needs.

The other trait that Haitians have brought here—pride in belonging to the first free black nation in the West and in retaining a culture that is closest to that of Africa—makes them ambivalent in their feelings toward the black American community, of which, for all practical purposes, they are a part. They realize that they share an identity of racial experience with blacks in the United States, but they are torn between that identity and a more decisive one with their cultural and historical roots, the memory that the Haitians were "the first ones to vanquish Napoleon." One of their number has said, "Haitians in New York have many problems, but by far the most serious is that we are a minority within a minority."

STILL another characteristic the Haitians have transported with them to New York is their indigenous style of class relationships. A struggling painter in Brooklyn has said, "We artists do not get much support from the Haitian upper class in New York, because they believe they belong to the American community. They are not integrated into the Haitian community. It is the same problem we have in Haiti. In Haiti, when you are a little light-skinned and you have some money, you are not with the people. The élite are the traditional bourgeoisie. What they do in their social life over here is precisely what white Americans do with respect to blacks. The Haitian bourgeoisie try to reproduce, socially, among Haitians the color problem that exists among black and white Americans."



Firmin Joseph, a Haitian journalist and community organizer who lives in Brooklyn, explains, "The Haitians in New York are what you call the élite, the middle class, and the masses. The élite are supposed to be those who have the good jobs—those who have a college education and are intellectually better prepared than the two other groups." Joseph, who is one of the editors of *Haïti Observateur*—an exile weekly tabloid published on West Seventy-second Street—adds, "Socially speaking, in Haiti they would classify me among the middle class and intellectually among the élite. Personally, I don't go in for those distinctions; I consider myself among the avant-garde. There are not many rich Haitians here—those who brought money over with them. You may find a few people who were rich in Haiti, who had some money but were persecuted by the regime. So when they came here they brought nothing with them, and after they left, the government dispossessed them. One of those who did bring some money is Paul Magloire, the President who was overthrown in 1956. People say he left Haiti with a few million dollars." However, a housewife on the upper West Side who knew Magloire in Haiti disputes Firmin Joseph on the last point. "Magloire is an old man now; his eyes are bad," she says. "I saw him not long ago. He's living in Queens. He's not well off. He bought a house, but it is not an expensive house."

The Haitians who come to New York live mostly in Manhattan, Queens, and Brooklyn. In Manhattan, they are to be found chiefly on the upper West Side, in the area from Riverside Drive to Columbus Avenue between Seventy-second and 110th Streets. Perhaps six thousand to eight thousand of the city's Haitians live there—writers, professionals, and working-class exiles. Brooklyn has about half the total Haitian population, and, like Manhattan, a wide cross-section of social and economic classes. The colonies in Brooklyn are in Crown Heights, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brownsville, East New York, and East Flatbush. "Whole streets in Brooklyn are Haitian," says an exile living in Manhattan. "You go there and you hear people shouting Creole from house to house." The smallest colony, and the most prosperous, is in Queens—Cambria Heights, Corona, and Queens Village. Many of the Haitians there are homeowners and naturalized American citizens. "You'll find that the poor Haitians in Manhattan and Brooklyn are all yearning to get to Queens," Firmin Joseph says. "Queens is the symbol of success. Usually, the Haitians who live there are teaching, or working in a bank. There are some doctors and lawyers, too. The Haitians in Queens have their own clubs. One is a social club called Excelsior. It is the home of part of the

Haitian élite in exile. You'll find there mostly cream-colored Haitians. They are the fair-haired boys and girls of Haitian society."

IT must surely have been the Haitians' need to show what distinguishes them as a minority as well as what unites them with the larger black community that led to "the nation's first major Haitian Cultural Festival" at the American Museum of Natural History a while ago. The festival, which lasted for two days, was organized jointly by "Accent on Haiti" (a program broadcast on Saturday evenings over WNYC-AM) and the Caribbean Studies Program of the museum's Department of Education, and its stated aim was to "introduce Haitian life and customs" to visitors. The first half of the festival was held in the People Center, which has been described as "a new dimension in museum-going . . . where visitors can handle artifacts, wear tribal clothes and jewelry, and see ethnic dances—all for the purpose of learning about other peoples' cultures." The chief host was Serge Beaulieu, a Haitian who produces and moderates "Accent on Haiti," and the co-host was Dr. Malcolm Arth, the chairman of the museum's Department of Education. Beaulieu is a tall, light-skinned man in his thirties who speaks English fluently; his rather chesty manner has been described by a fellow-exile as characteristic of those Haitians who belonged to the more privileged set in Haiti.

The displays included paintings and sculpture by Haitian artists, some who are living in New York, others who are still in Haiti. The guide to these exhibits was Bernard Wah, a young Haitian painter of mixed black and Oriental descent, whose spare, ascetic features and deep, contemplatives eyes give him the look of a youthful, brooding Ho Chi Minh. Wah introduced visitors to paintings by Jean-René Jérôme, St.-Louis Blaise, Pétion Savain, Lucner Lazard, Wilson Bigaud, Louverture Poisson, and Dieudonne Cédor. He explained that these men, whose work was marked here by a childlike simplicity, there by fanciful representations of Haitian life, and everywhere by bold and brilliant coloring, were among the most important painters Haiti has produced.

A middle-aged man named Laurore St.-Juste—short, mannered, well dressed, and very dark, his hair slicked down with pomade—supervised an exhibit of Haitian cultural and historical artifacts. St.-Juste, who is the archivist

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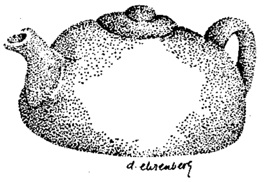
of the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, on West 135th Street in Harlem, explained a display of Haitian coins (gourdes and centimes); kerosene lamps (called *tèt gridap* in Creole), which were small, roughly soldered tin cans with cloth wicks, used chiefly by the peasants of Haiti; a portrait of Toussaint L'Ouverture painted by the black American artist Richmond Barthé; yellowed manuscripts dating to the inception of Haiti's independence; and a copy of "A King in Haiti: The Story of Henri Christophe," a biography by Basil Heatter. A placard in the exhibit declared:

> Haiti possesses a true national literature. It is a fascinating composition of varied elements of Haitian life—its French and African roots, its rural and urban cultures, revolutionary and nationalistic fervor, political conflicts and emotional and intellectual life. The Haitian people have expressed themselves in all forms of poetry, from Creole folklore to sophisticated French verse.

There was a display of Haitian foods and drinks: avocados, plantains, sweet potatoes and sweet-potato pudding, rum and rum liqueur, hot peppers, ginger, coconuts, sugarcane, pineapples, pumpkins, kidney beans, ground corn, cassava, and papaya. There was a short film on voodoo and dance, showing a voodoo priest exorcising evil spirits from a young woman. After yielding herself to a frenzied dance, she ended up writhing on the ground, but the priest, standing over her, and the pulsating beats of a bongo drum saw her through. There was also a fashion show, displaying the colorful costumes that peasant women, slave girls, and free mulattoes wore in Haiti during the eighteenth century. Jacques Dussek, a Haitian actor, recited Haitian folktales.



Simeon Benjamin, a guitarist and folklorist, who is known among Haitians on the upper West Side as Sim-Ben, played and sang the bewitching melody "Choucoune"—a song that Harry Belafonte popularized here in the nineteen-fifties, and that has been heard more recently in an airline commercial as "Yellow Bird." Sim-Ben, an expansive and likable figure, made it plain that he was reclaiming the song for Haitian culture. It wasn't Belafonte's song, he said, and it wasn't the airline's. He said the song and its title celebrate a Haitian girl of great beauty—one of the most beautiful girls in the folklore of the country. Sim-Ben was wearing blue denim overalls, and his head was wrapped in a red kerchief, with a wide-brimmed straw hat resting on it. He is a stocky man in his fifties, who laughs loudly and often, has an affable manner, and speaks in a soft, friendly voice—all of which may account for his popularity among Haitians on the upper West Side. When asked what sort of man Sim-Ben is, one of the Haitians at the festival said, "Sim-Ben? He's a jolly fellow, full of himself. He loves sports. He dances and sings. He loves to quote himself: Sim-Ben says this, Sim-Ben says that. He has a feel for what people like; he's a community man. He's not political. He can go to Haiti whenever he likes. In fact, the Haitian government has tried several times to get him to come back there and live." A few weeks after the festival, Sim-Ben disappeared. None of his friends on the upper West Side could say what had become of him "We just don't know what happened to the guy," one of the editors of *Haït Observateur* was still saying a couple of months later.

The second day of the festival featured a program of songs in Creole and dances drawing upon voodoo ritual, at the conclusion of which Beaulieu told a visitor, "All this goes further than just Haitian culture. I goes all the way back to Africa and black culture. Haitians are part o that culture, and we have something to offer. We presented the songs in Creole, without translation, because to do otherwise would have diluted the expression, and we want to stimulate black Americans to learn more about Haiti. We're all here by accident, and a Haitian and a black American could just as easily have been a Martinican o a Jamaican."

THE immigration authorities and the refugees themselves offe quite different estimate of how many Haitians are living in the New York area. A spokesman a the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service stated that there are nearly fifteen thousand legal residents but would not estimate the number of illegal residents. A much larger total is given out by Haitians particularly by those whose positions in their community enable them to form a sense of how large the population is. One of them, a political activist, puts the figure at three hundred thousand. Another, a man named Lyderic Bonaventure, who runs the Centre Communautaire Haïtien, on Remsen Avenue, in Brooklyn, de-

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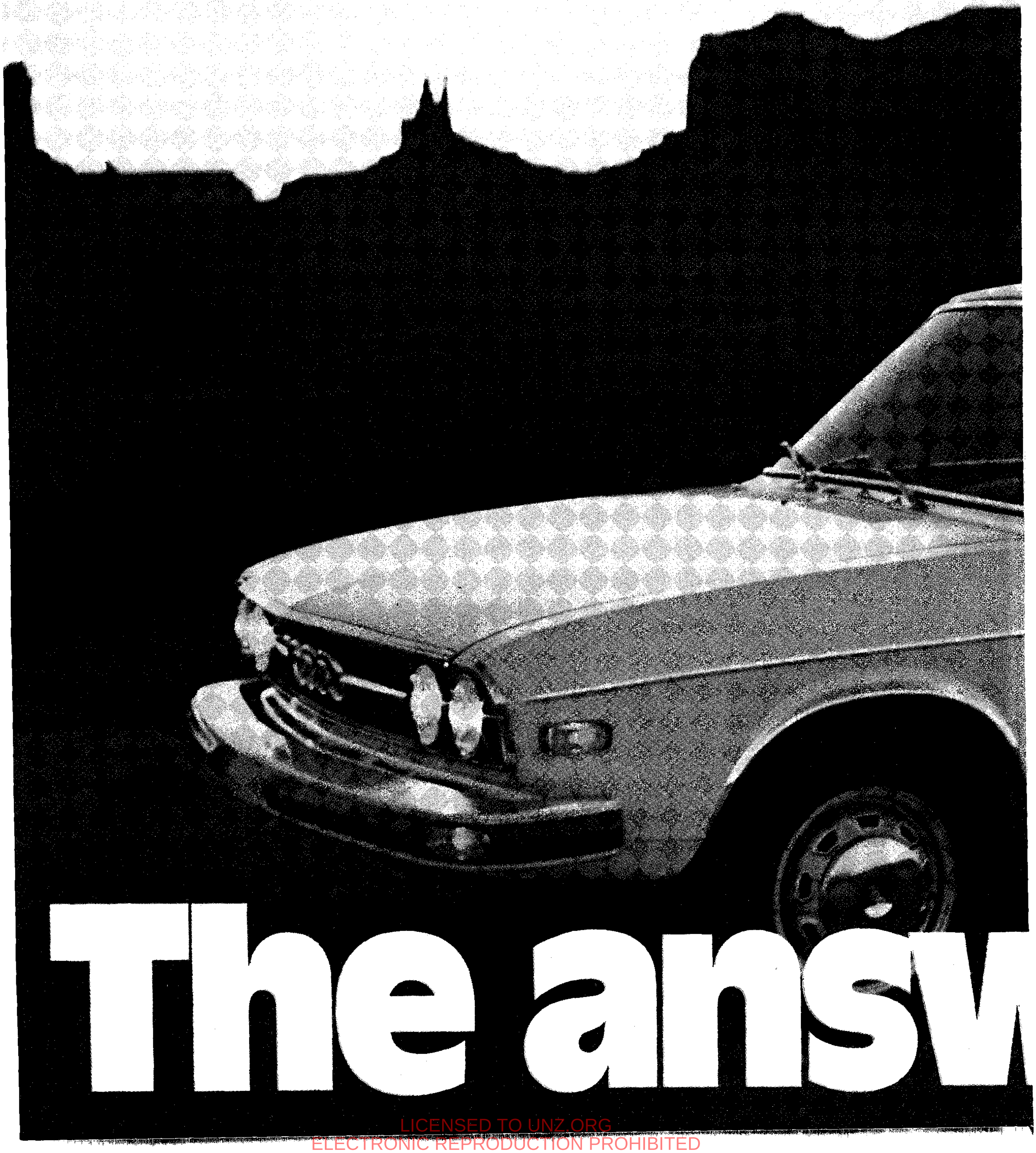

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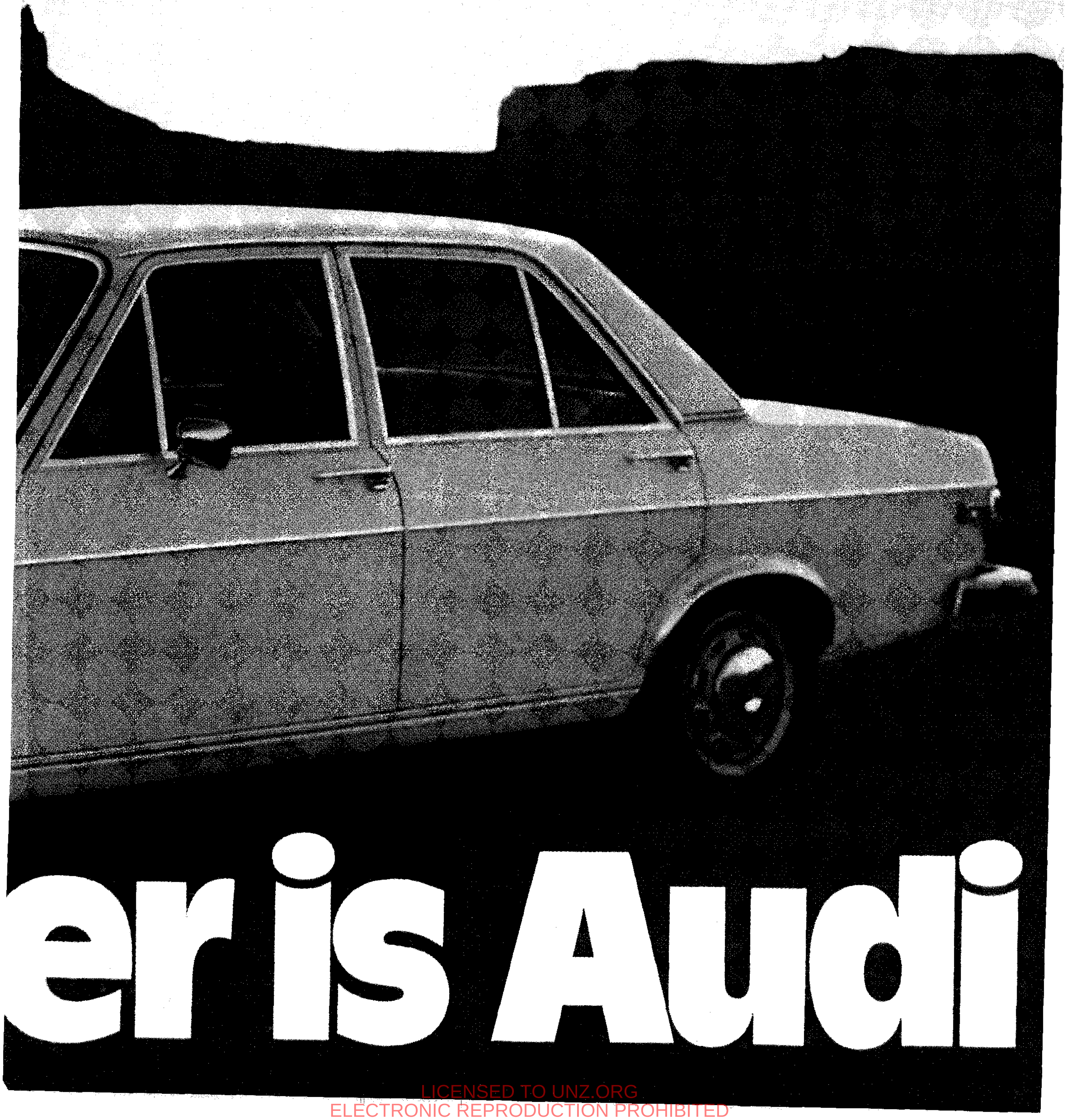

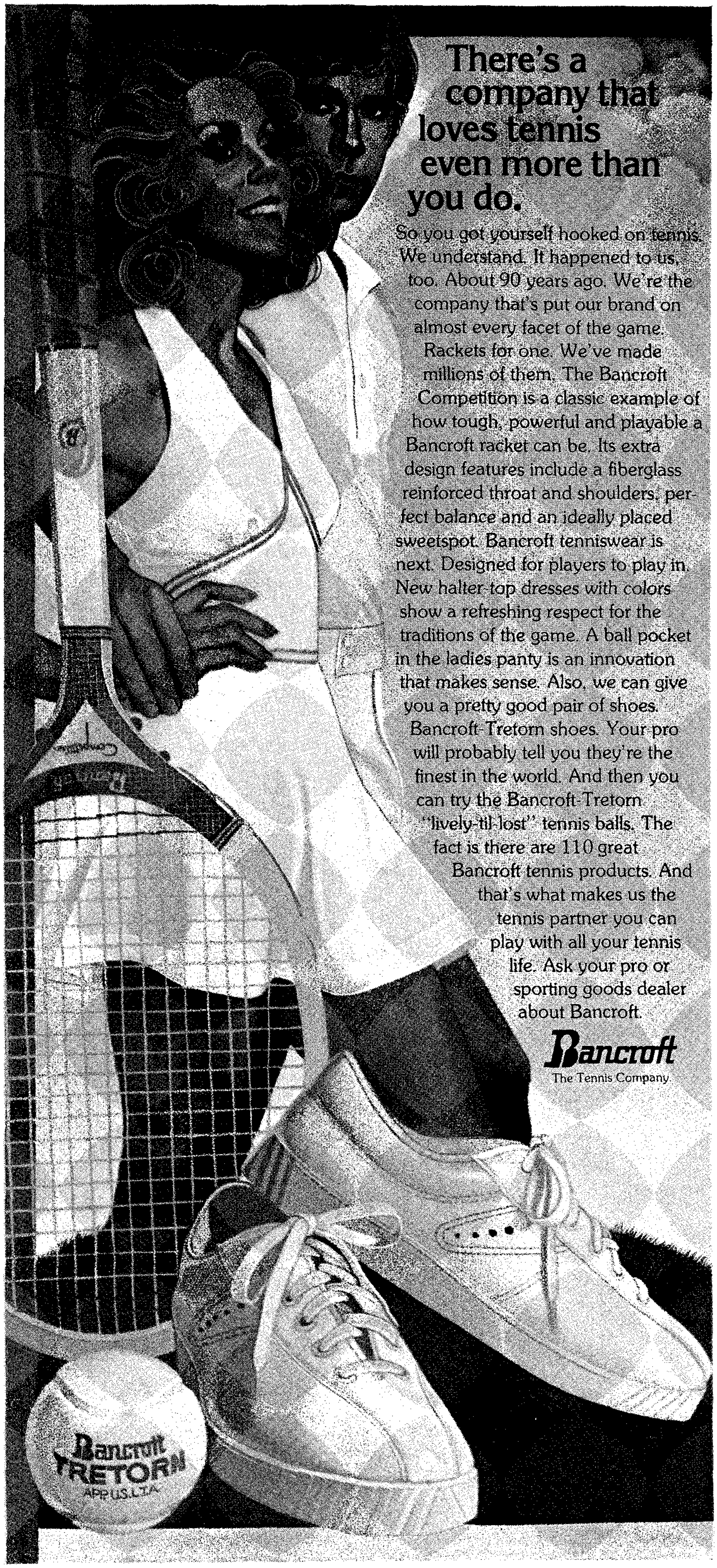
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clares, "The immigration people do not have the correct figure. From everything we know, it appears that the figure is about two hundred and fifty thousand." The immigration authorities' figure is too low, he explains, because their records are limited to those Haitians who are here legally. At one time or another, there have been thousands more in the city, without legal papers. Some of them come here on visitor visas, hoping that by the time these expire, after a few months, they may qualify for resident visas by one legal means or another, such as being granted asylum, being sponsored by relatives who are living here legally, or by demonstrating that they have special skills that are needed in the United States. Some will find that they do not qualify at all. But even those that do qualify may have to wait as long as two years before being granted resident visas. And anyone found working without permission from the government is subject to arrest and deportation. Because of this, many Haitians have simply dropped out of sight when their visitor visas expired. These are likely to be people who have nothing in Haiti to go back to. "In Haiti, people think New York is the promised land," a man in Brooklyn says. "I know families who have sold everything to come here."

Immigration officers in New York are constantly picking up Haitians who are here illegally and sending them back to their country. And from time to time other Haitian refugees are held at different points of entry to the United States and later deported as illegal aliens. These and similar actions have aroused support for the Haitians among certain concerned American citizens and groups. In July of 1973, the *Times* reported that a hundred and twenty-five people had attended a rally in the Riverside Church assembly hall to raise money for the defense "of 117 illegal Haitian immigrants" who were seeking asylum in the United States. "To send these persons back to Haiti is really to condemn them to death," said one of the clergymen who attended.

A month later, Representative Bella Abzug, Representative Charles Rangel, and Bishop Paul Moore, of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, wrote to the *Times:*

> One hundred and seventeen Haitians, twelve of whom are escaped political prisoners, have fled the Duvalier dictatorship and are seeking asylum in the United States. On June 8, eight of the Haitians were called before an Immigration Department hearing in Miami,

where they asked to be considered refugees. Asylum was denied because, as the Immigration officials maintained, there was nothing to fear from the Haitian Government. But it is well known that even the most elementary political freedoms such as the freedoms of speech and press and the right to assemble do not exist in Haiti. Secret trials and more often torture, assassination and secret executions have become facts of life for Haitian citizens. . . . All U.S. citizens must protest the denial of asylum for the Haitians and continue the campaign to win their right to stay without fear of harassment in this country. It is an especially cruel irony that as the Cuban exiles arriving in Miami are welcomed with open arms, these Haitian exiles are being threatened with deportation back to Haiti. And let us be perfectly clear: their return to Haiti means only torture and death.

Because of these and similar experiences, many of the refugees and their sympathizers have accused the United States immigration officials of discriminating against Haitians. If there is any truth to this charge, it is very difficult to prove. The deportation of Haitians who are living here illegally and the barring of others who do not meet the requirements for legal entry can hardly be cited as evidence of discrimination, since all immigrants from the independent countries of the Western Hemisphere who are here illegally receive the same treatment from the authorities. Nor are the requirements that govern the admission of Haitians much different from those that govern the admission of other immigrants. What may make it appear that Haitians are being discriminated against is that more of them try to come into the United States than the immigrant quota for all of the Western Hemisphere—or the different immigrant classifications that United States policy authorizes—can legally accommodate.

But if the Haitians and their supporters are incorrect in what they see as discrimination, they may stand on surer ground in feeling that those who enforce some areas of the immigration policy are not readily sympathetic—and therefore do not respond flexibly enough—to certain of the claims upon which a number of the refugees base their appeal for admission. The main area in which it would appear that Haitians suffer from an inflexible application of immigration policy is that of political asylum—specifically, the process that determines whether a number of those who claim to be political refugees are entitled to be so considered, and therefore to be granted asylum.

This is a determination that requires great care, for many Haitians tend to present themselves to American authorities as political refugees regardless of their real reasons for leaving Haiti. These reasons are, in the majority of cases, economic, and as such they do not constitute the ground upon which political asylum is normally granted—that a refugee must be in real danger of religious, racial, or political persecution if sent back home. Still, this does not mean that the appeal for asylum is made lightly by all Haitians. There are some who flee Haiti by means that appear so urgent—for instance, sailing across the Atlantic in shaky little boats—that they could hardly have been impelled to leave except under a sense that their lives and their safety were in some peril.

It is not clear, however, whether their reasons for leaving Haiti are always carefully searched out by the authorities when they arrive in the United States. The attitude that generally awaits the refugees is that what Haitians are running away from is poverty, not the danger of political persecution. Nor is it even clear whether American authorities are prepared to be impressed by claims that political persecution goes on in Haiti. The assessment the United States makes of the government of Haiti is not one that allows it to take as grave a view of the Duvalier dictatorship as it has taken of, say, Castro's—something that, over the years, has favored a more generous admission of refugees from Cuba. Therefore, the tendency, as it appears, is for United States authorities also to feel that there is no political persecution in Haiti that is serious enough to warrant—except in irrefutably dire cases—the appeal that the refugees make for political asylum.

This, at any rate, seems to be one of the main points of a letter that an official in the State Department sent to *The New Yorker* in response to an item the magazine had printed on the plight of some of the refugees who had come here seeking asylum. Last year, the National Council of Churches held a one-day conference in New York City to protest the treatment these refugees usually receive when they arrive in Florida, and *The New Yorker*, in its report on the conference, included this excerpt from a resolution the National Council of Churches had passed:

> In the past fourteen months, more than 400 Haitian refugees . . . have come to the United States. Ill and hungry after weeks at sea in flimsy boats, fifty at least

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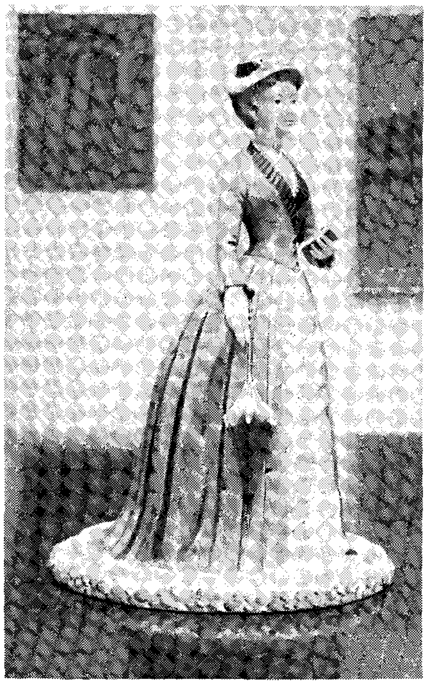

Kate. Walking to church in the Spring of 1885.
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having drowned when their overloaded boats sank somewhere along the 800-mile odyssey from Haiti to Florida, they were making their escape from tyranny to what they supposed would be freedom. But since December 13, 1972, when the first contingent of sixty-five arrived, they have been denied political asylum and have become subject to deportation.

A few weeks later, Frank L. Kellogg, special assistant to the Secretary for Refugee and Migration Affairs, in the State Department, sent this to *The New Yorker:*

> An entry in your "Talk of the Town" department, issue of July 15, relating to the plight of Haitians who have been denied "political asylum" in the United States contains hyperbole which should not go uncorrected.
>
> Haiti is a country of dense population and extreme poverty. It lies across a difficult but not impassable stretch of sea from the most prosperous of nations—a land in which even a menial job allows an ordinary man, accustomed to Haiti's scale of living, to support himself and send money home. It is small wonder that Haitians desperate for work continue to seek entry to the United States by any and all means.
>
> I personally would like to think that any human being with the enterprise and courage to cross 800 miles of shark-infested, sometimes stormy ocean, on a leaky boat or an inner-tube raft, would be welcomed to our shores as a promising prospective member of our society. Perhaps our immigration laws should provide for this.
>
> But the laws are not so written. Nor is what you term "political asylum" a legal solution. Asylum law has nothing to say about refugees from harsh economic conditions. Asylum, under the law, applies to refugees from persecution "because of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or political opinion."
>
> I personally have been to Haiti to look into alleged persecution. I have discussed the matter with our Ambassador and his staff in Port au Prince, with resident representatives of American and third-country business and humanitarian organizations, with Haitian Government officials and with President Duvalier himself. Our Embassy has made Haitian authorities aware of U.S. public and, of course, U.S. Government interest. A representative of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees has made an independent investigation. There is no evidence I know of to indicate systematic persecution of Haitian citizens by their government.
>
> Should the situation change, we will revise our judgments accordingly. Meanwhile I would be violating the law if I should recommend blanket asylum status for persons who are not in fact refugees from persecution with well-founded fear of persecution if returned home.
>
> The implication that there exists a U.S. Government determination to deny asylum to all Haitians is flatly false.
>
> In addition to Haitians who have crossed direct from their island, there are others who have come by similar means from the Bahamas, where the local government has been canceling their work permits. And a very large third group is made up of Haitians in the U.S. on expired visitor or other visas, thousands of them in New York alone, who have remained illegally in order to work. Many of these, when apprehended by the immigration authorities, also are claiming asylum.
>
> We in my office look at the case of each asylum claimant—from Haiti and every other country—on its individual merits. We go to great lengths to examine the claimant's assertions and to verify information. Our approach is compassionate; we resolve doubts in favor of the claimant; we strive to apply the law in favor of asylum if the claim is at all reasonable. And in the cases of several score Haitians—persons with credible fear of persecution—we have indeed recommended to the Immigration and Naturalization Service (which has the responsibility and is the final authority in these matters) that asylum be granted.

The problems of housing, jobs, and language that most Haitians face in New York are even more severe for those who stay here illegally. They are afraid to approach government agencies for assistance. They must take whatever jobs they can find—usually as domestics and factory hands—at whatever wages are offered. Landlords gouge them outrageously. They crowd transient hotels on the upper West Side. And they are exploited even by their own countrymen. For instance, one of the avenues to legal residency is for a visitor to marry a Haitian, or anyone else, who is a citizen. Knowing this, Haitian men who are living here legally and claim to be citizens have been known to go out to Kennedy or LaGuardia Airports to meet young girls coming in from Port-au-Prince and invite them home, with a promise to marry them if everything works out. The promise is seldom kept. The girls are turned out as soon as the men feel the desire for fresh immigrant company.

The problems facing Haitian migrants are severe enough even for those who are here legally, including those of superior education and attainments. In September of 1963, the year in which refugees began flooding into the United States in increasing numbers, the *Times* carried a report on the refugees which said, in part:

> They include doctors, lawyers, engineers, economists, professors and former high government officials. Many have been in political prisons. Relatives have been killed and most escaped by taking asylum in foreign embassies in Port au Prince. . . . A Haitian economist with a graduate degree from Laval University in Quebec is working in a box and carton factory here. A former Senator in the Haitian Parliament is a watchman. An

Some of us live on "The Thin Edge" all the time. All of us have been there sometime.

An estimated 20 million Americans need help with their emotional problems.

They live on **The Thin Edge** of mental stability. Some because they don't realize they need help. Others because they don't know where to find it.

Now the Public Broadcasting Service is joining with the National Association for Mental Health and other organizations in a massive nationwide 8-week campaign to inform the public about these problems, and to help families find the help they need.

Starting at 8:00 PM(EDT), Monday evening, March 31, a series of five full-hour TV specials entitled **The Thin Edge** premieres on 254 public television stations across America.

The series will focus on such subjects as depression, guilt and anxiety—psychological states we all experience. It will examine what medicine knows about these states, what treatments are available, and how we might prevent someone from going over **The Thin Edge.**

Following each of these nationwide broadcasts, more than 125 stations will present their own local programs that focus on local conditions. In each community, mental health experts will answer questions phoned-in by viewers, including where to find help locally.

The goal of this campaign: to talk personally with at least 200,000 Americans who need help—and suggest to them how and where to find it.

The Thin Edge is the most intensive coordinated effort ever undertaken to help Americans improve their understanding of the nature and treatment of emotional problems—and to provide personal assistance to those who need it.

March 31	Depression: The Shadowed Valley
April 14	Aggression: The Explosive Emotion
April 28	Guilt: The Psychic Censor
May 12	Anxiety: The Endless Crisis
May 26	Sexuality: The Human Heritage

CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL SCHEDULE.

"THE THIN EDGE" IS A PRODUCTION OF THE SCIENCE PROGRAM GROUP OF WNET/13, THE NEW YORK AREA PUBLIC TELEVISION STATION, UNDER A GRANT FROM

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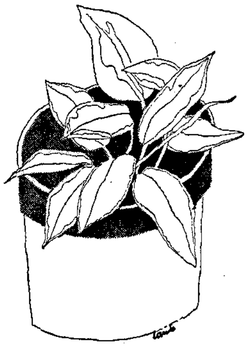
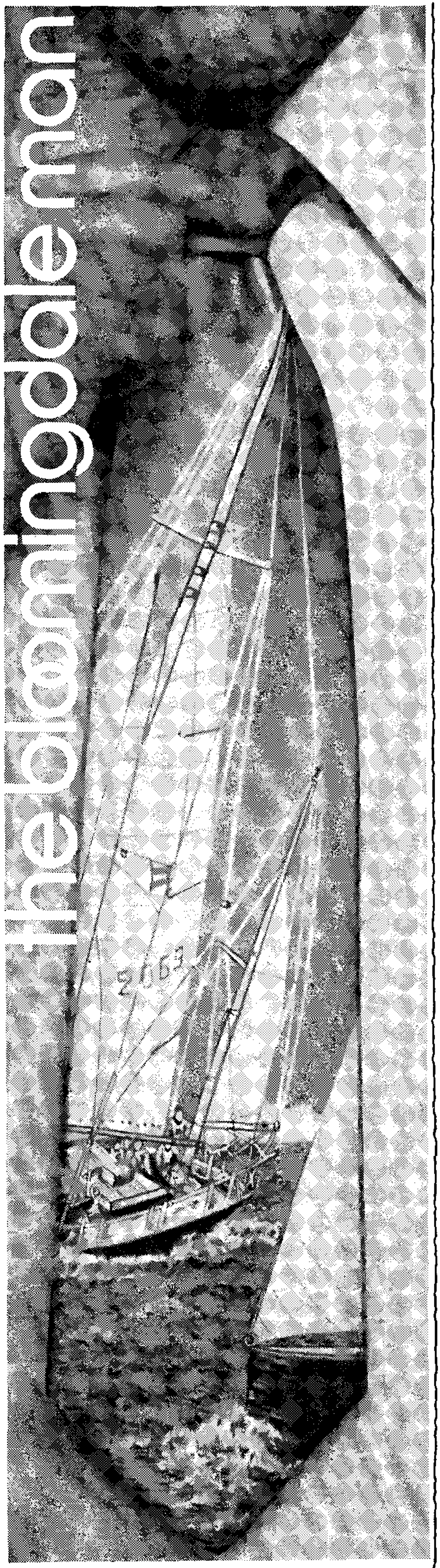
engineer is working on a factory loading platform. Exceptions have been doctors who are taken on by local hospitals, although they must serve an internship and residence before they can practice here. The Haitians who are earning are, for the most part, destitute because they support those who are not working. And each week more refugees arrive who must be housed and fed. It is typical for five exiles to live in a two-room apartment with only one of the five working.

In 1967, to help such exiles, the Haitian Neighborhood Service Center was opened on Amsterdam Avenue in the Eighties, under the direction of Lyderic Bonaventure. Bonaventure, who had fled to this country in 1961, because "they were trying to kill me," had been a labor leader in Haiti. From 1946 to 1957, he was president of the Haitian Transport Workers Union, an organization of truckers, and soon after coming to the United States he worked as an organizer for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and as a representative in Africa and at the United Nations for the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. In 1969, when he had placed the Haitian Neighborhood Service Center firmly on its feet, Bonaventure moved over to Brooklyn and helped to set up the Centre Communautaire Haïtien. Now sixty-two years old, he is a short, chunky, folksy-looking man, who listens to visitors with what can be interpreted as either utter politeness or utter cautiousness. During the longest question or statement, he looks on impassively—interjecting nothing, volunteering nothing, no matter how desperately a questioner may be groping or stumbling. When the question or statement ends, however, Bonaventure's face lights up graciously. One day not long ago, through several such intervals of light and shadow, he explained to a caller what the Centre Communautaire does for Haitian migrants.



"We have here a specialist in immigration; one in professional placement; one in counselling; one in general employment; one in job development; a secretary; and a training person for the sewing machine," Bonaventure said. "We train Haitians to sew and send them out to work in factories. We did have a typing pool, but the money for that has run out. We have a class in English. And we have counselling services in employment, professional placement, and immigration. One problem is that the government agencies are not equipped to help the Haitian community in getting jobs, because the Haitians don't speak English. We have a transportation system to get people to jobs outside of New York City. Three buses take Haitians to several points on Long Island. Our immigration section gives people legal assistance. There is a man here who is a lawyer—not a lawyer in America but a lawyer in Haiti. He is a specialist in immigration problems. We have sent him to seminars and meetings to study how to help us handle the immigration situation. This is another of our big problems. People come here without visas, because of the dictatorship in Haiti, and we have to fish in difficult waters to get them permanent visas, and to help them survive while they try to get visas. We are funded by federal, city, religious, and private sources."

In 1969, the Neighborhood Center on the upper West Side moved from Amsterdam Avenue to Broadway, taking up quarters on the second floor above the Riviera Theatre, between Ninety-sixth and Ninety-seventh Streets. In September of 1974, the Neighborhood Center moved to yet another address on Amsterdam Avenue, because the Riviera was being pulled down. The most widely known member of the staff of four is Anne Jaegerhuber, who is white. She is an effervescent middle-aged mother of two, with bobbed white hair and a ready smile for everyone. She is fluent in German, English, French, and Creole. Mrs. Jaegerhuber is a German who fled the Nazis in the nineteen-thirties and settled in Haiti. In 1959, she was running again—this time from Duvalier's secret police, the Tontons Macoutes—and came to live in New York. A widow, she supported herself and her children by working as a superintendent in a number of apartment buildings on the upper West Side. She joined the Neighborhood Center as a manpower community worker in 1967, and has been there ever since. "The migration has declined recently, but people are still coming," she said some months ago. "They come here to the center and you ask them how long they've been here and they say a month, two weeks. The people very much have a sense of family, and if they have family they send money home. The mother comes and works for the family, then the father comes, then the children



the boat show, '75

The sailboat tie . . . of pure silk. This, from a collection of sailboat motifs printed on grounds of navy, medium blue, camel, rust, grey. From Courcheval. **12.50** in the Men's Store, Main Level, New York and all fashion branches.

come. Or the father comes first and sends the money, then slowly the whole family comes. The new government hasn't changed things enough yet to keep Haitians at home. Things are a little quieter now, but there's little real change for the better. The leaders issue statements saying things are better, but you can't believe what the papers say. There isn't so much persecution anymore, so people are not so afraid anymore, but the economy is far down. One of the worst problems among Haitians in New York is that many of them are unskilled or semi-skilled. Some are skilled for Haiti but not skilled for New York. Take the carpenters—many of them are excellent workers, but they don't know the new machines carpenters are using over here. Or the cabinetmakers—they make beautiful furniture in Haiti, but when they come to work in a factory here they don't know the machinery. Or you take the shoemakers—in Haiti they make shoes by hand, but when they come here they have to make shoes by machine. As to what problems Haitians have here with other ethnic groups, I would have to say that with black Americans they have none, or very few. In the schools, they have come along all right; in the colleges they've worked together. But they have problems with Puerto Ricans. It's not that the Haitians have anything against the Puerto Ricans, but the Puerto Ricans are very possessive. As I said to the Human Rights Commissioner, Eleanor Holmes Norton—she asked if there were any problems, and I said yes. In the garment industry, say, most of the factories have Puerto Rican people, and it's very hard to put the Haitian people in. The Puerto Ricans try to keep them out. They say that the Haitians have to speak Spanish, which is not right. There was a girl who had learned her English and all of a sudden she was asked to speak Spanish. Haitians themselves don't interfere with anybody. You know, they live their own little lives."

IN September of 1963, the *Times* reported that the Haitian community in New York had "split into numerous political factions," and added, "Each party leader hopes to become president after the fall of the Duvalier regime." The leaders were all disappointed, of course. When Duvalier died, in April of 1971, he was succeeded as President for Life by his son Jean-Claude, who is known as Bébé Doc. At the beginning, Jean-Claude's regime was perceived by refugees here to be one of a milder despotism than that of his father. For a while, Haitians

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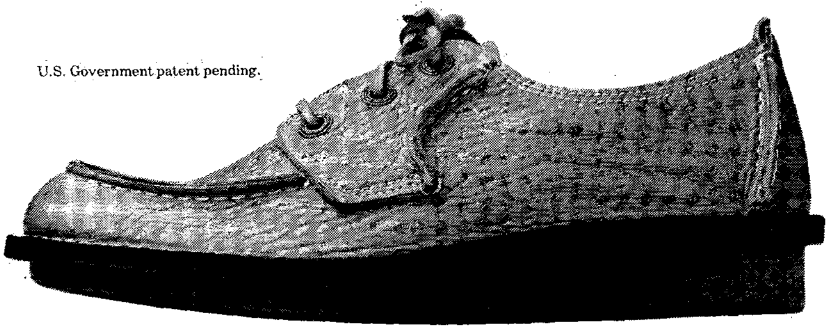

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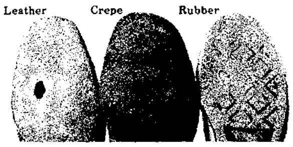

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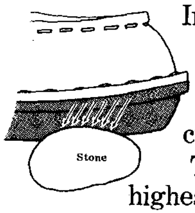

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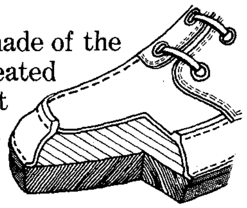

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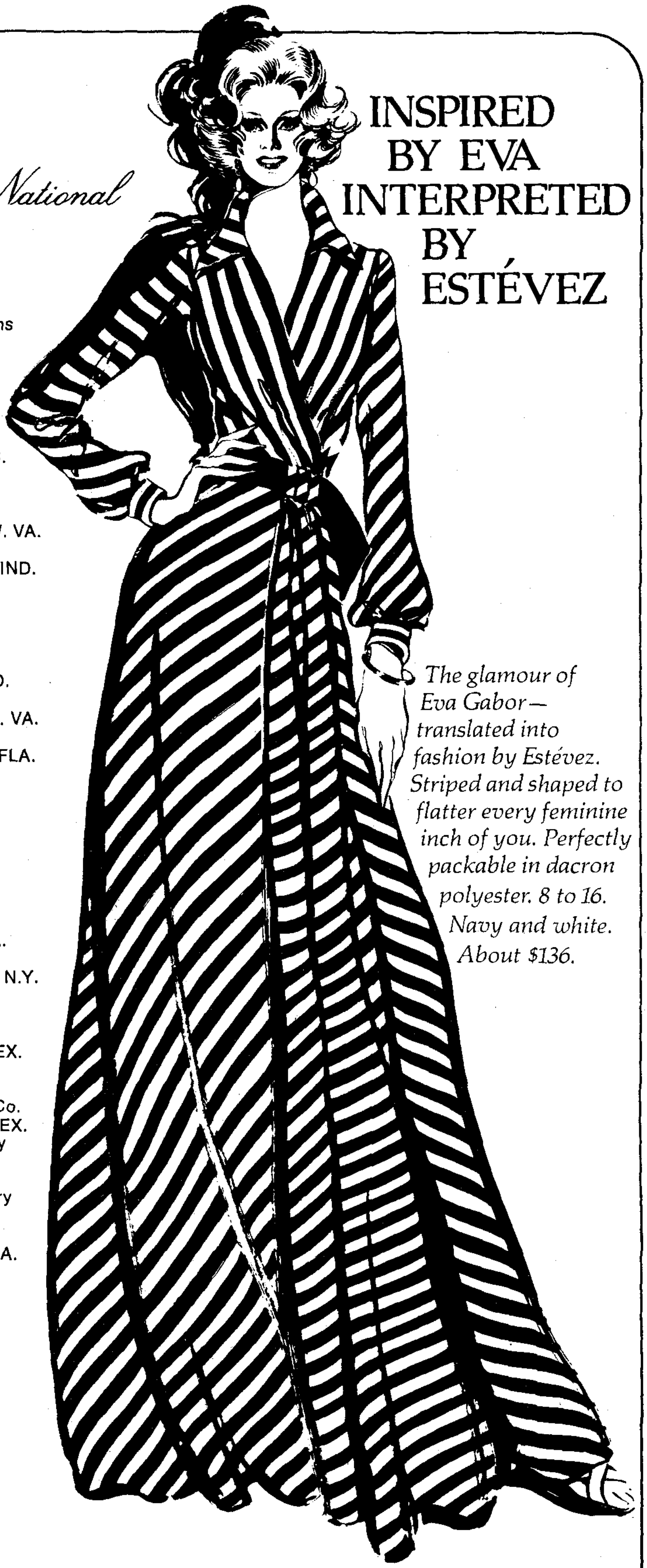

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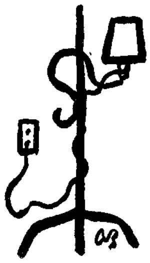
THE Eva Gabor LOOK BY ESTÉVEZ

in New York heard that fear and intimidation had left the streets of Port-au-Prince. There was even talk at one point that Jean-Claude proposed to disband the dreaded Tontons Macoutes. All of this temporarily weakened the anti-Duvalier movement abroad. In recent months, however, as the refugee antennae claim to have picked up news of renewed persecution and autocratic excesses in Haiti, the opposition movement in New York has revived.

Still, even during the early stages of Jean-Claude's regime, when he appeared to be consolidating his power by relaxing some of the tensions that had characterized his father's dictatorship, many opposition factions here had not given up hope but had dug in for a period of long and patient resistance. This refusal to surrender the dreams they cherished for a more democratic and humane climate in their country was sustained by what they remembered of the two decades or so that preceded the era of the Duvaliers—unsatisfactory as even those years were in many respects. Mrs. Jaegerhuber, for one, speaks nostalgically of some of the Presidents before Duvalier. "You know, in Haiti, when people don't know the year of their birth they say they were born under such-and-such a President," she has said. "I came to Haiti under President Sténio Vincent, in 1937. After Vincent came President Elie Lescot, under whom we had a great general strike. Then after him came Dumarsais Estimé. Estimé was a good President, but he was deposed and sent to New York. And then Paul Magloire came to office. I was in good standing with all four Presidents, but I admired Estimé the most. He did the most for the people. In the beginning, Magloire was excellent, but he changed. He began making a lot of money. He didn't commit crimes, though, and he was very humane. There were no crimes under Estimé, either. Once, when I was living in the mountains and my husband was sick, Estimé asked me to come down and tell him what I wanted. At the beginning, Magloire was for the people, too, but not later. The only time I couldn't approach the Palace was after Duvalier took over. In 1957, I was in the political party of Clément Jumelle, one of the candidates who opposed Duvalier in the Presidential election. After Duvalier won, the Tontons Macoutes were around my house all the time, watching me, because I had supported Jumelle. By 1959, I couldn't stand it. I was afraid, so I came here. It seems I've been running from dictators all over the world. What the people want in Haiti is a democratic government, but I don't think there is much chance of that. After Papa Doc died, everyone was happy. The new leaders say that things will change, that they will have elections, but, if I know anything about their elections, it will be the same old story. Baby Doc, poor thing, what can he do? He is directed by his mother or by the people around him."

The number of exile opposition groups in New York is hard to determine. Nor is there any available estimate of their membership. Firmin Joseph, the journalist and community organizer, says, "Some groups are out in the open, but there are others that operate underground, whose names cannot be told." Among the underground groups is the Haitian Coalition, a broad-based association of anti-Duvalier activists inside Haiti and abroad. In the United States, the group went underground at the beginning of the Nixon Administration. The National Party, led by Dr. Gaston Jumelle, is a remnant of the party that was led during the 1957 Presidential election by Clément Jumelle, his brother. Résistance Haïtienne is a coalition of about twelve groups that are said to represent the majority of political Haitians in New York; according to a member of a rival group, however, Résistance Haïtienne "is based mainly among the upper class in Queens." The Komité K'ap Défann Doua Pèp Ayisyin—the name, which is Creole, means Committee for the Defense of the Democratic Rights of the Haitian People—is a coalition of radical and leftist groups. Among its member organizations are the Rassemblement des Forces Progressistes Haïtiennes; Sèl; En Avant; Union Fanm Ayisyin Patriot; Heure Haïtienne; and the Mouvement Haïtien d'Action Patriotique. One of the officers of the Haitian Coalition says of the Mouvement Haïtien, "They publish a paper called *Le Patriote Haïtien*, and, reading what they say, I would have to put them in the left column. We have nothing in common with such a group, other than that we are both anti-Duvalier. I'm interested in a Haitian solution, not a Cuban solution, a Chinese solution, or a Muscovite solution. And these guys, the way I read them, that's what they want."



In a story datelined Port-au-Prince, the *Times* reported on September 2, 1965, "President François Duvalier, in a formal note of protest, has asked the United States to silence an anti-Duvalier radio program shortwaved to the Caribbean from New York. Many Haitians who listen to the broadcasts each morning believe the United States Government is behind them. Dr. Duvalier himself blames Haitian exiles. His protest charges that the program, which started July 19, constitutes aggression against his Government." The broadcast was called Radio Vonvon (Creole for "bug"), and was on every morning from six to six-thirty over WRUL, a shortwave station, on West Fifty-eighth Street, that is owned by the Mormon Church. The announcers spoke in Creole, and were members of the United Haïtienne Internationale, of which, according to the *Times*, former President Magloire was then the head.

The man who ran Radio Vonvon is Raymond Alcide Joseph, a journalist who was also secretary-general of the Haitian Coalition. Joseph, now forty-three years old, lives on the upper West Side, where, in the evenings, after he leaves his job on a New York newspaper, he edits *Haïti Observateur*. There is not much about Joseph that marks him as the sort of person to have engaged in dangerous anti-Duvalier activity. He is short, still youthful-looking, speaks softly, has a diffident manner, and he came to this country to take up Bible studies at the Moody Bible Institute, in Chicago. From Moody he moved to Wheaton College, in Wheaton, Illinois, where he studied anthropology. After graduating from Wheaton, he went on to the University of Chicago, where he got a master's degree in social anthropology and began studying for a doctorate.

"I was working on my dissertation in November, 1964, when I read that Papa Doc took two young men and shot them publicly," Joseph recalls. "They were rebels who had come from New York. Of course, that's the fate of rebels when they are caught. But when Papa Doc declared a national holiday, closed the schools, and brought the children out to watch the execution, I didn't see any further need for me to work for a Ph.D. and go back home. I decided right then and there to put my knowledge to work fighting the regime, and I came to New York in 1965 to help organize the Haitians. It is a sad fact that eighty-five per cent of the Haitians believe in voodoo. And voodoo means that everything has a soul—animals may have souls, or people can be turned into animals, or people can exist as trees. But Papa Doc

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was the first man smart enough to use voodoo to maintain a hold on the people. He used the witch doctors—the voodoo priests—by giving them weapons, giving them money. That way, he had a built-in network of spies. And, little by little, Papa Doc made people believe that everything that moved in Haiti was moved by him. So Radio Vonvon had all that in mind. We broadcast to Haiti what was happening there. We gave names and places and dates. The program was not meant to overthrow the government. I was interested in winning the people. We had our sources in Haiti. We told people what was going on in the Palace, in the ministries, in the countryside. But after a while the people became leery of the broadcasts from New York. They knew that Duvalier paid people to do things, so they thought the radio was another trick of his. Duvalier himself told them, 'From now, I speak from abroad.' Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore, and he complained to the United States government. Broadcasting against Duvalier was very dangerous. If he could have got his hands on us, he would have done away with us. But I am not afraid of speaking out against the government. I don't feel they're going to hire somebody to shoot me in the streets. The way they usually eliminate you is by poisoning—putting something in your food or on your chair. But I spend time only among friends I can trust. And even if they were to hire somebody to shoot me in the streets, I wouldn't care. *Haïti Observateur* is the greatest voice in New York against the Haitian government. Once I believe in something, my life is not important. When we discontinued the broadcasts—we had run out of money—the Haitian Coalition's members dispersed among various other exile groups. But they regard themselves primarily as members of the coalition, and can be called together again whenever the coalition needs them. I no longer speak officially for the coalition. The job I hold in New York does not permit it. The best thing would be for me to forget about Haiti. I could do pretty well for myself here if I did that, but I feel I carry that country as a burden upon me. What kind of Haiti would I like to see? People talk about the Haiti of Estimé. He was a good President. But my dream for a new Haiti goes back beyond Estimé. I would have to go back as far as Toussaint L'Ouverture. He was a man of compassion. He believed in work, and he had great ideas for the development of the country. The tradition

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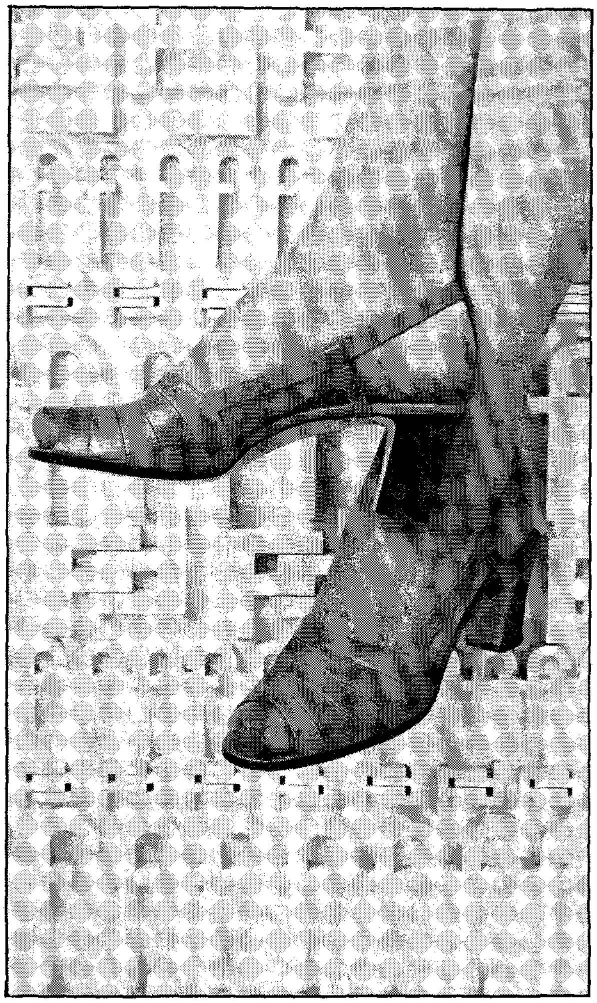

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of L'Ouverture has been betrayed throughout Haitian history. If I could put Toussaint and, in modern times, Estimé together, that would be my idea of how to bring about a new Haiti."

PRESUMABLY, most Haitians feel they carry a burden for their country, but not all in the way that Raymond Joseph does. For example, André Letellier, a Haitian who came to the United States in 1946, long before the Duvalier regime, and is now an American citizen, says he has no interest whatever in Haitian politics. It is his opinion that the Haitian condition will never be any different, regardless of who is running the government. Nor is he the least bit concerned about the plight of Haitian exiles in New York. What moves him is the plight of the peasants in Haiti. "Haiti is divided into two groups," he explains. "Ninety per cent are not educated. These are the peasants. They live in the mountains. They are the cultivators, the farmers, and so on. They can barely make ends meet. They have to stay there and be exploited. Haiti also has a good number of doctors, lawyers, and *agronomes*, educated in Europe, Canada—all over the world. When they return to Haiti, they do not go outside and work among the peasants. That's below their dignity. They all stay in the city. It is a joke to see these *agronomes* working in city offices, and their big, beautiful diplomas hanging in their living rooms. In the meantime, the peasants in the countryside, who need them, can go to hell. I am not interested in Haitians in New York, either. They had to have money and education to come here. They will never die of hunger in the United States. If they were able to come to this city, they were not poor in Haiti. Poor people in Haiti cannot obtain a visa to come to this country. For one thing, you have to know how to read. For another, you have to have enough English to fill out the forms that the consul-general gives you. And you have to have some kind of money. To get your visa, passport, and fare could cost you as much as five hundred dollars. Well, if a peasant has five hundred dollars he will never leave the country, because he will use that money to buy grain to plant and live. So the Haitians in New York are nowhere near as important to me as the Haitians in Haiti."

Letellier is a typographer for the *News*. His efforts on behalf of the peasants in Haiti—"the beauty of my work"—are carried out through an organization called the Haitian & Co-

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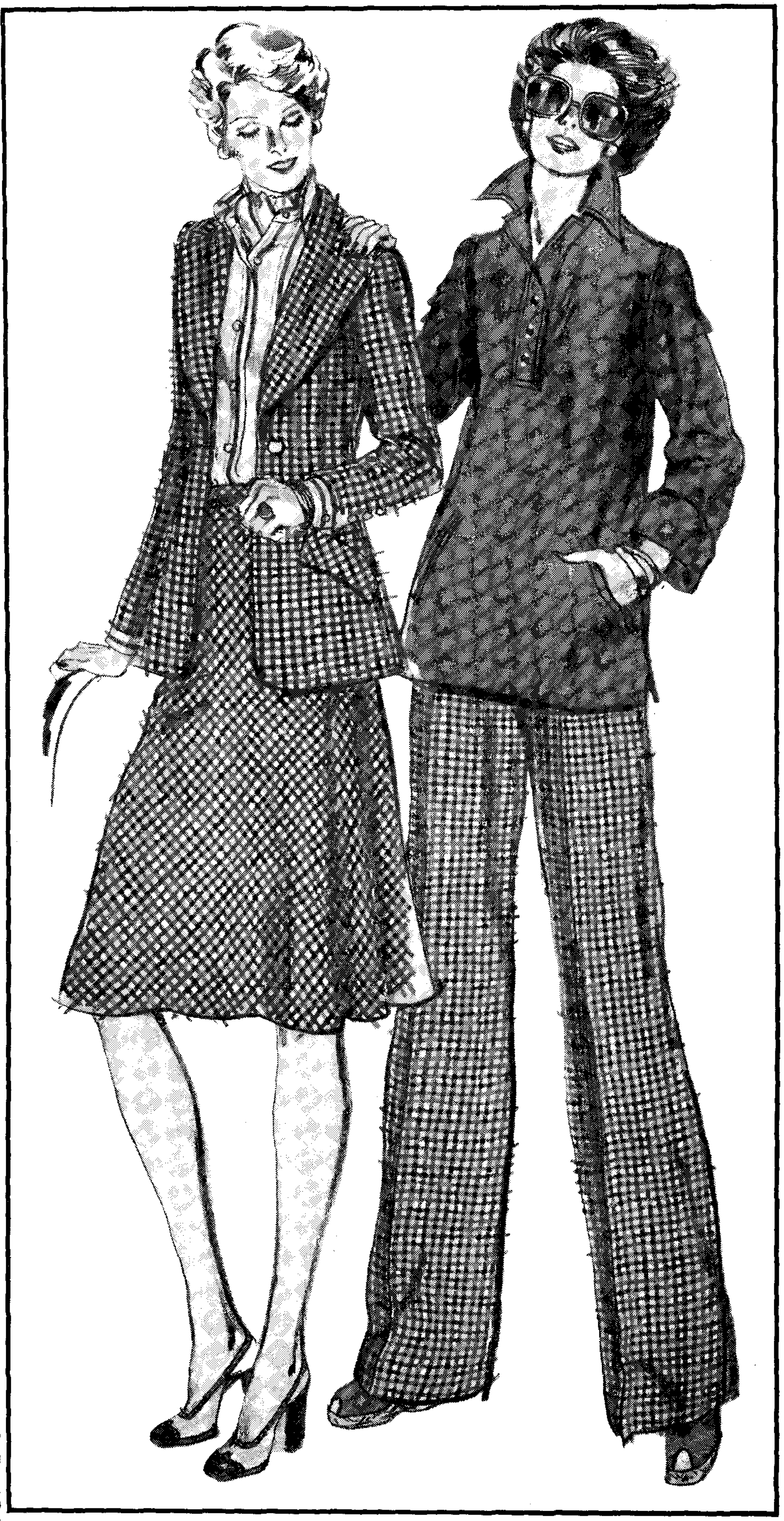

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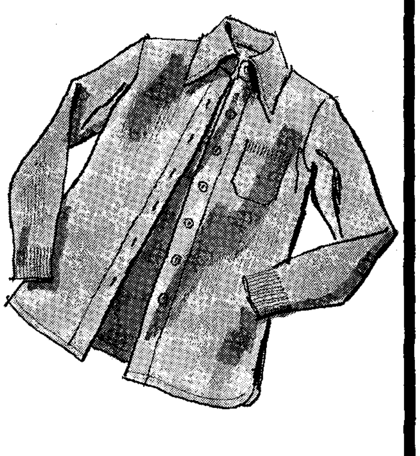

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Arts Association, which he founded in 1956, after Hurricane Hazel had devastated the Haitian countryside. The headquarters of the association is Letellier's apartment, on Park Row, on the lower East Side. Letellier, who is fifty-seven years old, is a light-skinned man of medium height. With his neatly clipped mustache, closely trimmed and well-groomed hair, and smooth face, he always looks like a man who has just come from the barbershop. The eighth edition of the *Encyclopedia of Associations* gives this description of the Haitian & Co-Arts Association:

> Members 582. Professionals, business executives, artists and others. "To voluntarily contribute to the elimination of hunger, eradication of disease, and promotion of literacy of deprived children of the peasants in rural areas of Haiti." Establishes rural and mobile clinics accessible to inhabited villages under a program of community-wide vaccination against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough, tuberculosis, yaws, malaria, and tetanus; provides information on these diseases to villages; undertakes educational programs to improve diets and hygiene.

The association's chief activity in New York is obtaining donations of medical supplies and equipment, educational materials, and food, and sending them to rural Haiti. Since 1956, according to a piece of the association's literature, it has sent almost sixty thousand dollars' worth of antibiotic, antitubercular, and antimalaria drugs; close to a hundred thousand dollars' worth of psychotherapeutic drugs and vitamins; almost seven thousand dollars' worth of hospital supplies; thirty-one thousand dollars' worth of medical apparatus and instruments; nearly two thousand dollars' worth of medical and dental instruments and books (from time to time the association has also sent down dentists); thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of educational material and toys; and a little over a thousand dollars' worth of corned beef, rice, beans, powdered milk, and dried soup. And, according to a story about Letellier that appeared in 1969 in a *News* house organ called *News Pix*, this is an example of what happens when the supplies reach Haiti:

> Keeping a watchful eye on the activities of the poverty fighters are the Tontons Macoutes, the policemen of President . . . Duvalier. "Since every visitor is suspected of being a CIA agent," says André, "we are very circumspect. We just go into the towns, pass out the supplies and get right out. We are strictly non-political, that is the only way our group can operate." André's voice thickened with emotion as he told of distributing food to school children. "One little boy with arms and legs like matchsticks did not eat anything but stuffed all the food into the pockets of his pants and shirt. He said he wanted to share it with his five brothers and sisters at home.". . . André brightened as he took out a picture showing a group of grinning youngsters vigorously wielding tooth brushes. He said, "This was the first time they had ever used tooth paste—some of them even tried to eat it. When I visited their village the following year the children ran after me shouting, 'The Tooth Brush Man is back.' "

It is the conditions among the rural people, Letellier argues, that constitute the real problem of Haiti, and not politics or the nature of the government "People outside Haiti attribute the peasants' condition to politics," he says "That is not the explanation. The location of the country is against the progress of the country. Haiti has suffered intensely from every hurricane and drought in the Caribbean. After every hurricane, the entire economy of the country declines. Two-thirds of the island is eroded mountains. Each small valley is where we have the cultivated land. When it rains, the whole thing is washed out. The peasants have to start all over again. In America, after a disaster the President declares a certain section a disaster area, and millions of dollars are sent in. In Haiti, forget it After it's gone, it's gone. To raise the money to rebuild to what existed before the hurricane will take years. And then there is another hurricane. Despite all this, people outside keep talking about politics. But the government before Duvalier's did the same things and the one that comes after will do the same. It will always be so no matter who is in power. Politics is a lost cause. So why should I bother with what Haitians in New York are saying? I'm not interested in that. I wouldn't spend a dime on any of their political problems. It's been proved that that is a waste of time. But I will die with this feeling I have for the poor people in Haiti. I will never change."

Haitians here who do not share Letellier's indifference to the political situation of the country point out that Duvalier also had a warm feeling for the Haitian peasants, though he did not do much for them, and that he, too, was cynical about the politics of Haiti.

THE Haitian newspaper most widely read in New York is *Haïti Observateur*, which was founded in July of 1971 by Raymond Joseph and his younger brother, Léopold, who attended Roosevelt University, in Chicago. It is one of the several small publications that make up the Haitian-exile press. Next to *H.O.*, as its editors call it, perhaps the best-known paper is the tabloid *Le Patriote Haïtien*, which is the organ of the Mouvement Haïtien d'Action Patriotique. Unlike it, *H.O.* claims to represent no one political point of view, and opens its pages to a broad range of Haitian opinion in New York. "The reason we don't present one point of view is that we consider ourselves the major paper among the Haitians in the diaspora," Raymond Joseph explains. "Our paper has brought people together. Everybody writes in it. Guys come to us with any problem they have, or with any message they want to get to Haitians. We get letters saying things like 'You are our New York *Times*.' We're getting subscriptions even from Haitians in Africa. For the first time, they feel a part of the community. We are far better informed about what's going on in Haiti than most people think. We'll never explain how we learn a lot of things, but we have sources very close to the government. So much so that a lot of people in New York now feel that we either are working for the government or are guiding what's happening in Haiti. We let them talk."

H.O., which is edited in a cluttered two-room office on West Seventy-second Street, comes out every Thursday evening. It has a circulation of twenty-five thousand in New York and eight thousand more among Haitians in Washington, Montreal, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Miami, as well as Africa. Here are samples of the commentary the paper provides its readers:

From the issue of February 16-23, 1973:

> The on-again off-again "legislative elections" finally took place in Haiti last Sunday under a torrential rain that brought some kind of balance to the situation. Somehow nature or God, if you will, collaborated to make all aware that there was no need for voters in this farce.

From the April 27-May 4, 1973, issue:

> The new $15,000 Mercedes-Benz of Jean-Claude Duvalier . . . doesn't belong in a country like Haiti. Neither do his Rolls-Royce, Lamborghini, Jaguar and Ferrari. There is no reason either for Mrs. Duvalier to be sending $35,000 monthly to her children abroad, especially when Marie-Denise has bought a $335,000 villa in a suburb of Washington and Nicole has her $150,000 château in Miami.

From the December 20-27, 1974, issue:

> It's being debated in government circles in Port-au-Prince whether "President-for-Life" Jean-Claude Duvalier will be

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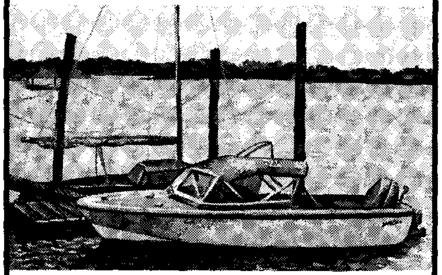

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allowed to attend the conference of Latin American chiefs of State in Caracas, Venezuela, next February.

President Carlos Andrés Perez has invited the Latin leaders to his country to discuss ways of "consolidating the move in Latin America toward political and economic independence."

It's said in Haiti's capital that Mrs. Duvalier, known as "the power behind the throne," isn't about to let "Baby Doc" roam abroad. Waggy tongues say Jean-Claude may take the opportunity to stay away from Haiti, because the country lacks highways for him to race his cars. Closer to reality is that "Mama Doc" fears for the safety of her only son. Thus, she prefers to have him at close range as much as possible.

And this from the issue of January 10-17, 1975:

In the traditional January 2 "Message to the Nation," Haiti's "President-for-Life" Jean-Claude Duvalier spoke for about an hour on television and radio about the progress of his administration....

He began with a lie: "Haitians, you who are listening to me, to each one of you, wherever you may be, at home or abroad, from the bottom of his heart, the First Citizen of the nation, the one who doesn't consider anyone his adversary or enemy, tells you ... Happy New Year." (sic)

The lie was compounded in another paragraph: "All the social, economic and political conquests of the Duvalierist Revolution remain intact, are being consolidated and will be further consolidated within a regime which wants each citizen to have the maximum of guarantees and social well-being."

This theme was to be sounded more than once in the speech. "The development that we pursue aims at the full bloom of the human being. It is part of the major ideas of the Duvalierist Revolution which is humanistic and progressist. It envisages the primacy of man in the integration of economic development and social development, nicely harmonized." (sic)...

How can a government claim to be guided by "humanism," when it won't allow parents, relatives, and friends to visit their loved ones that have been jailed for years without trial? President Balaguer, in the Dominican Republic, next door, hasn't mentioned his humanism in any major speech, but he released some 16 political prisoners for the holidays.

According to Raymond Joseph, "Anybody wants something, it's in *H.O.*" Not only does the paper give the news but its advertising columns are one of the best sources for information on Haitian cultural and social activity in the city and elsewhere. One finds out from these columns that Haitians go in for lots of fêtes and balls. Almost every weekend, things are happening at places like the Cabane Choucoune, Le Chalet, and the Club Camaraderie, in Queens; the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the Casa Borinquén, and the Hotel St. George, in Brooklyn. La Troupe Choucoune appears to be one of the most popular Haitian folk-dance ensembles. Musical combos in great demand are Jazz des Jeunes, Les Gypsies de Pétion-ville, the Ibo Dancers, Les Gypsies de Queens, Les Skah-Shah, and the Tabou Combo. Almost every Sunday afternoon, Haitians have something going on at the Clara Barton High School auditorium, on Classon Avenue, in Brooklyn. It is one of the chief spots for parties, political meetings, and other community gatherings.

Also through advertisements in *Haïti Observateur*, one discovers that there are two leading Haitian bookstores in the city—Librairie Haïti, in Brooklyn, and the Haitian Corner, in Manhattan. Librairie Haïti, which attracts a smaller number of the Haitian intelligentsia, probably stocks more records and gift-shop items than books. The Haitian Corner is the larger in volume of the two, and takes pride in offering such serious titles as "D'un Retour au Pays Natal," by Aimé Césaire; "Culture et Développement en Haïti," assembled by Emerson Douyon; "La Présociologie Haïtienne," by René A. Saint-Louis; "Le Vaudou: Magie ou Religion?," by Jean Kerboull; "Langue et Littérature des Aborigènes d'Ayti," by Jean Fouchard; and "Dieu dans le Vaudou Haïtien," by Laënnec Hurbon. "If you come from a country whose official language is French," says Luc Étienne, a young former accountant, "and you spend a few years without opening a French book, you can get lost—lose completely what you know." If this is true, many of the Haitians in New York may be in danger of losing what they know. Some thirty or forty per cent of the migrant population are said to speak nothing but Creole, and most of the books at either Librairie Haïti or the Haitian Corner are written in French. Only a part of the Haitian community uprooted from its history and culture, then, is in a position to nourish or renew itself from books.

PERHAPS few Haitian exiles are as uprooted from the sources of their native life as the artists, and there are few who, for their work, are obliged to rely more heavily upon the imagination and the memory of their folklore. Although they are living in New York, these artists paint consistently out of their absorption with Haitian life and culture. According to one view of Haitian painting, the most creative influence upon the country's art is voodoo. The synthesis of this influence s described by Michel Philippe Lerebours, a Haitian art critic in New York, as "Haitianity." Introducing an exhibition of paintings at the Brooklyn Museum in October of 1969, Lerebours wrote in the exhibition catalogue, "Everywhere, in the works of these Haitian painters, living so far from their native land, appears this common denominator, this complex background of Haitianity, which, above the personality of each artist, above any technical research, and even above any artistic whim, is always present and impregnates their works."

One of the leaders of the Haitian artists in exile is Lucner Lazard, a forty-six-year-old painter with a soft voice and large, brooding eyes, who came to New York in 1966. His work has been exhibited in Paris, Montreal, Mexico City, Hamburg, and Washington as well as in this city. Part of his leadership of the art community stems from his efforts to keep the painters together. His studio—in the basement of a two-story row house he occupies with his wife and three children on New York Avenue, in Brooklyn—is the headquarters of the Diacoute Association (formerly the Haitian Artists Association Abroad), of which he is the vice-president in charge of painting. Painters and other intellectuals gather there regularly to discuss their life and work or simply to socialize. On a Saturday afternoon not long ago, Lazard invited a few American visitors over to his studio to meet a group of Haitian painters and intellectuals. It was mainly a social occasion, but inevitably the talk revolved around Haitian art and culture. Lazard, whose expression is limited in English, was nevertheless a successful host. He greeted his guests warmly, introduced them graciously, supplied them with something from the bar, and retired to the fringes of the party, from which he regarded the gathering with a look of satisfaction. His success as a host appeared to lie in self-abnegation—in keeping as much as possible out of the way of his guests—and in generous surrender of his home.

Three personalities stood out as the afternoon progressed. One was Lazard himself. It was scarcely his fault that in withdrawing to a degree from his own party he failed to quite abolish himself from the awareness of his more observant guests. Standing there, saying little yet seeming to have so much on his mind, or in his eyes, he haunted the periphery of one's attention. If one went over to him to inquire into his

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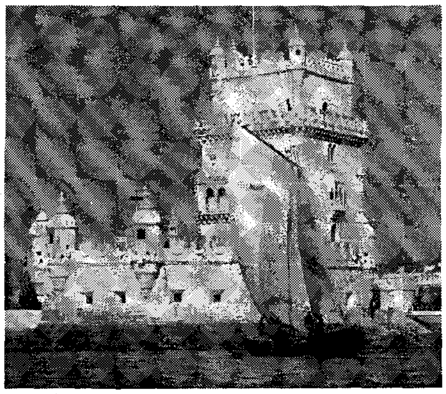

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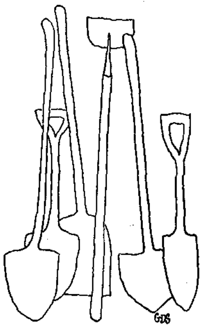
opinions on Haitian art, he became entangled in knots of inarticulateness, his eloquence trapped by an unfamiliar tongue. As he felt for the words to free himself, his eyes searched one's face for some sign of whether he was getting through. One encouraged him by saying he was doing all right, but he knew better, and, in any case, he understood politeness. He simply looked around for a friend with a better command of English and beckoned him over to serve as a voice.

Another was Wanda Ducoste Wiener, a bubbly woman who appears to be in her late fifties. She was born in Port-au-Prince and studied in Paris, and she is a lawyer, a writer, a poet, and an actress. At Lazard's, she carried on like a reigning star. Her loud and urbane chitchat could be heard all over the house as she passed out "dahling"s and "my deah"s at random. A spectacular white turban sat on her head like a crown, there were bracelets just above and below her elbows, her neck was garlanded with beads, and it was possible to follow her course around the room not only by the sound of her voice but also by the jingling of her jewelry. In conversation, she frequently referred to herself as Wanda Ducoste Wiener, and she recalled her acquaintance in Paris with such French artists as L. Touchagues ("the No. 1 portraitist in Paris"), Génia Minache, and Devi Tuszynski ("the prince of miniaturists"). It was her opinion that one of the best Haitian actors in New York was René Audain ("the Molière of Haiti"), and she paid her host a compliment by saying, "Lazard opened the new era of Haitian painting, leading the movement from the primitive." She ran down a list of works she had written: "Pétale par Pétale," a *recueil de poèmes*, published in Paris; "Le Premier Cirque," a children's story, also published in Paris; "Le Nuage en Pantalon," a novel to be published this year; and "La Tour de Verre," a play she finished writing just over two years ago. "The play is a love story, based on my experiences," she said. "Wanda Ducoste Wiener believes in love. Almost everything I do is about love. I call myself a little bag of love."



The third outstanding personality at Lazard's was Lerebours, the art critic, who was educated at the Sorbonne and bears a slight resemblance to the late President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana. He has taught art in the Congo and French literature in Canada, and is now writing a book on Haitian painting; he earns a living working as a clerk in a bank on Wall Street. Lerebours stood out because of his scholarly appearance, and it was he whom Lazard beckoned over to serve as his voice on Haitian art. Lerebours both spoke for himself and interpreted for Lazard. "Usually, when we talk about Haitian painting we are talking about primitive painting," he said. "But there is more than one style. Lazard, for instance, does not paint in the primitive style, though some of the elements in his work may derive from the primitive. There are in Haitian art a lot of values different from the values of Occidental art. The use of color is different, and the organization is different. Most important, Haitian art is a realistic art, but the reality is not the reality of everyday life; it is reality seen as in a dream. Haitian reality is very harsh, very hard to accept, so the artists build their own world and live in that world. You must understand that in Haiti the most important form of art is not painting; it is music and dancing. And you have to remember that the main tradition in Haiti is voodoo. Not the kind of voodoo they talk about here—the black magic, and all that sort of thing—but voodoo as religion. According to voodoo, things can be wrong on earth but things can't be wrong forever. Voodoo is a religion in which one lives by the imagination. So everything is possible. Voodoo is the basis of Haitian cultural life. If you want to really understand Haitian painting, then, you have to understand the music, the dance, and voodoo. The dream element in Haitian painting comes from voodoo. You can also see a lot of other voodoo elements in the painting, for the aesthetic forms are based on voodoo. Another thing: there is a special rhythm in the painting, and that rhythm comes from the dance. I wrote once that there is no difference between Haitian dance and Haitian painting—that painting is merely dance in plastic form. The reason Haitian painters do not suffer more from being in exile is that while they are living in New York their imaginations are in Haiti. If Haitian painting were really a realistic painting, the painters would need to be in Haiti. But they are working out of their Haitian background, and under the influence of voodoo, and they could continue working in New York for the next century just as if they were still in Haiti. There is nothg in the painting done in New York tell you that these painters are living New York. While they are in New 'ork, their work is the extension of a ream."

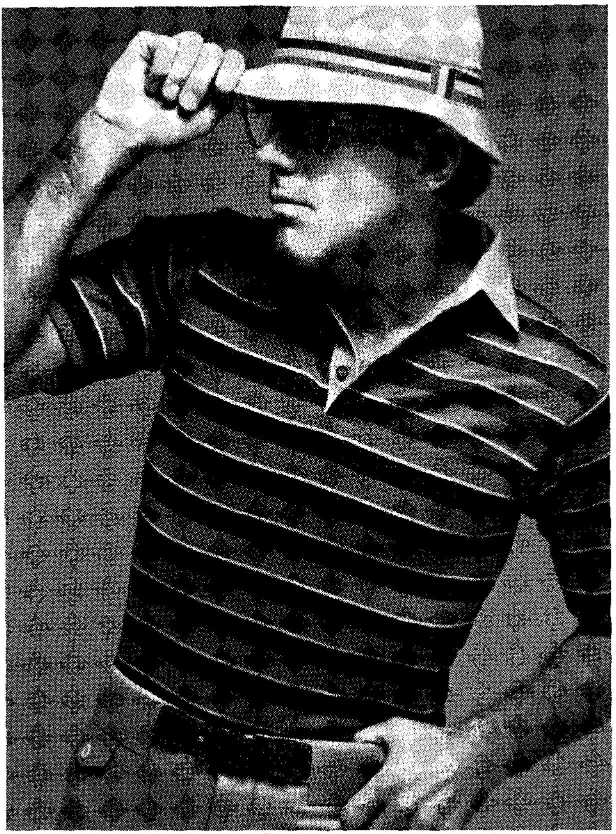
ATHOLICISM is the state religion in Haiti, but clearly the most popu-r and the most influential religion is oodoo. Though most Haitians, includ-ig the Creole-speaking masses, are aptized in the Catholic Church and onsider themselves Catholics, the state eligion is practiced by only a small lite. O. Ernest Moore, the author of Haiti: Its Stagnant Society and Shack-d Economy," writes:

> The vast majority of them continue to ractice and believe in all the features of odou. In other words, they have accepted e Christian God and saints and inte-rated them into the vodou pantheon. To e Christian God they have assigned the upreme rank over and above the gods ey brought from Africa. . . . In the vodou ervices, which are held in rustic temples roughout Haiti, considerable use is ade of Christian prayers, saint images, e Holy Cross, etc., but otherwise the ervices are vodou pure and simple.

The hold of this syncretic religion pon the imagination of the masses was ne of the foundations upon which rançois Duvalier—a devout Catholic vho was also a strong defender of nass culture—established his dictator-hip. The clash between the Catholic hurch and the Duvalier regime that ook place during the nineteen-sixties vas, in essence, a clash between the hurch and the pervasive influence of oodoo. Under Duvalier, attacks upon oodoo were seen as attacks not only ipon the indigenous mass culture but lso upon the government itself, since oodoo was one of the principal means y which the government retained its ontrol over the masses. Because of this, t is not surprising that during the six-ies a considerable number of priests nd bishops were expelled from Haiti, nany of whom settled in New York.

A man who has long been involved with Haitian religious life in New York recently summed up his approach to the exiles' situation in the city. "One of the chief problems of being a Haitian in New York is that you are in between," he said. "Haitians are a transient people. Their hearts are in Haiti, but they are in New York. Many priests here are not living in New York—they are living in their minds in Haiti, trying to build a spiritual and ideological Haiti for the Haitians in Haiti. I am chiefly interested in the Haitians in New York. Even though their hearts are over there, I am not sure that as many

Paul Stuart



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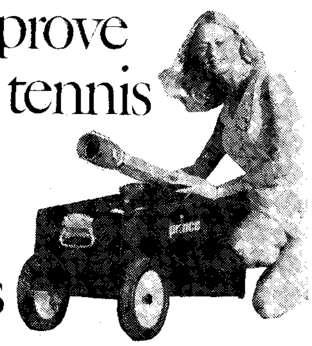

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as one-third of the Haitians in America would care to return to Haiti. So we have to prepare these people living here to adapt themselves to change. This requires us to face the question of cultural integration and pluralism. Cultural pluralism is this: You share the responsibilities, share the burdens of the country where you are, but keep yourself alive; you preserve your identity, maintain your heritage, maintain your culture while at the same time integrating yourself into the country. Any priest or social leader who does not present the problem in this way is a sinner. I strongly disagree with some of the Haitian priests in New York. They see only one face of the moon, only one face of reality. That one face is Haiti. Nothing about the life of Haitians here. And I differ from some of the political leaders as well. Many of them want me to be a *radicaliste*, but I don't want to be. They don't like me for that. At the same time, I cannot follow all the traditional ways. To be an exile is not easy. Many Haitian leaders here think that when we talk about integration we really mean assimilation. That's not what we mean at all. We are part of the black American situation, and we must be integrated into the life of the country. While preserving our sense of identity, we cannot afford to live in a social ghetto, an intellectual ghetto, or a political ghetto. That's not the way for us to live in the United States. I myself do not complain about the exile experience. It is good—in terms of discovery of others, discovery of a new life, discovery of a wider range of human possibility. I'm not nostalgic about Haiti. I'm not really a traditionalist. I like change. I like to move. With me, it's a matter of growth. As an exile, I'm what we call in French *lucide*—open-minded."

SOME time ago, the Haitians held "a grand gala artistique" in the auditorium of the Clara Barton High School, in Brooklyn, to mark the hundred-and-seventieth anniversary of the death of their beloved national hero Toussaint L'Ouverture. It was sponsored by a group called the Haitian-American Citizens Society—one of the few exile organizations devoted to the task of integrating Haitians into American life. The society, according to one of its members, exists "to organize the community and defend the community." He explained, "Haitians have no organization through which to defend their rights or assert their presence in New York. We also intend to function as a sort of political machine. In the

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future, if a Haitian wants to run for political office he should know he has an organization to back him up. Also, we know that if you are asking for something you have to be prepared to give something, so we want to develop some kind of power to deal with the politicians."

The auditorium was packed with an audience that appeared to have been drawn from all walks of Haitian life in New York. There were speeches by a variety of Haitian community and political leaders, and music and dance by the Jazz des Jeunes, the Nova Combo, and La Troupe Choucoune. The guest of honor was Representative Shirley Chisholm. She is popular with the Haitians in Brooklyn, and her constituency includes a large number of them. When she went to the lectern, they stood and cheered. The women blew her kisses, and a little girl curtsied and presented her with a bouquet of roses. It is not at all unlikely that part of the reason for inviting her was to underscore the society's intention of functioning as a political machine and to suggest that the time might be coming when it would be a serious mistake for any politician to take the Haitian vote for granted.

If indeed this was the message, it must be assumed that it was not lost on Mrs. Chisholm, who may be as astute a politician as any practicing today. She told them, in any case, "I come here this evening to help you celebrate the hundred-and-seventieth anniversary of the death of a great man." That done, she took the opportunity to underscore a few points of her own. "I feel so much at home with you because I am of Caribbean heritage. I don't know how many of you realize that my mother is Barbadian, my father is Guyanese, I am married to a Jamaican, and I was born in the United States." Before sitting down, she asked them to consider one of the major problems facing Haitians in New York: "For heaven's sake, although you are Haitians and Haitian-Americans, let us get out of this bag of being selfish in terms of our own little groups. It is only through the coming together of all of us that we are going to be able to get and consolidate the power that is necessary for us to move out into the mainstream of this land." —JERVIS ANDERSON

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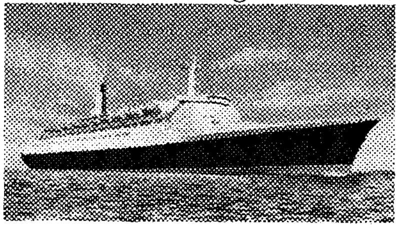

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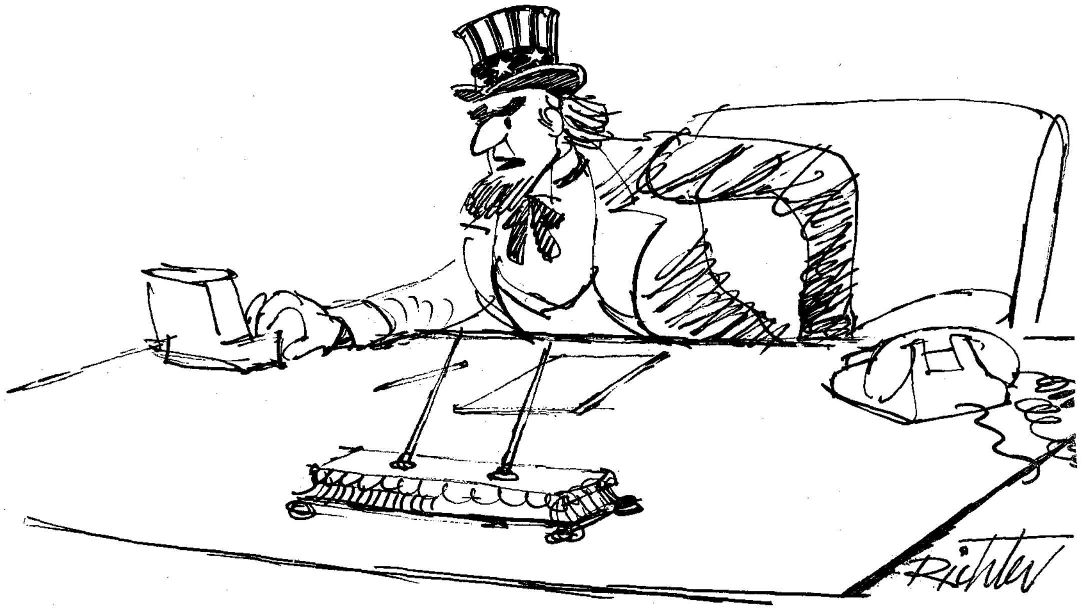
After a while, we see our two people. Adriana (Olimpia Carlisi) is a waitress from Italy. We watch her for a long time in silent shots as she carries her luggage up and down sloping streets. She sits in a lodging-house bedroom with a single bed in it, a reading lamp, a chair at a desk, where she later eats breakfast naked under her coat. In the bar where she begins to work, she is tracked by a married man called Paul (Philippe Leotard). He is an engineer who has just been chosen to run for parliament, mostly because the sophists in the party council know they can manipulate him into being more interested in "public affairs" than in "politics"—as if there were any difference, except that the concept of "politics" involves dynamics of choice and change alarming to the popular vote. The glimpses of the party-council meetings are analogues of the lovers' secret meetings. Though the party council's are made tawdry by knowingness, and the lovers' are lit with fun and yearning, the themes are the same: choice, adapting, the possibility of marvels' continuing if love—or politics—is accepted as a process of merging with flux instead of treating ego and habit as ancient monuments to be defended against alteration. People who can't cope with love, says this film, fail because they so fiercely defend the privacy of their skulls, fortifying them in a panic that intruders might stir the dust.

"The Middle of the World" is so simple and low-key that the joy of the two people in one another seems the easiest thing possible. The sparse bedroom expands into a world of talk and love, an experiment in living in the present. Paul's little red car becomes his boyish alibi for his absences from his wife. He is always slipping off with the excuse that he has to have it tanked up. He asks a mate at the garage to say that it is going to stall tomorrow and won't be ready for ages. "Why will it stall? It's a new car," says the garageman, amused. "You're a mechanic. Make up a reason," says Paul with dignity. The couple begin to meet every day. They walk about in the cold and she lets him tell her that a train's *changing distance from one's ear* changes the sound of it. Another metaphor. She even listens eagerly to a brief lecture about galaxies rushing away from us. Paul delivers these driblets of science as he walks about with his hands in his mackintosh pockets. You feel him secretly elated, as people in love are, by the license she gives him to say anything, to turn a somersault in the snow, to change plans, to take her excitably to a restaurant out of character with the places they usually go to. It has "one side for the rich and another for the poor." They feel rich, so they sit on the rich side. Another image of the divisions that exist even in the middle of the world. He speaks in praise of mongrels, regarding both of them as that. "Pure-breds degenerate," he says. Luckless pure-breds. He plays pranks; he hires a much too expensive hotel room for a few hours on an impulse—at a place he couldn't afford when he was a student; he makes love in the bath; he holds up his arm solemnly to see if it is shaking before he makes love again ("It always shakes before some big event"); he brings her a silly present of a musical animal. She looks more and more beautiful, less and less pinched: this is not the girl of the beginning, who took sombrely funny lessons from another waitress in how to get tips from customers by giving them their change in very small coins, bit by bit. Anything seems possible in this precisely photographed world, where the long, reposeful sequences are without the cuts that traditionally impose their artificial sense of arrangement and story climax.



"Get me the Statue of Liberty."

Drumbeats on the sound track accompany red titles to announce new days. Both Olimpia Carlisi and Philippe Leonard give wonderful performances, full of intelligence about what is happening to the characters. Adriana and Paul ponder each other for months, as people in love do. This is one of the very best films about eroticism—not voyeurism—and about the difference between the sexes, though it is anything but a women's-lib tract.

Things start to go wrong only when the lovers' habits calcify. Neither of them understands that procrastination means no. Both of them deliver wounds without meaning to; Paul takes Adriana to his wife's house, making her feel the foreigner she is, with her feet on no ground. Things go still further wrong when he brings her another silly present. A camera. It happens she has just been window-shopping to fill in the time without him, looking at cameras. She withdraws from him. Why a camera? "What shall I film?" Herself, she suggests sarcastically, in pain. "I'd show you the film, since you don't see me." She wants him to know who she is. The hunger is clamorous, because now, for the first time, she feels like an object, whereas she thought they had let one another into their lives. (As she once sadly said, he is different, being a man; after she had seen him naked, she said, he must have felt, as naked men do, that she was able through that to read his mind, and he must have resented it.) Now, with the camera business, he declines to see how hurt she is, and pretends nothing has happened. With her sweater on, she offers to make love. Mystified, or pretending to be, he says, "That's how whores do it." Which is her point, of course.

Like "Le Retour d'Afrique," "The Middle of the World" is about a place fully envisioned, fugitively visited in dreams and play and lovemaking, but never actually inhabited. Neither of the partners can make the voyage to living together, just as the people in "Le Retour d'Afrique" never get themselves to Africa. The beautiful, sage film is about a world of passion unabsorbed. In each other, Paul and Adriana are confronting their opposites: geographical opposites, sexual opposites, class opposites. So, between the two of them, they could make up the whole that is the world of passionate love. But Paul is a man who can't "contain" his passion. He can't meet its dictate that he change in himself. As he would see it, mistakenly, to do

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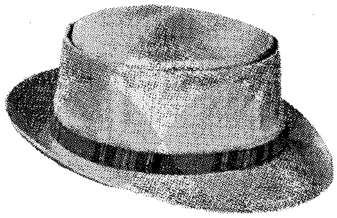

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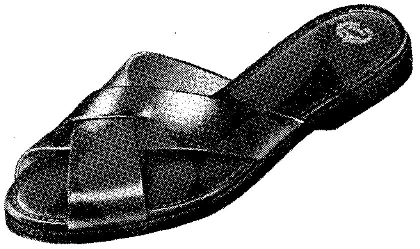

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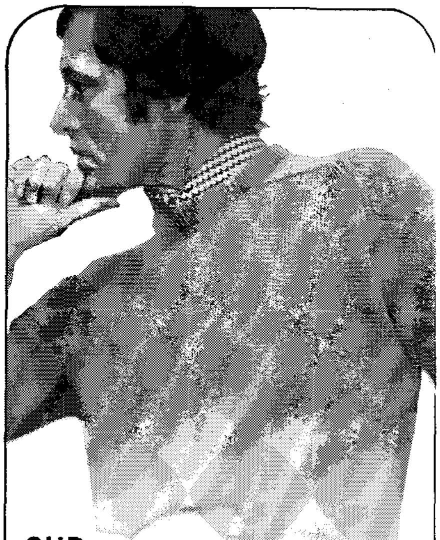
that would mean losing self-mastery. So he is never transformed by adoring his girl, because he never leaves space for more of himself to develop. She feels the constraint, in the end, and takes a decision to leave.

Thus Paul thinks he knows what he wants, but he can't allow it to happen; Adriana knows only what she doesn't want—which is *her* weakness—though that allows her to make a decision. She sees love turning, for him, into bondage. They fail each other because some sixth sense isn't there: the sixth sense of being able to inhabit someone else's temperament—to gaze, like Narcissus, at someone who seems to be oneself yet who is actually the mirror image capable of making up a totality. This capacity for entering someone else's identity is passion. It is the genius of great fiction writers, of great friends, of those grown-up lovers whose sense of physical and intellectual liberty is not diminished but enlarged by denial of the infant ego's rancorously defensive singleness.

Adriana has a powerful need to be fully seen by Paul, but perhaps he is afraid she would return the gaze. There is a point in the film when she speaks of having spent two months with bandages over her eyes after she was burned in a fire. She didn't know what she would look like. But she found out, she says easily. For her, intimacy is a much simpler matter than for him. At their closest, she drops into a few words of Italian. She has a subtle intelligence about times when limits have been reached. Because the picture has such tonic truth and simplicity, its effect is one of extreme gentleness and sweetness of temper. Tanner and Berger manage by the device of paradox to do one of the most difficult things in film: they give us, through the very medium by which we see but cannot feel, a powerful sense of the way we often see but fail to feel someone we passionately love. By the technical and intellectual originality of the picture, they show us that soured conventions of film-making have done to appearances what Marx says capitalism often does to social relations. Film can reduce everything to the equality of things—things that become as dispensable and replaceable as merchandise. A person or a sculpture or a book can speak to the spirit, but film all too often traditionally conveys a vision of the totally external. When we see in the flesh a man whom we know with his arms across his chest, we sense the personal space he is guarding. In a film, that medium of the out-



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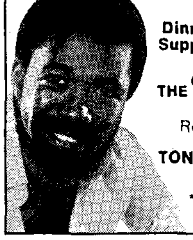

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ward if the film is stalely made, an image of the same man in the same position would tend to be no more than an icon of reserve. Tanner and Berger, with others, are setting out on a new road. It is an excitingly thoughtful course.

MICHAEL YORK plays D'Artagnan in Richard Lester's "The Four Musketeers," a mangled version of Dumas which gaily provides us with an extension of Lester's 1974 "The Three Musketeers." (York was the original D'Artagnan, of course, and the three other swashbucklers are, as before, Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain, and Frank Finlay, all looking extremely battered and in need of a wash.) The extension exists for a reason that is perfectly in keeping with the cheerful chaos of the work as a whole: meaning to shoot one film, with a magnificently cast assembly of American beauties, English comic oddities, English straight actors, and a startlingly funny Charlton Heston, Lester simply shot enough footage for two films and decided to cut the thing down the middle with a headsman's axe. A lot of the funniest scenes aren't in the book, as the actors admit. "But, of course," said Richard Chamberlain solemnly, off the set, about a scene in which the musketeers have a pastoral champagne breakfast on some ramparts in the middle of the noisiest possible battle scene, "Monsieur Dumas wasn't writing for the movies." I like the politesse of "Monsieur" in the context of this epic riot of nursery manners run amok.

As one result of the Siamese-twin operation on the film, we get a rapid blast of the-plot-so-far delivered to us like grapeshot at the beginning of Part II. No one is likely to make head or tail of it, but then no one is likely to care, either. I daresay that if Dumas were alive he would turn in his grave, to adapt the famous Goldwynism, but I don't suppose Lester's audiences, rapt in the high-speed bawdry of his film, are going to give the relatively staid original author much of a thought. There isn't the time; there isn't the sobriety. A spirit of unstoppable slapstick reigns over the picture, and cohesiveness is nowhere. Things go by fits and starts: giggling fits, false starts. The pratfall is king, and his queen is a particular kind of schoolboy pleasure in anachronism in which antique speech is always taking rude turns and, you feel, having the reviving effect on bored children of gazing out of the classroom window on a hot day when a master is droning on about the un-

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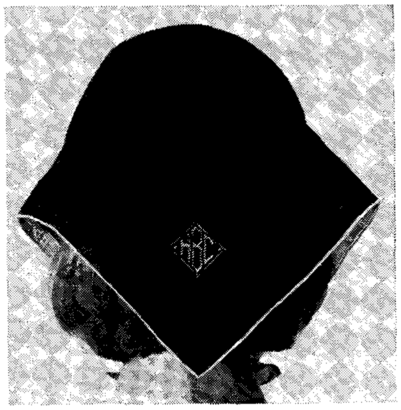

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christianity of cruel wars' being fought between fellow-Christians. This is the thesis of the picture, if rampage can be said to have a thesis.

The dead-eyed, jolting script, which swivels on a dime from one narrative point to another as if it were an infinitely distractible adolescent polo pony, is by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" novels. The film was shot in Spain, and photographed by David Watkins. The period is the rebellion that nearly toppled King Louis XIII of France. As the plot thickens, like mulligatawny soup made by a British Railways chef who has a merry hand with the flour, Watkins' photography grows desperately more vigilant. The fidelity of the film is given not to Dumas but to reproducing the true mess of epic movie-making in the mud and filth of a torrid countryside. It is quite clear that we are hundreds of miles away from dry-cleaners. Bigwigs' attempts to remain posh incline to be doomed by one vagrant detail. Milady (Faye Dunaway) has access to an immense wardrobe and makes a singular appearance in a hat like the hoops of a crinoline, but grandeur is sabotaged in half-undress by a harlot's brand on her beautiful upper arm. Jean-Pierre Cassel, as the King, wears an extremely bright-purple and extremely large feather that gets in his path rather as Beatrice Lillie's clothes seem to lay ambushes for her. Mme. Bonancieux, played very funnily by Raquel Welch, is the Queen's dressmaker, carrying perfidious love messages between the sovereign's lady and the enemy Prime Minister of England, the Duke of Buckingham. Milady is characterized as a flouncing beauty full of revenge and caparisoned in ringlets. The villainous Rochefort is played by Christopher Lee with a patch over one eye. At one farcical point, when he is about to be executed, the firing squad's aide has a hard time trying to tie a merciful sash over the baleful seeing eye. Dignified characters of history are always having modern kids' insults hurled at them. "She's put weight on," Milady's sedan-chair carrier says about his sumptuous employer as she is regally going upstairs. The *musketeers* horse around with murderous rapiers and pistols, but they seem rather unwilling in battle. "Why do you always have to attack uphill?" says Frank Finlay as Porthos. You feel that their ambitions lie less in dying like muddy heroes than in living as educated debauchees. "I always had my doubts about the Anjou '22," says Aramis (Richard Chamberlain), sniffing some

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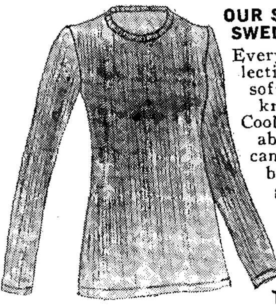

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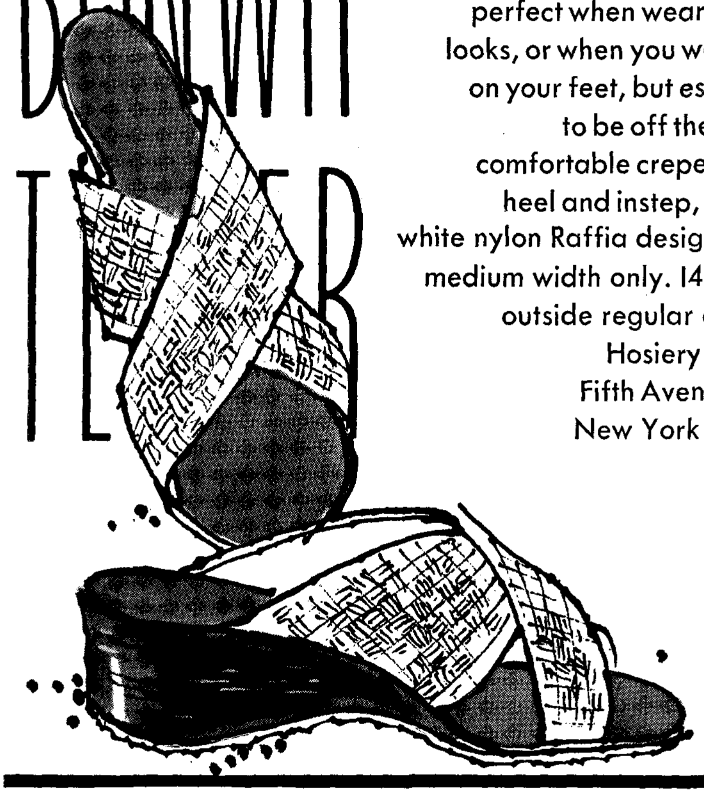
poisoned wine. The four musketeers are nobly beastly to their manservant and breakfast-lugger, played by Roy Kinnear with his usual look of being near to tears about the perpetual unfairness of a class system so sorely pitted against fat boys who haven't been to the four musketeers' equivalent of Eton.

Duels are held on mattresses between recent lovers struggling to kill aristocratically in nightclothes that are either complicated enough to be photographed in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot or, if the lover is trying to escape, embarrassingly nonexistent; a brilliant escape is made by Mme. Bonancieux from a bedroom window on the shoulders of a man on stilts high enough for the couple to totter in dignity past the yapping jaws of three murderous guard dogs; poor Roy Kinnear, hungry even in the middle of battle, sacrifices half of a French loaf by using it as a cricket bat to hurl a grenade back at the enemy. But the fragmentariness of the film is sometimes destructive of humor. It gives the jokes the nature of children's repartee: they are appealingly experimental, with a brave spirit of try-anything-once, but they are in danger of falling flat because the hilariously reckless narrative method builds up no credit system. Richard Lester's unique fractured style, which in his "Petulia" was a moving expression of the distress of urban people whose love for one another seemed so fragile that it was likely to splinter in their hands and cause them to bleed to death, is put here to much less reflective use. But the rowdy funniness of the film works with its own pop splendor. The added authority of Michael York's D'Artagnan in this sequel, now that he is an appointed musketeer instead of a yokel youthfully trying to be one of what he thinks of as the grownups, weights things so that "The Four Musketeers" is a stronger invention than the earlier film. And it is a piece of director's genius to have found such comic style in Faye Dunaway and in, of all people, Charlton Heston, as Cardinal Richelieu. Heston plays the role as if the brilliant despot sometimes despaired of his own lack of intelligence. The Cardinal looks sadly at an ambiguous note in his own hand which unwittingly pardons a deadly enemy. "One should be careful of what one writes," he says, shaking his Olympian head amusedly at himself, as if a slip of syntax were a heresy in the fields of the gods themselves.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT



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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Serious Matter

"IDOMENEO" is the opera that caught the first full fire of Mozart's dramatic genius. The circumstances of its creation were propitious. In Mannheim, in the winter of 1777-78, Mozart formed an ardent desire to compose an opera for the Elector Carl Theodor's excellent troupe and celebrated orchestra—a serious rather than a comic opera, in French rather than in German, but, best of all, in Italian. Some years before, he had composed two *opere serie* for the great theatre in Milan; a few months later, in a Paris divided between Gluckistes and Piccinnistes, he shared the bill at the Opéra (as composer of the ballet "Les Petits Riens") with Piccinni. Meanwhile, Carl Theodor succeeded to the Bavarian throne and took his musicians with him to Munich. Sometime in mid-1780, Mozart was commissioned to write the principal work, an *opera seria*, for the Munich carnival season. All had fallen together as he wanted it. Working closely with a Salzburg librettist (of whom he was greatly demanding), working for, and later with, singers and instrumentalists whom he knew, working in a theatre admirably equipped, intelligently directed, and maintained by a duke devoted to the arts, Mozart could expend on "Idomeneo" all that he had learned about *opera seria*, and do all that he had dreamed of doing. The score is as elaborately wrought as that of "Die Entführung," his next major commission; the combination of youthful freshness and patent ambition, the sense of his rising in every paragraph to produce the very best of which he was capable, gives to these two works a special place in the affection of Mozartians. "Idomeneo" is an *opera seria* of uncommon force, grandeur, and intensity. The matter is classical. The libretto is adapted from a Racinian *tragédie lyrique* (Antoine Danchet's "Idoménée," set to music by André Campra and performed at the Opéra in 1712). Among Mozart's models, plainly, were Gluck's "Alceste" and "Iphigénie en Aulide." Gluck sought a noble simplicity. "Idomeneo" is noble, but it is not simple. It contains networks of motivic allusion, tonal structures on a very large scale, and great sequences in which texture, instrumental coloring, harmonic and rhythmic motion, stage action, and scenic device work together to one dramatic end. Fierce storms, at once marine and in the characters' hearts, may remind us that "Idomeneo" and Schiller's "Die Räuber" (first performed on Carl Theodor's Mannheim stage) were written in the same year. If "Idomeneo" fails to arouse extraordinary enthusiasm in audiences, the fault is with them or with the performance—and not with the work.

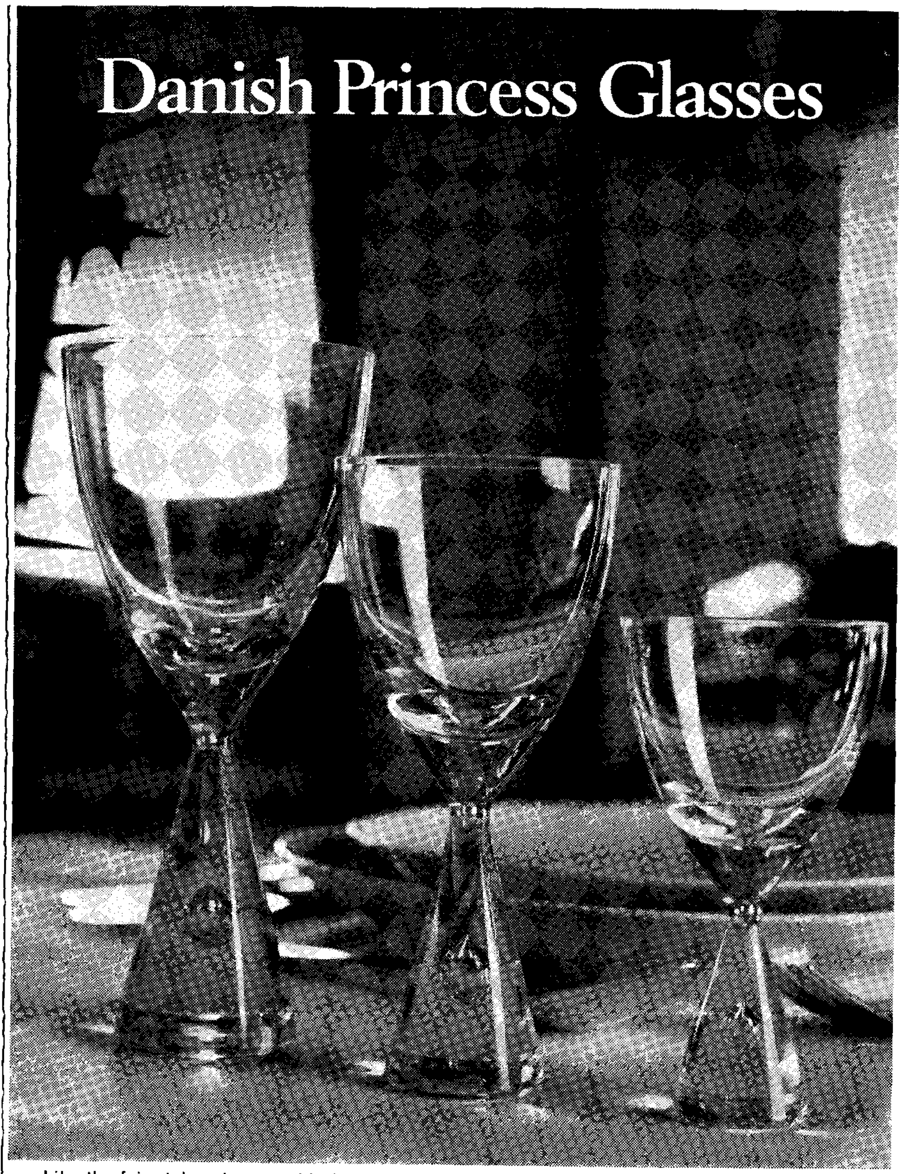
From Fritz Busch's revival at Glyndebourne, in 1951, with Sena Jurinac as Ilia and Birgit Nilsson as Electra, the work spread through Europe and increased the Mozartian canon from five operas to six. (Today, a new appreciation of "La Clemenza di Tito" has pretty well raised that number to seven.) Last year, there were five productions of "Idomeneo" in Britain alone, three of them by major companies. The Salzburg Festival mounted the piece. The fourth complete (or nearly complete) recording was published. And there was a staging at the Kennedy Center in Washington (reviewed in these pages by David Hamilton). This production, considerably revised, has now come to the New York State Theatre, and it is most welcome. All is not yet right with it, but it can be made into something. What it needs—besides more precisely focussed singing, which later casts may well provide—is a closer attention to Mozart's aims and greater confidence in his stagecraft.

Last year's bumper crop of "Idomeneo" was fertilized by Daniel Heartz's important new edition of the score, dated 1972 and published (at a high price) in the "Neue Mozart-Ausgabe." Back in the 1967-68 "Mozart Jahrbuch," Mr. Heartz had deplored the practice of putting on "Idomeneo" "without taking the trouble to penetrate its true nature, or even ascertain the form in which Mozart left it," and he had added, "No wonder that performances of the work rarely allow more than an inkling of its greatness, a proper understanding of which seems as remote as ever." His score then, for the first time, established the text of the opera as Mozart did it in Munich and made available its careful scenic directions. The previously received text, from which earlier performing editions were quarried, is a compilation of all the music that at one time or another Mozart composed for his opera. Let us call it "Idomeneo *I*," and remember that it contains material that Mozart jettisoned, and in part replaced, during the last weeks of composition. From Munich, the composer reported home that a rehearsal of Act III went splendidly but that "the text, and consequently the music as well, is far too long, as I have always maintained." So the act was much shortened. Two prayers—the chorus's very powerful "O voto tremendo," and "Accogli, oh re del mar," for Idomeneus and the priests—were reduced to a single strophe. Three full arias were dropped: Idamantes' "No, la morte" (those who had heard the number, said Mozart, sighed at its loss—but "in any case an aria is awkward here"), Idomeneus' "Torna la pace" (at whose loss "they sighed even more—but one must make a virtue of necessity"), and Electra's outburst of spitfire despair "D'Oreste, d'Ajace" ("Odd that everyone should hurry offstage so that Mme. Electra can be alone"). The Oracle's utterance was shortened. ("If the Ghost in 'Hamlet' were not so long-winded, he would be more effective," said Mozart. "Hamlet" was being played in Munich that season.) Recitatives in Acts I and II were also abridged. And thus was created "Idomeneo *II*," which carries the composer's imprimatur, as "Idomeneo *I*" does not. It is a drama whose acts flow continuously; there are but two conventional exit arias, inviting applause, and they are for the minor character Arbaces, the royal counsellor. "Idomeneo" is the most seamless of all Mozart's operas.

The composer retouched his score for a performance by some noble Viennese amateurs in 1786. The role of Idamantes, originally written for a castrato soprano, was adjusted for a tenor. A new duet for Ilia and Idamantes, now a soprano and a tenor, replaced the former two-soprano duet near the start of Act III. But a new aria, with violin obbligato, was composed for, puzzlingly, a *soprano* Idamantes. This version can be called "Idomeneo *III*."

Mr. Heartz sets out *II* and *III* as the main text of his score. The recitative measures and the three arias cut from *I*, and the longer pronouncements of the Oracle are relegated to an appendix. But in the main text he does include the two prayers complete (with indications, of course, of how Mozart cut them), opining that their abridgment was due "more to the special circumstances of the Munich première than to general musico-dramatic necessity." Once the clock, local circumstances, or weaknesses and strengths of the original performers—rather than the composer's wish—are held responsible for aspects of an abridgment, the way is open for anyone to propose his own edition compiled from the surviving materials. "Idomeneo" is in the category of "Carmen," the first version of "Don Carlos," and Donizetti's "Dom Sébastien." (In a different category are Gluck's "Orfeo/Orphée," Rossini's "Maometto II/Le Siège de Corinthe," and Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," where a mixture of two versions, each prepared by the composer and each with its own integrity, is harder—though not impossible—to defend. And in yet another category are, say, "Leonore/Fidelio," "Falstaff," and "Madama Butterfly," where the composers' final thoughts are not in doubt, although their first thoughts, found in early scores, can still be interesting, and even effective, in performance.) In the preparation of a performing edition, documentary evidence, stylistic perception, and present-day possibilities must be nicely and imaginatively pondered. Establishing a text for a particular occasion—and, for that matter, staging it and sounding it appropriately—often calls for a collaboration between scholars and executants which is too rarely practiced. (This is true not only of operas, but the problems there tend to be greatest.) The City Opera was generally pasted for its version of Monteverdi's "Poppea." Both London's Royal Opera and the Met took a trouncing over their latest "Carmen" texts. The Met received another, in advance, from Philip Gossett—lecturing last week in the Lincoln Center Library, under the auspices of the Toscanini Memorial Archives—for the edition of "Le Siège de Corinthe" it plans to perform next month. (That leaves time enough, perhaps, for some righting of the things Mr. Gossett declared and demonstrated to be unacceptable.) When the world's Verdi scholars gathered for a congress in Chicago last September on the subject of "Simon Boccanegra," and the Lyric Opera performed the piece, the gulf between research and theatrical practice yawned wide. (The production moves to San Francisco next season; it will be interesting to learn if it is modified to accord with what the *congressisti* revealed of Verdi's own ideas about his work.)

The "Idomeneo" now on show at the State Theatre has, as I said, been modified since it left Washington. The Kabuki elements noted by Mr. Hamilton have disappeared. The setting, by Ming Cho Lee, is now a plain ar-



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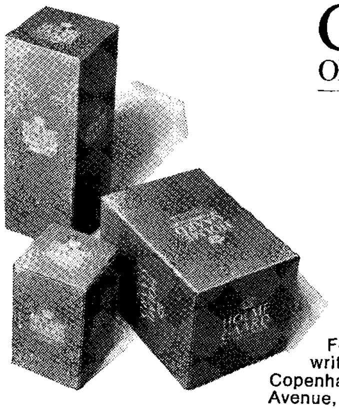

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rangement of platforms and broken columns, dull but not unworkable, behind which landscapes and seascapes vaguely after Claude, and a temple interior, appear on painted cloths or in projection. (Why do designers of "Idomeneo" fear to create within a neoclassical convention? Glyndebourne produced circular fragments of well-known Turner paintings framed by concentric hoops; the Welsh National Opera opted for a metal construction.) But some of the faults remarked before were retained. Arbaces still rested indecorously on the royal throne. Idomeneus turned rudely aside while Ilia addressed him in "Se il padre perdei." The chorus waved palm fronds as if parodying village-hall operatics. "Edited by Daniel Heartz," it says in the program, but there was still no evidence that Gerald Freedman, the director, had conned Mr. Heartz's edition with any great attention or otherwise profited by his writings on the opera and on eighteenth-century stagecraft. Only Electra and Arbaces bore themselves well, but the former had terrible trouble with a Turandot-length cloak imposed on her in the embarkation scene. Idamantes was assigned the demeanor of a glum page boy, and Idomeneus that of a kindly sheep. Ilia glided through a series of affected poses. This is no way to stage a noble and clearly defined drama. In his plight, the hero is kin to Jephthah, bound by a vow to celebrate his safe return by sacrificing whomever he first meets—and meeting his own child; and then kin to Agamemnon in the necessity of killing his child for the public weal. In legend, and in Campra's opera, the sacrifice was accomplished; in Mozart's drama, when father and son, now like Abraham and Isaac, are steeled for sacrifice, the loving Ilia runs forward to offer herself as an alternative victim, and the god relents. But Idomeneus is more human than Jephthah or Agamemnon; simple terror prompted his rash vow, and by its consequences he is also terrified. As Mr. Heartz has put it, "Idomeneus may be dilatory and vacillating in his subsequent actions, and much less of a ruler than that ruthless King of Kings Agamemnon, but much more of a man—tormented, helpless, sympathetic, and ultimately very noble in spirit when he gladly lays down his burden, in happy compliance with the divine decree that his son rule in his stead."

By Mozart, the dramatic pace and dramatic contrasts are superbly controlled. The characters are rounded. How touchingly and truly drawn, in arias at or near the start of eac act, is Ilia's realization that her lov for Idamantes has conquered grie for the destruction of her parents How striking is the distress of Electra daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, as she watches the daughte of Priam and Hecuba find this happiness with the man she herself loves Electra is the reactive character, s placed that what makes others rejoic gives her pain, and (as is heard i her lyrical "Idol mio") vice versa Dramatic irony is potently employed Act I ends with a divertissemen honoring Neptune's clemency from a populace unaware of th scourge that the god is preparin for them. In Act III, the fan fares of victory herald the entr of Idamantes dressed in white, fo sacrifice.

Little of this dramatic pattern wa revealed by the City Opera staging (The opera, incidentally, was performed in Italian; a strong case can b made for doing it in English, at leas until all its details are familiar.) Juliu Rudel, conducting, showed a far keener appreciation of Mozart's eloquence The first night was a Sunday; it wa the company's fourth performance i thirty hours; both the chorus and th orchestra lacked ardor and intensity But Mr. Rudel's natural and convincing tempi, his fine control of instrumental textures, his command of transition and contrast, his concern to project the emotional sense of a progression, and not just slip through it showed a confidence in and understanding of Mozart's dramatic method which his stage director lacked. Individual phrases were expressively molded. The singers were sensitively supported. (Harpsichord continuo, however, was not employed in accompanied recitatives or during the numbers—not even in the discriminating way suggested by Mr. Heartz in his preface.) The actual singing was less successful. Veronica Tyler's handling of Ilia's music was gentle, supple, and pretty, but her tone was soft-focus, not limpid and forward. Maralin Niska's feeling for line and her projection of Electra's emotions were vivid, but the voice was unreliable and many notes lacked a core of pure, firm tone. Gary Glaze's notes, as a tenor Idamantes, were admirably definite, but he lacked expression. (A soprano Idamantes, I feel sure, is preferable to a tenor; in a long experience of the opera, I have heard such excellent tenors as Léopold Simoneau and Luciano Pavarotti in the role, but none has sounded more heroic and ardent than the soprano Kiri Te

Kanawa.) Richard Taylor essayed the virtuoso version of Idomeneus' principal aria and came a cropper; the piece is just about unsingable today—but Mozart did provide a more manageable alternative.

The full version of the two prayers and, naturally, the soprano-tenor duet in Act III were used. Electra reclaimed her final aria, but neither Idamantes nor Idomeneus his. Both of Arbaces' arias were skipped, and the Idamantes aria of "Idomeneo *III*" was not added. Some recitatives were cut back even beyond the bare bones of "Idomeneo *II*." (When good performers are available, it would make more sense to amplify certain scenes. Mozart shortened Idomeneus' first speech and the crucial meeting between father and son because the original interpreters, he said, "sing recitative so utterly without spirit and fire, so utterly monotonously—and are the most wretched actors that ever trod the stage.") The final ballet, highly prized by both its composer and Mr. Heartz, was omitted. It would be hard to bring off. Modern audiences are thought to have little taste for formal dance as an essential ingredient of a musical drama. But how can that taste be acquired—and "Idomeneo," Rameau, and Gluck be played as they were planned—if companies always take the easy way out and cut the dances? All in all, this was a play-safe rather than an adventurous text. When the City Opera rethinks its approach to the staging, it may well need revision. Meanwhile, the important thing is that "Idomeneo" has arrived here.

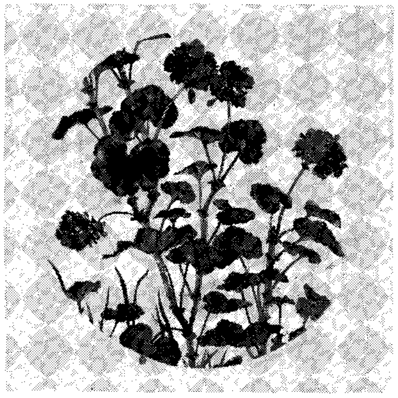
—ANDREW PORTER

•

PIETÀ

Under the thin fabric
of her skin, his heart
formed. She
listened, because
he had no father.
So she knew
he wanted to stay
in her body, apart
from the world
with its cries, its
roughhousing—
but already the men
gather to see him
born; they
crowd in or stand
at worshipful
distance, like
figures in a painting
whom the star lights, shining
steadily in its dark context.

—LOUISE GLÜCK



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Lord Byron's Financial Difficulties

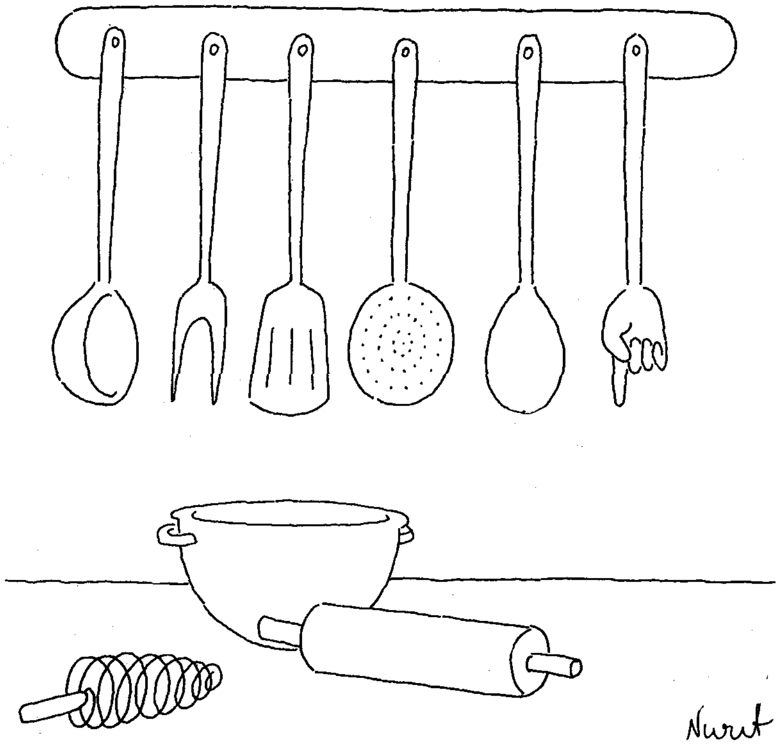
IN the late eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth, it was more than could be expected of a gentleman that he should be aware of the ordinary expenses of his household. Lord Byron, when he was living in Italy, had a steward, Antonio Lega Zambelli, whose duty it was to scrutinize and satisfy tradesmen's bills, pay the servants' wages, dispense charities, and keep systematic accounts. The people who had to deal with him found him officious, but he was an honest man, and Byron trusted him with large sums of money. He kept a detailed account of all expenditures, even the most trivial, and in general looked after his noble employer's interests with a zeal that bordered on the ridiculous. Lega's mistress, and the mother of his two children, had served as a go-between at the beginning of Byron's long affair with the Countess Guiccioli, but her effusive personality got on Byron's nerves, and Lega was told to keep her out of sight. Though this undoubtedly hurt his feelings, it in no way affected his loyalty.

From Byron's death, in 1824, to his own, in 1847, Lega lived in London. During that time, no sooner did the sensation created by one book about Byron begin to quiet down than another book would be announced, creating a new furor. The "most gorgeous" but socially unacceptable Countess of Blessington published her "Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron," based on a friendship of two months' duration in Genoa in the spring of 1823; Count Pietro Gamba, the gallant brother of Teresa Guiccioli, published "A Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece;" Leigh Hunt published "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries," in which both Shelley and the author are continually extolled at Byron's expense; Thomas Medwin, a half-pay lieutenant who managed to make a career out of being a cousin of Shelley and who at no time lived under the same roof with Byron, published his "Journals of the Conversations of Lord Byron Noted During a Residence with His Lordship at Pisa in the Years 1821 and 1822;" the Irish poet Thomas Moore, who was Byron's intimate friend, published the "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron with Notices of His Life;" James Kennedy, a young ship's physician, who had tried to convert Byron to Methodism, published "Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and Others Held in Cephalonia a Short Time Previous to His Lordship's Death;" William Parry, a former firemaster—that is to say, an officer who supervised the manufacture of explosives—in the British Navy and a member of Byron's entourage in Missolonghi, published "The Last Days of Lord Byron with His Lordship's Opinions on Various Subjects." Not a single one of these authors bothered to consult the man who had been Byron's household steward during the period they were writing about.

The amount of documentary evidence about Byron that has survived is astonishing; even when people lied about him, they failed to destroy the evidence that would eventually disprove their statements. Lega's ledgers were carefully passed down—through his daughter, who married a son of Byron's valet, Fletcher, and again through their daughter, who married a Mr. Anson Weekes, of Mattapoissett, Massachusetts, called herself Mrs. Lega-Weekes, developed a taste for genealogy, and found that she was descended from a queen of Cyprus—to, finally, *their* daughter, a Miss Ethel Lega-Weekes, who died in 1949, at the age of eighty-eight. The British Museum acquired the Zambelli Papers from her estate, and they constitute the principal source for "Lord Byron Accounts Rendered," by Doris Langley Moore (Harper & Row).

Mrs. Moore has published six novels (one of which, "My Caravaggio Style," is about a young bookseller who attempted a forgery of Byron's memoirs) and twelve works of nonfiction, including an excellent life of E. Nesbit and an account of the diarist Marie Bashkirtseff's crush on the Duke of Hamilton, in Nice, in the eighteen-seventies. Mrs. Moore is also responsible for the very fine Museum of Costume in the Assembly Rooms at Bath. "Accounts Rendered" is her second book on Byron. The first, "The Late Lord Byron," published fourteen years ago, is about the suppression, distortion, and even forgery by which the poet's already scandalous reputation was, after his death, either shored up by his friends or further blackened by his enemies and detractors.

Curiosity about Lega led Mrs. Moore to the papers in the British Museum, which had been put in order and bound but until then not looked at by any Byron scholar. It was a formidable task. The accounts were, of course, in Italian, and required some knowledge of Italian methods of bookkeeping, and of several currencies, all obsolete. "But after a plodding day or two, there came a moment which reminded me of one in my childhood, when I had been gazing at views through a stereoscope not expecting them to differ in any way from views without that aid, and all of a sudden they sprang into three dimensions. Those payments for searching the coast from Leghorn to Lerici, those journeys with post-horses to places with names unfamiliar but not unheard of, the Bocca del Serchio, the Torre di Migliarino, the gratuities to sanitary officers, the wine



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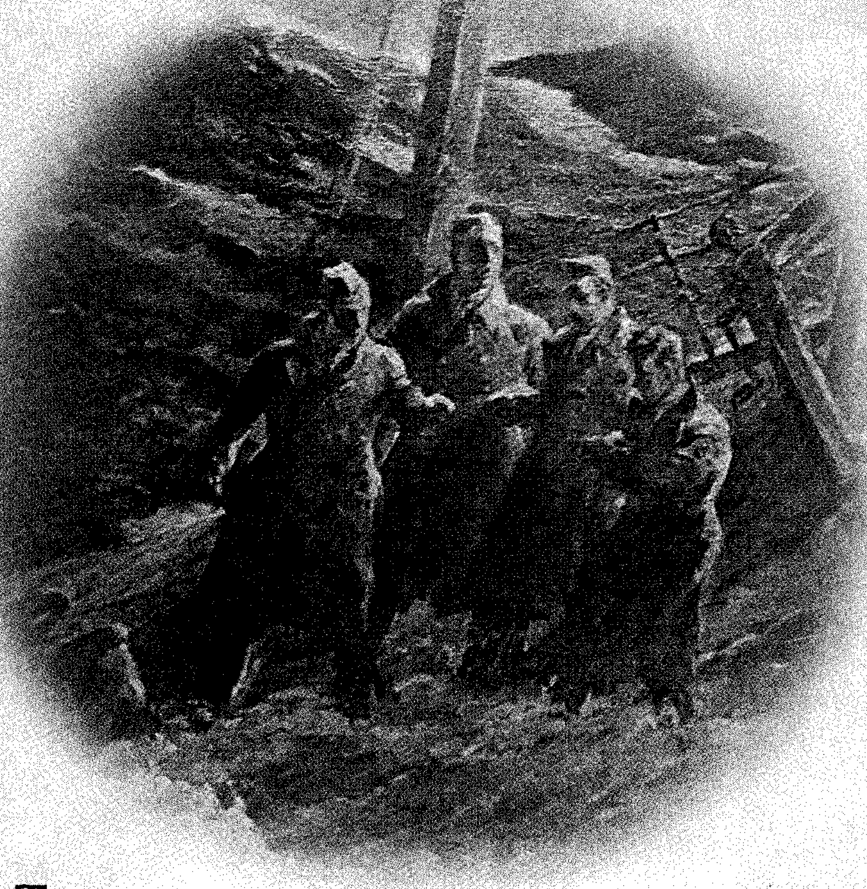

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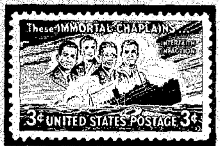
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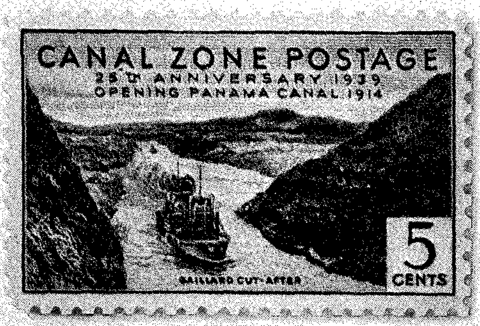
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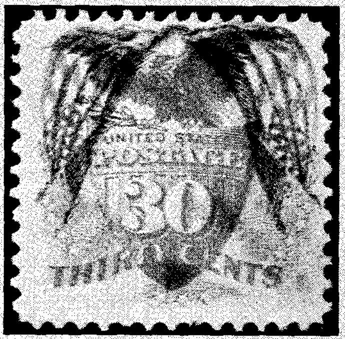
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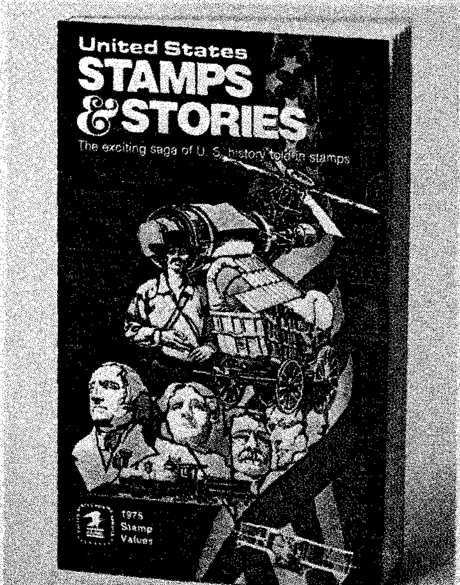
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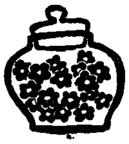
and incense bought on the way to Viareggio—these items dotted here and there about the ledger in July and August 1822 were all occasioned by the quest for the bodies of Shelley and Williams and their obsequies! Those five extra beds hurriedly obtained on hire from ‘the Jew De Montel’—why, that was the time of Leigh Hunt’s arrival with six children whom Byron had not expected him to bring from England. . . . That letter to M. Beyle, which it cost four livres and ten soldi to post in May 1823, must have been the very one he wrote to the pseudonymous Stendhal to reproach him politely for his denigration of Walter Scott. Besides the ledgers’ thus turning out to be full of the most evocative information, there were notes, letters, and all manner of bills and receipts. Thanks to Lega’s capacity for saving apparently trivial memoranda, we have Byron’s domestic economy so minutely yet unconsciously reflected that there can scarcely be anything comparable in the annals of famous men. From the Zambelli Papers we can learn what he paid his servants, what he spent on his table and his wine merchant, how he maintained his animals, what people he assisted, what clothes he ordered, and how much linen he sent to the wash. Similar records illumine, though with a greyer light, his life in Greece, and, equally, his death. The fact that struck me most curiously was that no early biographer could have used more than a fraction of that information even if it had been available, because, until almost the present century, it was considered vulgar for anyone but a clerk or professional man to go into detail about money. Large sums could be touched upon—debts on an important scale, inheritances, dowries of rich brides, but not the cost of a dinner, a suit of clothes, a pound of wax candles.”

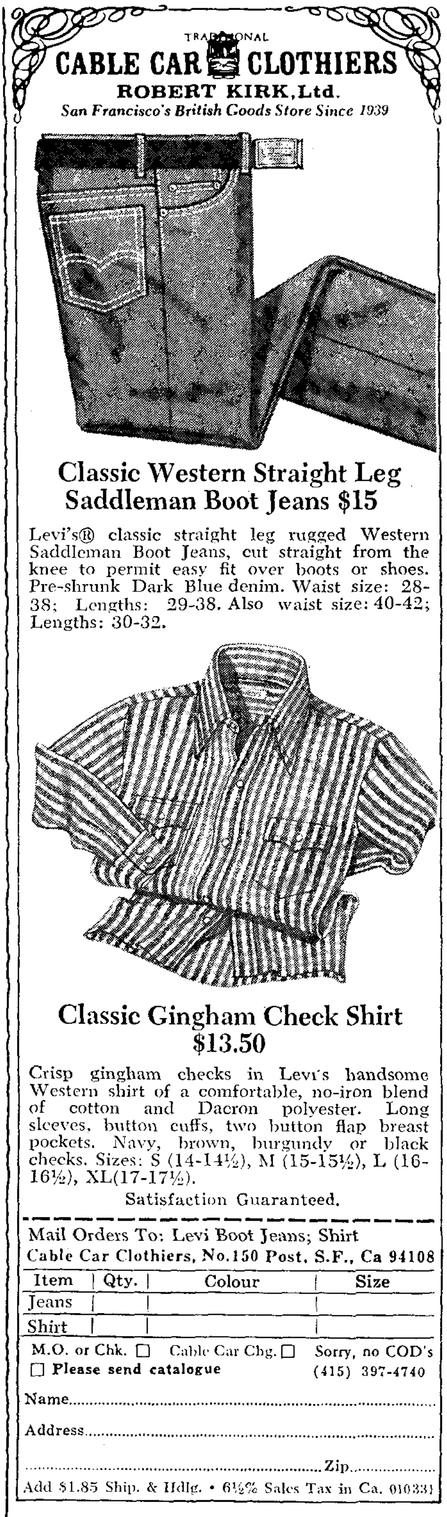


From a mountain of documentary evidence, much of which had been preserved in the office of John Murray, the great-great-grandson of Byron’s publisher, Mrs. Moore has produced a book about Byron that is neither popularized nor academic but, instead, careful, responsible biography, with a great deal of new material. The three-volume life by Leslie A. Marchand, published in the fifties, covers more ground, but it is a pedestrian piece of writing and his judgments are often not as independent and penetrating as Mrs. Moore’s. For the reader who knows next to nothing about Byron’s life, “Accounts Rendered” will in the beginning raise a swarm of questions—of identity and fact both. It isn’t at all hard to come by the answers to these questions, and from there on every step of the way is fascinating.

Lord Byron’s financial problems began well before he was born. The fifth Lord Byron (the poet’s great-uncle, from whom he inherited the title) by both simple and fantastic extravagance laid waste to a very considerable patrimony. When he died, there was hardly enough money to bury him. The bill for £11 for black cloth for the servants’ mourning was sent to Catherine Byron, the poet’s mother—Byron was ten at the time—and she, out of her slender means, paid it.

The Court of Chancery awarded the young Lord Byron £500 a year for his education. Hampered by a solicitor who did not answer her letters and was so dilatory that he seems almost inert, Mrs. Byron nevertheless managed to pay her son’s expenses at Harrow and elsewhere and to maintain a home for him. Her account books were poorly kept (“Pd different things,” “Paid sundry things,” etc.), yet they give a rough idea of—I am quoting Mrs. Moore—“the careful but certainly not ungenerous management by which her son’s house and Nottinghamshire lands were lifted from a state of extreme and quite deliberate depredation to one of comfort and promise of abundance.” When Byron went to Cambridge, at the age of seventeen and a half, she transferred the funds from Chancery directly into his keeping. It was the equivalent of handing a small child a box of kitchen matches. He scattered the money senselessly, and, when he couldn’t get his hands on more, found the moneylenders helpful, and came of age owing about £12,000.

The fifth Lord Byron had leased, for an annual rental of £60, slate quarries and coal mines on an entailed estate in Lancashire that had been in the family since the time of Edward I, and they were now producing, for someone else, an annual income of perhaps £4,000. The arrangement was illegal, and there appeared to be no reason that the quarries and coal mines should not easily be recovered, and Byron would then have been one of the richest peers in England instead of being one of the poorest, but it took years and years of litigation, during which the slate was quarried and coal mined, to Byron’s disadvantage. In the continuing belief that the matter was on the point of being settled, he spent money like—well,



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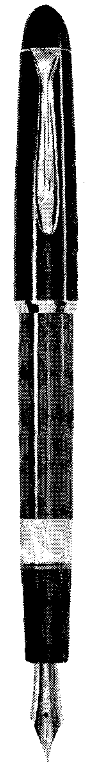

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not like a drunken sailor, because no drunken sailor could have kept up with him. Item: "An Extra Spfine Corbo Pelisse full trimmed with braid, & Sleeves body & Skirt lined with Silk £18. Rich Sable Fur collar cuffs & trimming £8.4s." Eight months later, he ordered a second, but brown instead of blue-black. And five months after that he ordered a third, exactly like the first.

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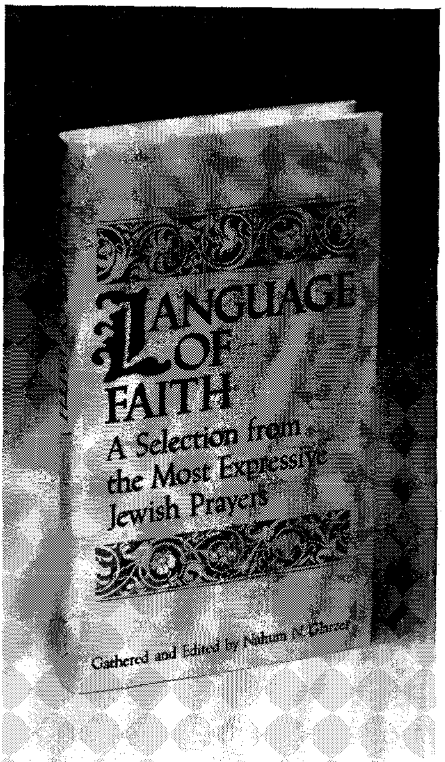
All this in the midst of acute financial distress, which was compounded by large loans to friends, who made no effort to repay them; by his vulnerability to begging letters from total strangers; by fooleries (to a certain Thomas Ashe, who had published some bogus letters from the Princess of Wales to her daughter, Byron gave one hundred and fifty guineas, remarking in explanation that no one else was likely to oblige such a charlatan); and, finally, by a highly disadvantageous marriage settlement. That he was an impossible husband nobody ever doubted, but Mrs. Moore makes a good case for thinking that this most unfortunate of all possible marriages would never have taken place at all if it had not been for the mismanagement of Byron's property by that frightful solicitor John Hanson, who so entangled himself in Byron's affairs that there was no way of removing him.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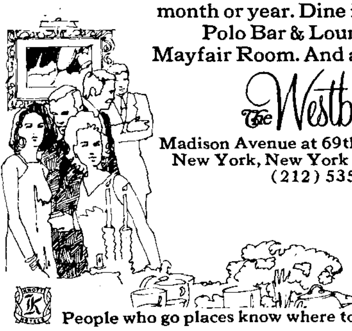

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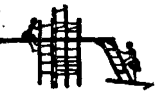

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It almost doesn't bear thinking about, the muddle is so great and so hopeless. Byron did, of course, think about it a great deal. In time, he even managed to pull himself together and do something. With the help of a friend, Douglas Kinnaird, who acted as his banker and financial adviser while he was living abroad, he was able to circumvent Hanson when he could not move him to action. He also changed his mind about the impropriety of a writer with private means (i.e., a gentleman) accepting money for his work. And under the influence of Lega Zambelli he began to take an acute interest not only in where his money came from but also in where it went—with the result that he was at last freed from the anxiety of debt, and was even able to finance, out of his own pocket, the Greek struggle for independence that is forever associated with his name.

AS for the information hidden away in those Italian ledgers, what the Noble Lord paid his servants, how much he gave on the fifth of March to three old men and a lame woman, exactly what he sent to the wash ("6 shirts, 10 pocket Handkerchiefs, 6 pair Silk Stockings, 2 Waistcoats, 4 Pair Trowsers, 2 Night Caps") is interesting up to a point. So is what he spent on wine and gin and brandy, since it proves that he was not a drunkard. It is more interesting to discover that at their last meeting, on July 7, 1822, Shelley borrowed £50 from Byron. The following day, sailing from Leghorn to Lerici, Shelley was, as everybody knows, overtaken by a squall in the Gulf of Spezia and drowned.

It is Mrs. Moore's particular strength (and what makes her book so continuously interesting) that, exerting the utmost patience in dealing with questions of fact, she also manages at every point to introduce questions of character. Her summing up of the relations of Byron and Shelley in three pages is masterly. "While Byron was," she says, "a man of moods, but with a fundamental steadiness in his friendships which made them durable, Shelley suffered violent oscillations of opinion."

Shelley admired Byron's poetry beyond that of any other of his contemporaries, and was highly gratified to find himself on an intimate footing with him. But he also at times couldn't bear Byron, because of his worldly habits and his skepticism about human perfectibility and his resistance to Shelley's proselytizing against religion. The

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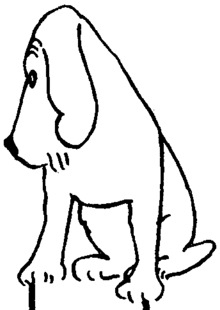

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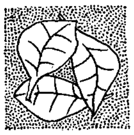
"beautiful and ineffectual angel" was not at all tolerant of people who didn't think as he did. His letters are full of self-contradictory judgments, and Byron was not the only friend whose stock rose and fell. Beside "I detest all society—almost all, at least—and Lord Byron is the nucleus of all that is hateful and tiresome in it" one must place this description of a visit to Byron at Ravenna: "Lord Byron gets up at *two.* I get up, quite contrary to my usual custom, but one must sleep or die . . . at 12. After breakfast we sit talking till six. From six till eight we gallop through the pine forests which divide Ravenna from the sea; we then come home and dine, and sit up gossiping till six in the morning"—which does not suggest that Byron's company was either hateful or tiresome, though it might in the end prove exhausting. In another letter, written on the same day, he says, "The demon of mistrust & of pride lurks between two persons in our situation poisoning the freedom of their intercourse." Whose pride and whose mistrust is the question.

It has to be remembered that there was four and a half years' difference in their ages: Shelley was only twenty-nine when his boat disappeared in the fog on that hot, calm, fatal day. And a huge difference in their literary reputations during their lifetime. Though we tend to lump Byron, Shelley, and Keats together, carelessly, the age did not. To his friend John Gisborne, Shelley wrote, "I have received Hellas, which is prettily printed, & with fewer mistakes than any poem I ever published. Am I to thank you for the revision of the press? or who acted as midwife to this last of my orphans, introducing it to oblivion, & me to my accustomed failure."

In addition to everything else, the Shelleys thought that Byron was rich as Croesus (his income at this time was something under £4,000, out of which he was still paying off debts contracted before he came of age, and the immense charges of the lawsuit to recover the coal mines, which was not finally disposed of until the last year of his life), and they were shocked that a man of such wealth should check the accounts of his household steward and be so attentive to what things cost. Shelley himself was £22,500 in debt, his only financial recourse being to borrow, at one-hundred-per-cent interest, against his coming into his inheritance on the death of his father, who outlived him. A substantial part of this financial burden had been incurred for other people. Over the years, his rascally father-in-law, William Godwin, had put the touch on him for £4,500, and on one occasion alone Shelley gave Leigh Hunt £1,400.

Byron and Shelley had planned to spend the summer of 1822 on the Italian coast and to do a lot of sailing. With this in mind, Shelley took a house at Lerici, which the Shelleys shared with Edward Williams and his wife. Williams was a young officer who had retired from service in India. By the middle of June, Byron's schooner and Shelley's twenty-four-foot sailboat, built in Genoa at the same time, in the same shipyard, had arrived and were giving their owners trouble. Byron's had cost ten times more than he had anticipated. And Shelley having decided to call his boat the Don Juan, the shipbuilder painted the name not only on the hull but on the mainsail, as if it were a coal barge. It is clear enough from an entry in Williams' journal that he and Shelley believed this had been done on instructions from Lord Byron, but the shipbuilding was handled through an intermediary, Captain Trelawny; there is no evidence that Byron gave any direct orders to the builder about anything. And whereas it is unlike Byron to have interfered in the matter of someone else's boat, it is quite in the character of the intermediary both to have thought up this tasteless idea and to have lied about it afterward. In any event, Shelley and Williams were angered by it. Did Lord Byron mean to write the Bolivar on his own mainsail? When no amount of scrubbing would obliterate the lettering, the sailmaker in Sezano cut the name from the mainsail and, taking two reefs from the scudding sail, patched it in such a way that the join was not visible. With two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, the Don Juan was still very crank in a breeze. The two English sailors who had brought her from Genoa announced that she was a ticklish boat to manage, and cautioned the gentlemen accordingly. Shelley and Williams managed to jam the mainsheet and to put the tiller starboard instead of port.

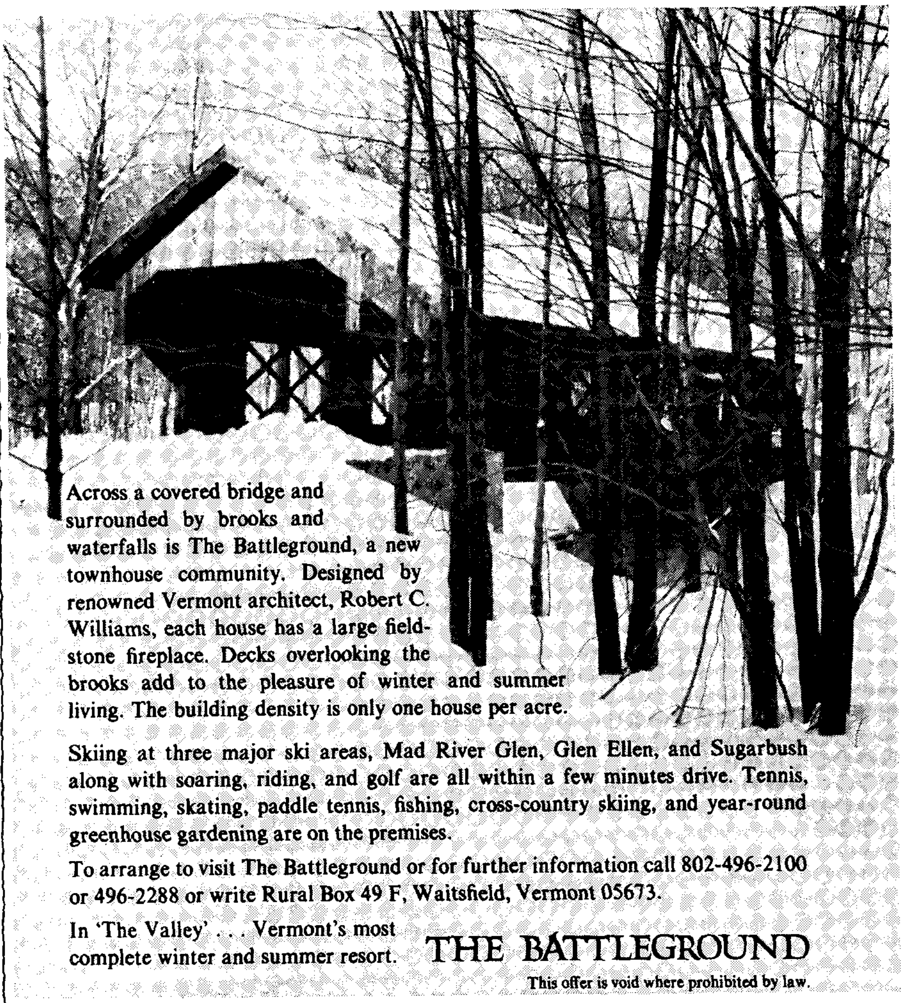


"Hunt is not yet arrived," Shelley wrote Gisborne, "but I expect him every day. I shall see little of Lord Byron, nor shall I permit Hunt to form the intermediate link between him and me." And then Hunt arrived, with his family, though Shelley had warned him not to bring them. And expected to be fed by the ravens, as usual. And Shelley had to go and borrow £50 from Byron, there being nobody else he could get it from.

That Shelley sometimes hated him Byron had no idea. Writing to his publisher after Shelley's death, he said, "You were all brutally mistaken about Shelley who was without exception—the best and least selfish man I ever knew—I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison."

CONSIDERING the phrase "accounts rendered" as applicable beyond the confines of income and expenditure to "deeds for which a price is to be exacted," Mrs. Moore moves in and out of and around the episodes of Byron's life, stopping to fill out in detail circumstances other biographers have skimmed over, or to relate something not generally known, or to refute with persuasive new evidence some long-accepted opinion. For example, the Capucine Convent of San Giovanni, at Bagnacavallo, where Byron placed his four-year-old daughter, Allegra, and where she died of a fever and bloodletting, was not the frightful place that legend has it but a boarding school attended by the children of the best families of the district. And, furthermore, the Shelleys approved of this arrangement. During the very brief period of Allegra's illness, hardly anything was communicated directly to Byron; even letters addressed to him were filtered through Lega, who was a well-meaning but sometimes misjudging go-between. "Little dreaming that he would be likened to an executioner for placing his daughter in a well-recommended boarding-school, Byron was writing, talking, riding, shooting in Pisa, and corresponding with his men of business in England on the arbitration respecting his late mother-in-law's estate." The letter announcing Allegra's death arrived before the one announcing that the illness had become serious, which was sent by ordinary post.

No one before Mrs. Moore bothered to go at all thoroughly into the miserable life of "Mad Jack" Byron, the poet's father, or even had full access to the material that would make this possible. Peers enjoyed immunity from arrest for debt, but nephews of peers did not. Jack Byron, having gambled away the fortunes of two wives, was taken to King's Bench Prison and bailed out by his tailor and fled to France. The letters he wrote to his sister in London suggest an incestuous attachment. They also constitute a narrative of the last days of Hogarth's Rake—besieged by



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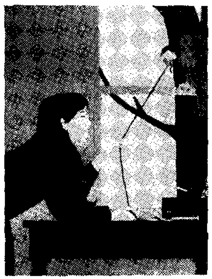

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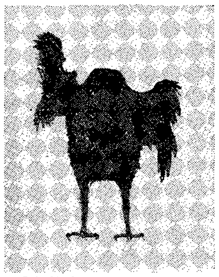

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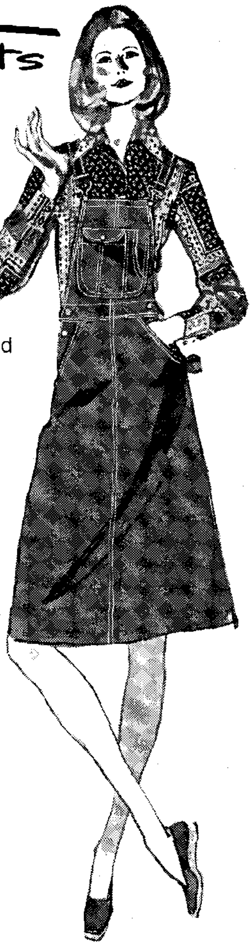

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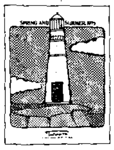

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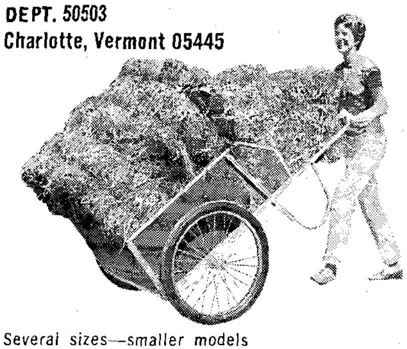

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creditors, sponging on his social inferiors, throwing his female servant down the stairs, bragging that he never gives money to the provincial actresses he sleeps with but on the contrary accepts presents from them, robbed of seventeen pairs of silk stockings by his manservant, borrowing back from the bailiffs the forks and spoons he ate with, coughing up blood. In his will, dictated six weeks before he died, he unrealistically charged his infant son to pay his debts and funeral expenses. But at no time in his short life had he ever been realistic about anything.

Byron idealized his father, whom he last saw when he was two and a half, and could not "breathe in comfort" under the same roof with his mother. "With an exterior far from prepossessing, an understanding where nature had not been bountiful, a mind almost wholly without cultivation, and the peculiarities of northern opinions, northern habits, and northern accent"—this description of her is based on what a Scottish schoolmaster who was a snob told Thomas Moore, who was a social climber. Reinforced by Byron's early letters to his half sister, it is the picture of her that has come down through time. Mrs. Moore thinks it is extremely unfair. Catherine Byron was a short, stout, highly irritable, blundering woman, related to some of the noblest families in Scotland, and a lineal descendant, through Annabella Stuart, of James I. The woman who wrote "His Heart is good, and his Talents are *great*, and I have no doubt of his being a *great* man. God grant that he may be a prudent and happy one also" was not unintelligent. Or vulgar. But when aroused she had little, if any, control over her tongue and was (I am quoting Mrs. Moore) "outspoken beyond anything society allows—a tendency she transmitted to her descendants—and had a way of being right in the wrong manner which made her no favourite with those who had to deal with her." She had rows with schoolmasters and lawyers, and with her son's guardian, Lord Carlisle. In a fit of temper, she called Byron a lame brat. If he never forgave her for this, neither, probably, did she forgive herself. Her devotion to him was boundless. Whether she fought with him or for him, the row was always in his interest. Byron did not find her unbearable until he began to be senselessly extravagant.

"Her failure as a mother," Mrs. Moore insists, "was due as much to her virtues as to her defects and was the repetition of her failure in mar-

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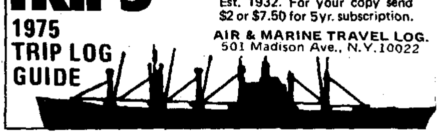

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riage. Even at the cost of self-immolation she could deny nothing either to her husband or her son, and such magnanimity asks to be abused. Truth speaks in every line of hers that survives, and courage never falters. Yet if she was dauntless she was also pugnacious, while her truthfulness was carried to the verge of embarrassing tactlessness. She suffered too from want of manner—but not ignorance of polite forms. All her letters are in accordance with the etiquette of the day, and if her appearance was vulgar it could only have been because it was not easy for an obese woman in neoclassical dress to look refined."

Mrs. Byron was only twenty-six when she was widowed. She brought her son up in Aberdeen, not in poverty and squalor, as is often said, but in simple respectability. Her husband's family could have helped her financially and didn't. After a time, they stopped answering her letters. They did not even bother to inform her that the fifth Lord Byron's grandson had been killed in battle, and so her son was now next in succession. She lived on £135 a year, without debt, and with a nurse and scullery maid. After her son inherited the title, she tried to live in a way that would not reflect on his position, but she was never free from financial worry, and spent less on herself, on clothes and feminine pleasures, than she gave the twelve-year-old Lord Byron for pocket money.

"The more I see of her," he wrote his half sister, "the more my dislike augments, nor can I so entirely conquer the appearance of it, as to prevent her from perceiving my opinion, this so far from calming the Gale, blows it into a *hurricane*, which threatens to destroy every thing, till, exhausted by its own violence, it is lulled into a sullen torpor, which, after a short period, is again roused into fresh and renewed phrenzy, to me most terrible, and to every other Spectator astonishing."

When provoked, she was loud and abusive. But surely Byron meant to exasperate her when he wrote that he happened to have "a few hundreds in ready Cash lying by me" and that he found it inconvenient to remain at Cambridge and wished to spend a couple of years abroad. The letter ends, "I shall lay this Plan before Hanson & Lord C[arlisle]. I presume you will all agree, and if you do not, I will if possible get away without your consent, though I should admire it more in the Regular manner and with a Tutor of your furnishing. . . . Let me have

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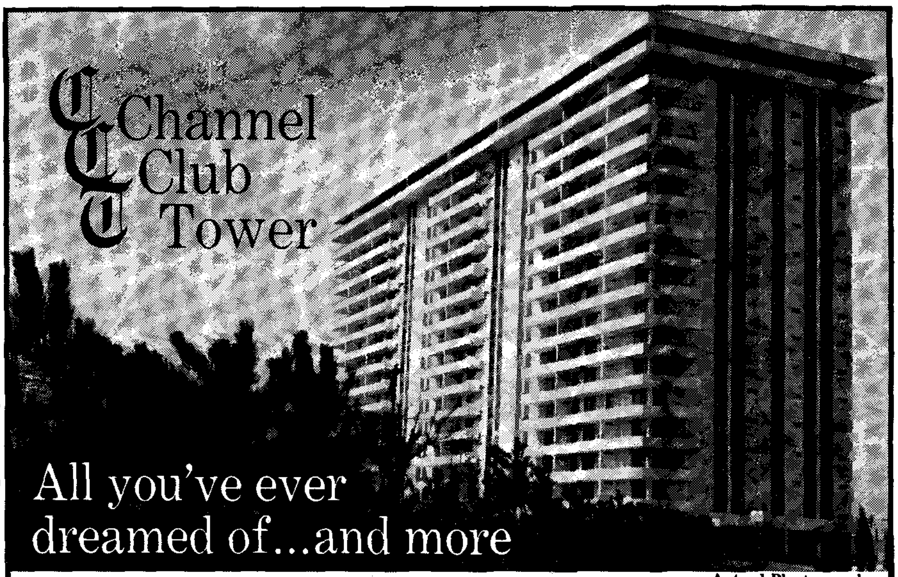

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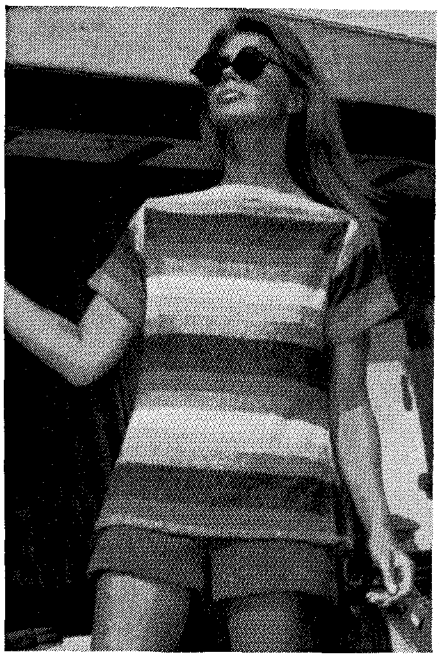

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your Answer, I intend remaining in Town a month longer, when perhaps I shall bring my Horses and myself down to your residence in that *execrable* Kennel [Newstead Abbey was let, and Mrs. Byron had taken a house nearby]. I hope you have engaged a Man Servant—else it will be impossible for me to visit you, since my Servant must attend chiefly to his horses, at the same Time you must cut an Indifferent Figure with only maids in your habitation, I remain yours, Byron."

He was past the age when she could give him a cuff. He was not even there to be shouted at. To the solicitor she wrote despairingly, "Where can he get Hundreds; has he got into the hands of Money Lenders, he has *no feeling, no Heart.* This I have long known he has behaved as ill as possible to me for years back, this bitter truth I can no longer conceal. It is wrung from me *by heart rending agony.* . . . He knows that I am doing every thing in my power to pay his Debts and he writes to me about hiring Servants and the last time he wrote to me was to desire me to send him £25.0.0. to pay his Harrow Bills which I would have done if I had had as much as he has—these hundreds. . . . God knows what is to be done with him. I much fear he is already ruined; at eighteen!"

It was not true that Byron had no heart. But he was, as Mrs. Moore says, too young to know what his interests were and too headstrong at that stage to care. When the money ran out, he came home and she forgave him. Furthermore, she managed to borrow £1,000 from relatives, using the greater part of her capital as security, and gave it to him to pay his debts. Later on, he asked her to let him have most of what was left, in the form of a loan, so he could go abroad, and she was quite willing to do this, but required security, since it would leave her without anything to live on. The correspondence with lawyers in Scotland who were taking care of her affairs dragged on so long that Byron became impatient and borrowed the money from a Cambridge drinking companion, Scrope Davies, who got it from the moneylenders, and subsequently Byron was hard put to it to prevent his ruin. Another friend had been killed in a duel after a drunken quarrel, leaving his family in want, and Mrs. Byron heard that, while standing godfather to his posthumous child, Byron had unobtrusively left £500 in a teacup. About money, at this period of his life, he was a pure and simple idiot and should have been declared legally incompetent—that is one way of looking at it. But it isn't the only way. "A mania of improvidence possessed him," Mrs. Moore says, "and yet, so capriciously is the pattern of life woven, that hardly any of these follies failed, in the long run, to justify themselves. The travel books he purchased stimulated the alert, rewarding interest he was to take in the scenes he visited; Falconer's *Shipwreck* at one guinea was among the source materials for the vivid shipwreck passages in *Don Juan;* the portrait by Sanders, now in the Royal Collection, has given posterity its best idea of Byron as a young romantic, and, as the sole illustration of the first edition of Moore's biography, was an important visual contribution to the Romantic Movement; while the greatest extravagance of all, the mounting-up of huge debts to go travelling, resulted in the writing of *Childe Harold* and the Oriental verse narratives which brought him unmeasured fame."

The loan that Mrs. Byron had arranged haunted her, and she made her son promise that he would take it over before he left England. He went off leaving the debt still in his mother's name, and with no arrangement even for paying the interest. Hanson was supposed to take care of everything—Hanson, who never lifted a finger unless somebody threatened him, and mostly not even then. Having deposited £3,000 at Hammersley's Bank for Byron, he neglected to observe the instructions as to how and where the remittances were to reach his client, and so Byron, travelling in Asia Minor and Greece, was without cash or credit.

During the two years Byron was out of England, he wrote his mother a number of long and amusing letters, which gave her pleasure, and he also showed some solicitude for her: "Pray use my funds as far as they *go* without reserve," he wrote her. And to Hanson he wrote, "If Mrs. Byron requires any supply, pray let her have it at my expense and at all events whatever becomes of me do not allow her to suffer any unpleasant privation." When the lease on Newstead Abbey expired, Mrs. Byron moved back there, and one morning found a summons tacked on the door of the Great Hall. An upholsterer in Nottingham, to whom Byron had given a note of hand, now overdue, of £1,600, had sent two bailiffs to the Abbey. The execution, if carried out, would have meant that not only Byron's furniture, plate, books, clothing, etc., but his mother's, too, would have been carted off. The gamekeeper's wages had gone unpaid for a year, and Mrs. Byron borrowed £10 from her maid to keep his family from starving. She also kept one of Byron's creditors out of prison by herself collecting the rents—which Hanson had expressly forbidden her to do—from four of Byron's most prosperous tenants. She wrote to the lawyer about all this, over and over, but not one word of it ever got into her letters to her son. Or of the fact that she was seriously ill. Along with the Scottish accent the schoolmaster deplored went a Scottish pride.

Byron came home with the resolution to behave better to her, and lingered in London for a fortnight, when he received, from the apothecary who had been taking care of his mother, a letter that began:

> MY LORD
>
> It is with concern I have to inform you that on my visit to Mrs. Byron this Morning, I found her *considerably* worse, so as to make me *most apprehensive* for the Event.—She is perfectly sensible and enquires after you—I am expecting Dr. Marsden every minute from Nottingham. . . .

Byron was completely broke and had to draw on Hanson for £40 before he could set off. On the way, he was met by a messenger with the news that his mother was dead. He wrote to a friend, from the coaching inn at Newport Pagnell, "My poor mother died yesterday! and I am on my way from town to attend her to the family vault. . . . Thank God her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation." In short, he took it calmly. But the night after his arrival at Newstead Abbey, Mrs. Byron's waiting woman, passing the room where the coffin was, found him sitting in the dark, in tears. On the morning of the funeral he could not bring himself to join the procession to Hucknall Torkard Church, but stood in the door of the Abbey until it passed out of sight. Then he turned to his page, the only person left in the house besides himself, and told him to get the sparring gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy, but was silent and abstracted, and put more violence into his blows than usual, and suddenly flung the gloves away and retired to his room.

"ACCOUNTS RENDERED" and "The Late Lord Byron" should be read together, since they are comple-

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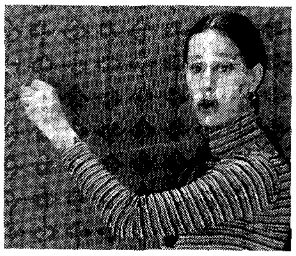

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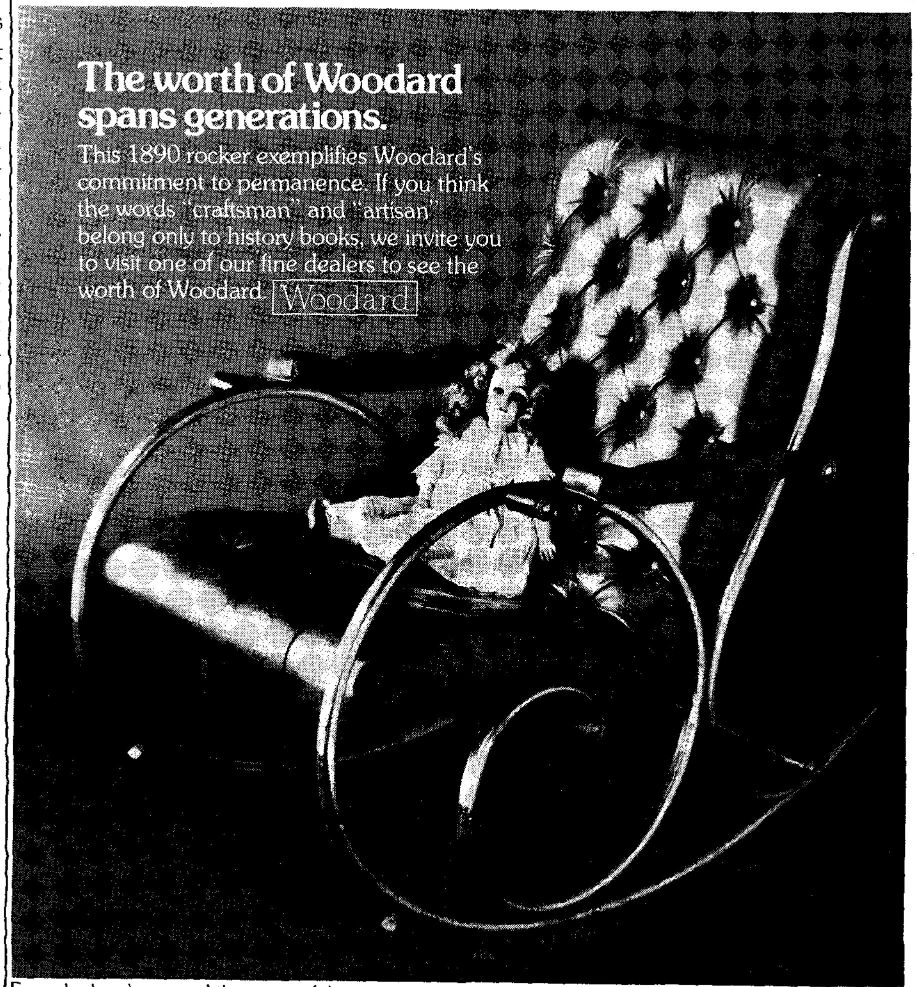

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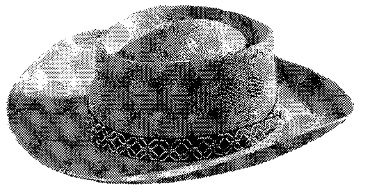

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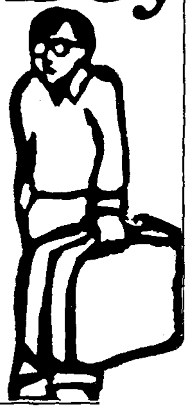

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mentary. The core of the earlier book is the burning of the manuscript and only copy of Byron's uncompleted memoirs in the office of his publisher, shortly after the news of his death reached England. The person who was chiefly responsible for this appalling act was his executor, John Cam Hobhouse, who, though an honorable man and devoted to Byron, was something of a stuffed shirt. He did not himself tear up the pages and put them in the fire, but without his resolute maneuvering it could not have happened. Since he had strenuously advised the total suppression of "Don Juan," it seems safe to say that of the literary value of Byron's manuscript he would not have been a proper judge. He had not, in fact, even read the memoirs; he did not need to, being certain that they must contain indecencies. And the result of his high-handed behavior was that the evidence that would have refuted many of the charges later brought against Byron was destroyed. What Hobhouse was afraid of was that an understanding of Byron's character would damage his reputation as a poet. The Concise O.E.D. defines "profligate" as "licentious, dissolute; recklessly extravagant," and Byron was certainly all those things, but I have never read anything about him which was trustworthy that made me dislike him. The picture of him that sticks in my mind is Thomas Moore's statement that while dining at Newstead Abbey Byron would pass a glass of wine over his shoulder to his superannuated butler, who was standing behind his chair.

Considering that Byron was as communicative and outspoken a man as probably ever lived, and a copious letter writer, both his friends and his detractors had their work cut out for them. They were more than equal to it. As one vindictive, misleading, untruthful book of conversation and recollections after another is subjected to Mrs. Moore's painstaking, ironic, informed scrutiny, the reader can hardly escape the sad conclusion that the living are nothing like so vulnerable as the dead.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HERS, by A. Alvarez (Random House). This novel about an unhappy woman's attempt to plumb her sensual depths combines high purpose and meagre content in an extremely irritating way. The wom-

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an, Julie Stone, is a kind of Snow Queen, a Belle Dame Sans Merci who is so thin (both physically and as a character) that she is practically transparent. Julie, born in Germany, has been adrift ever since her father disappeared during the Second World War. After his disappearance and presumed death, she stays alive by becoming a prostitute. Eventually, she marries an older Englishman—a plump, dull professor whose heavy lust and love for her interest her, but not enough to melt the icy wall she keeps between them. Several lovers appear on the scene—among them a callow, passionate Jewish student and a cynical German-war-poster type (the book is full of heavy-handed dichotomies of this kind)—but they don't last very long. The lovers and the husband, though somewhat caricaturish, are more believable characters than Julie, but then we almost never see Julie except when she is in bed, or about to go to bed, with one of them. In a more honestly sensual book, that might be all right. Here one learns nothing except that Julie is capable of ardor in bed though incapable of feeling much of anything out of it. Some modish psychologizing glosses over the roots of her hopelessness, but in the end we have no idea of who Julie is or why her masochism runs so deep. Nor, sad to say, do we care. Mr. Alvarez clearly hoped to present us with a modern Mme. Bovary, but Julie comes across as nothing more than a sort of bitchy, middle-aged *Cosmopolitan* girl.

GENERAL

A THEORY OF CONFLICT, by Brian Crozier (Scribners). An exceptionally intelligent, angry, and perhaps too frightened work. The author, a well-known English student of public affairs, believes in the inherent imperfectibility of man and in the need for governments that can control human wickedness without becoming tyrannical. He offers suggestions for ways that parliamentary democracies can defend themselves against the conflicts bred by their citizens' orneriness or malice. Mr. Crozier fears, though, that the Communist, "totalist" world may conquer the free, or semi-free, world, because he thinks our freedom has degenerated into dangerous laxity: we already accept too much violence, and we demand too little of ourselves and one an-

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other in the way of good performance.

JOURNEYING: TRAVELS IN ITALY, EGYPT, SINAI, JERUSALEM, AND CYPRUS, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by Themi Vasils and Theodora Vasils (Little, Brown). A rough, deep-throated voice, an avid taste for sensuous impressions, and a soaring historical sense make these travel pieces, written for an Athens newspaper in 1926 and 1927, much more than routine journalistic jottings. Indeed, the writing is so strong that it often conveys a generalized joy rather than a clear and detailed picture of a place. A partial exception—and probably the best item in the book—is a long and wonderful account of a several days' trip on camelback to the Monastery of Sinai, a fourteen-century-old jewel set amid fruit and nut trees in the desert. In other places—early Fascist Italy, for example—Kazantzakis feels a breathless excitement in this "age of revolution" that we are likely to regard with detachment or rue.

EURO-DOLLARS: THE MONEY-MARKET GYPSIES, by Jane Sneddon Little (Harper & Row). The author, an economist with the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, has clarified but not oversimplified a fairly technical subject—international finance—and done so with deft, gay, almost giddy wit. Mrs. Little explains how, why, and when the expatriated American dollar began to serve as an informal international currency, and discusses all the arguments about the role of this well-nigh universal wampum. She is lucid in expounding opposing or diverse points of view—every economist seems to have his own opinion about the effects of Euro-dollars on international trade. Mrs. Little herself believes that Euro-dollars exist because they fill a number of needs that no other medium meets at present, and expects that the world's financial community will go on worrying about and relying upon them for quite some time.

•

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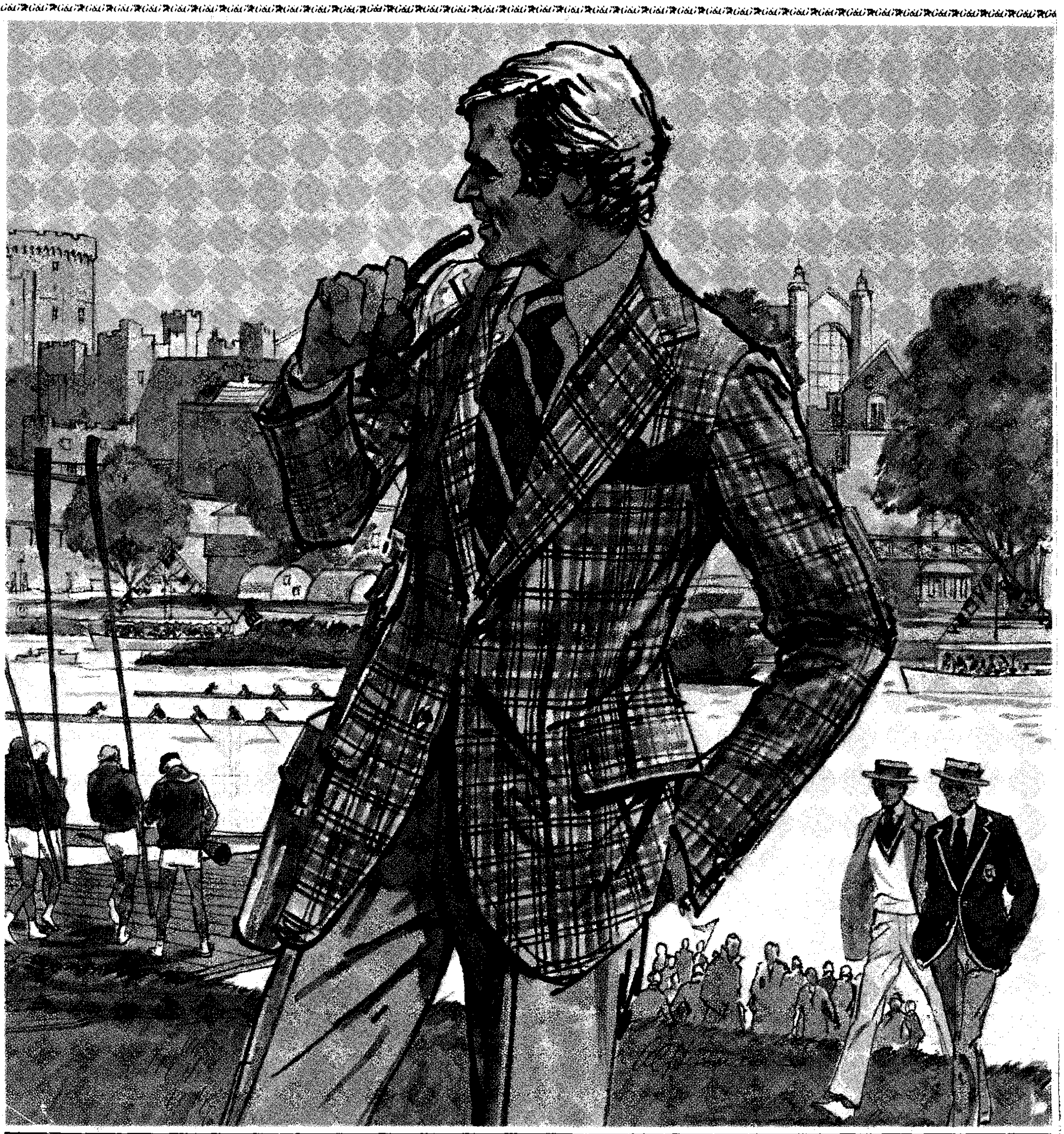

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